May 20, 1933

Collier's

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IOLA, KANSAS

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Thomas W. Lamont Sax Rohmer Jeffer
Elmer Davis Grantland Rice

MAY 20, 1933

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OIL BOOTLEGGER!

JUST as much a Thief as if he robbed a bank!...

HE'S called an Oil Bootlegger—this thief who steals your money and ruins your car. He makes big profits selling adulterated oils and substitutes at high prices. He's at work on every boulevard and by-road

***but he can't sell* Pennzoil!**

Now—OIL SOLD UNDER BOND

This longer-lasting *Tough-Film* oil actually cuts repair bills

NO ONE can detect bad oil by its appearance. Even the cheapest imitation can be disguised to look like a famous brand. That's why this double-refined *Tough-Film* oil is sold by selected dealers bonded to protect you from substitutes. A Pennzoil dealer forfeits $1,000 if he cheats you.

Shoddy oils and substitutes break down under the heat and speed of modern motors. Experts call this Oil Failure—and they agree that it causes 60% of all repairs. Bonded Pennzoil dealers guard you from this danger and expense. They are bonded to give you genuine Pennzoil—the *Tough-Film* oil that ends Oil Failure and cuts operating costs on your car.

This *Tough-Film* oil cuts repairs—stays safe and oily longer—for two reasons. First—it's refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude. It's "oilier oil" from the very start. Second—it's double-refined for toughness by Pennzoil's own perfected refining process.

The result is a longer-lasting, "oilier," *Tough-Film* oil that cuts operating costs in three ways. It cuts repair bills. It saves on gasoline. And it saves on oil—every filling lasts hundreds of miles longer.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Oil City, Pa., Los Angeles, Calif.
British-American Oil Co., Ltd.
Sole Distributors in Ontario and Quebec, Canada

SPECIAL MONEY-BACK TRIAL OFFER

Test Tough-Film Pennzoil at our risk in your own car today. Go to a Bonded Pennzoil Dealer and have him fit the correct grade of Pennzoil to your motor. Your money will be refunded without question if one trial doesn't convince you that Pennzoil's the best oil you ever used. Accept this offer and start the test today.

30c PER QT. Plus Tax in U.S.A.

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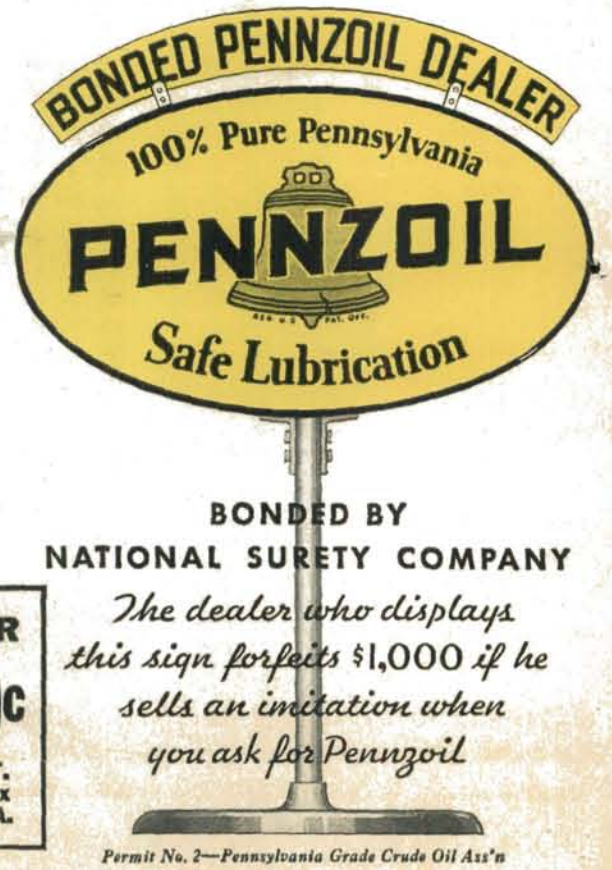

BONDED BY NATIONAL SURETY COMPANY

The dealer who displays this sign forfeits $1,000 if he sells an imitation when you ask for Pennzoil

Permit No. 2—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

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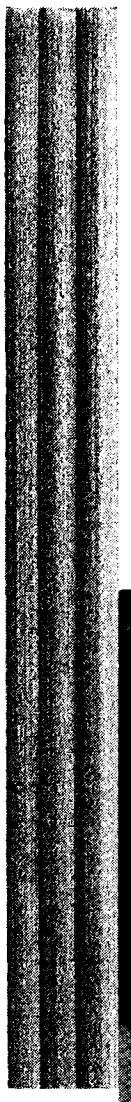
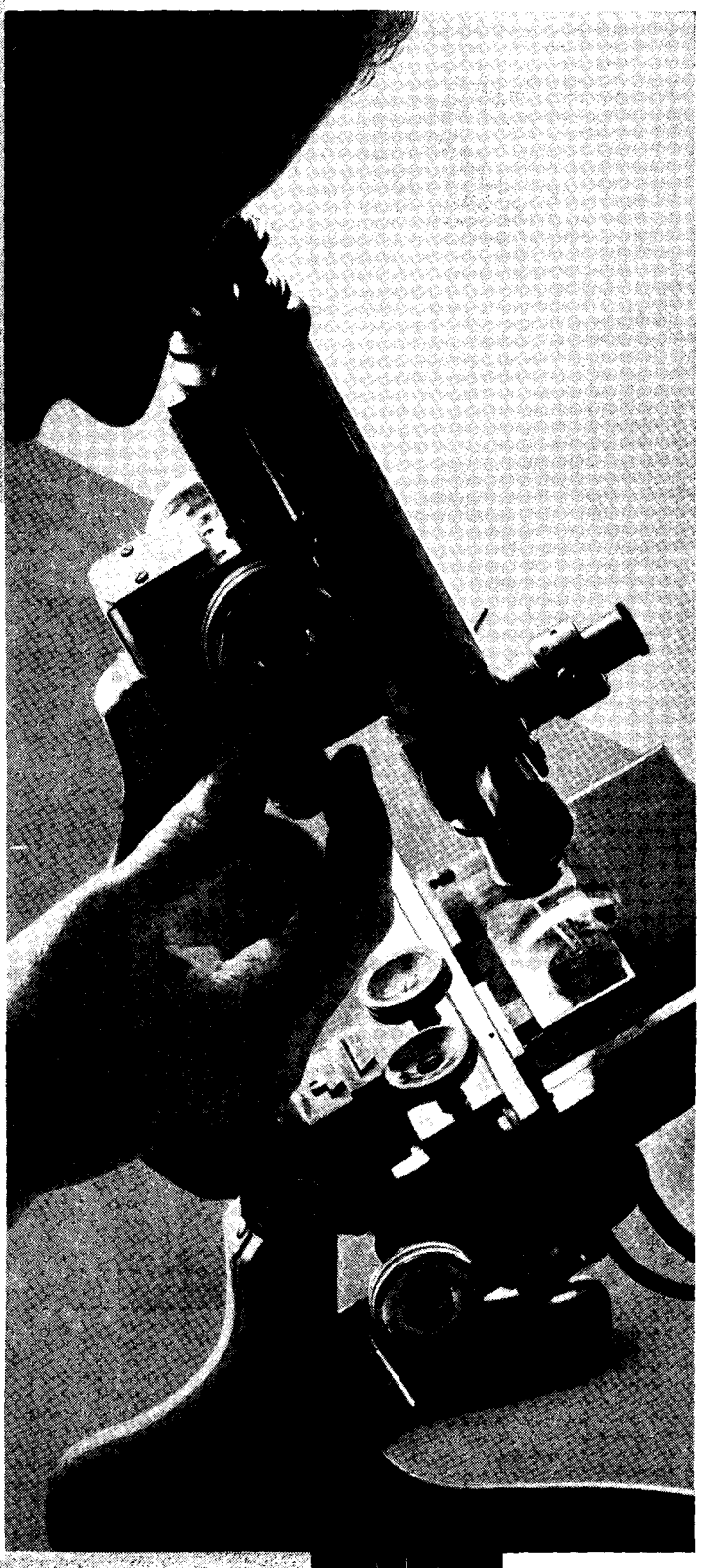
THEY CALL IT THE

"LONG-LIFE TUBE"

...and absolute precision in every single manufacturing operation maintains that Tung-Sol reputation!





TUNG-SOL'S reputation as a precision manufacturer was established long before radio was born.

■

Look at the light bulbs in your automobile. They are probably Tung-Sols, because most of the cars in America have for years been initially equipped with Tung-Sol bulbs.

■

Can you think of any product on which precision methods of manufacture are more important or rigid standards of quality more vital than the light bulbs on which the safety of millions of motorists depends?

■

And if the leading automobile engineers in the world's greatest automobile owning nation have for years found Tung-Sol bulbs so outstandingly superior that they have specified them repeatedly, isn't that a tribute to Tung-Sol's standing as a manufacturer of precision built products?

■

To build good radio tubes demands precisely the same type of manufacturing operation as to build good automobile bulbs. And when it comes to that kind of experience, Tung-Sol stands alone!

■

Look for the dealer in your community who sells Tung-Sol radio tubes. The fact that he has the Tung-Sol franchise is in itself a sign of dependability and evidence of his desire to give you reliable merchandise and service.

You can't see what makes Tung-Sol a longer lasting tube, and even the readings on the dealer's testing apparatus tell only part of the story . . . But it's the years of experience in precision production, the use of processes and the adherence to inspection standards which in many respects are unique in the tube industry, that show up after months of perfect performance in your set . . . And after all, flawless performance is the important thing you buy when you buy any tube, because the finest receiver in the world is only as good as the tubes in it . . . Try Tung-Sols in your radio next time you need tubes and convince yourself that they actually do give better service longer.

TUNG-SOL RADIO TUBES, INC., NEWARK, N. J.

Atlanta
Boston
Charlotte
Cleveland
Chicago
Dallas
Detroit
Kansas City
Los Angeles
New York
St. Paul

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TUNG-SOL RADIO TUBES

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

LIEUTENANT JOHN DUNN put his trust in four-inch guns. He believed whole-heartedly that in a troublous and shifty world four-inch guns at least were reliable. And he felt with great earnestness and sincerity that a crack gun crew like his No. 3 is one of the noblest works of God.

Little did he dream that a girl named Jolie would, in the space of two date nights, utterly destroy this fine perfection. Lieutenant Dunn had never been able to understand why men who had the precious privilege of serving a four-inch gun should waste their zest for life in stupid civilian recreations ashore.

But he found out. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan explains in "The Sweetheart of Gun Crew 3."

"THE Mark of Ortiz" is a name given to a peculiarly brutal method of execution. It is the sign manual of the chief of police—a bullet wound from behind at the base of the skull. Perhaps you think we are discussing the practices of some unenlightened and distant country. Not at all. This is going on in our own front yard.

Ortiz is chief of police in Havana. He is the right-hand man of President Machado and the devoted servant of a tyrannous government. What's more, we are the unconscious accomplices of this barbarism. In a vigorous and outspoken interview with William G. Shepherd, Senator Borah urges us to "Help Cuba Quickly."

FRANK LEON SMITH'S short story is about a triangle—with Paul in one corner of it. Paul was, to quote Eddie Fielding, Public Enemy Number Ten and that was quite an achievement, considering his age, which was ten months. He very nearly ruined a promising romance and if he didn't actually break Eddie's leg at least he was directly responsible. The story is called "You Couldn't Blame Eddie."

BOSSES last just so long, like a case of Scotch. Then they hit the skids. You can see it coming—especially if you're a confidential secretary. They just stop taking advantage of the breaks. Like the Old Man. He had the opposition delivered to him all tied up like a birthday present. And what did he do? Nothing, absolutely nothing at all. In a dramatic short story Walter Davenport tells you why.

ERNEST HAYCOX writes the Short Short Story. Don Marquis, Arthur Somers Roche, Clinton W. Gilbert, Sax Rohmer and others provide assorted diversion. Who could afford to miss it?

This Week

May 20, 1933

Cover by Howard Butler

ELMER DAVIS
The Man With a Past. **It took more than love to overcome it: it took the New Deal. Page 7**

CLINTON W. GILBERT
New Dealer's Choice. **Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet—a measure of the man. Page 10**

T. R. YBARRA
Your Move. **Yo-ho for a traveler's life—so broadening and now so cheap. Page 11**

SAX ROHMER
Fu Manchu's Bride, Part III. **Another glimpse of Fleurette. Page 12**

LEE HARRIMAN
Plenty of Sparkle. **Love, gayety and business, properly mixed and very thoroughly shaken. Page 14**

THOMAS W. LAMONT
Henry P. Davison. **The final achievements of a useful life. Page 16**

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Last Rodeo. **When the king met his match and a girl saved the day. Page 18**

DON MARQUIS
The Right Slant. **Archy knows all the answers. Page 19**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part VII. **One heroine and two heroes entangled in a web of suspicion. Page 20**

GRANTLAND RICE
Forgotten Men. **Coming champions who lost their way. Page 22**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Behind the Mask, **by Jeffery Farnol. Page 24**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Your oyster—on the half shell. Page 33**

EDITORIAL
Only We Can Do It. **Page 54**

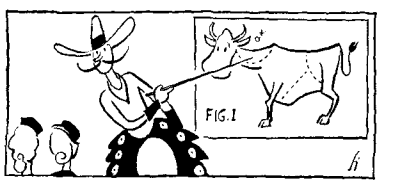
Any Week

"AS FOR Arkansas," says Mr. Luke Trenholm of Hot Springs, "she will not soil her lips with your legal but sinful beer. Her legislature did not even permit the citizenry to vote for or against it. But the next time we are powdered by a drought or drowned in the flood waters of our uncontrolled rivers we shall not hesitate to ask the government for relief money just because it comes from a brewery. Watch us."

AND Mrs. L. W. Jameser of Raleigh, North Carolina, hopes that, as Ambassador to Mexico, the Hon. Josephus Daniels will have time to reflect upon his old slogan of "Get them where they are" when urging his state to collect more and more taxes from North Carolina's cigarette factories. She thinks Mr. Daniels, an inflexible dry, did not foresee the application of his battle cry to beer when, much to his disgust, the legislature passed the beer bill.

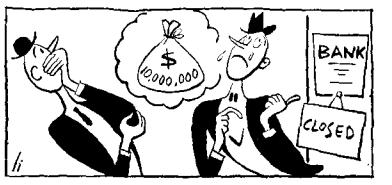
"OF COURSE I don't expect that we shall have to pay a bonus to the Reforestation Expeditionary Force," writes Mr. George S. Wheat of New York City, "but then I didn't expect to see a lot of things I've seen since we helped to make the world safe for democracy. I am not yet too old to be shocked by the ear-splitting screams for pensions from certain guys whose bellows of protest against induction into the Army in 1918 came very near breaking my heart."

THE voice of authority issues from Mr. Theodore H. Lampe of Kansas City, Missouri, who "was reared on a cattle ranch and has handled meat on the hoof all of his life." He has kind words for our recent article "Cut to Order." "A piece of neck meat off a good, well-fatted steer," he assures us, "is better than a sirloin off a common critter. The housewife who only knows the words sirloin, porterhouse, round or 'just steak' needs such education as 'Cut to Order' offers. Desirable meats don't cost much if properly selected and prepared."



AND Mrs. Minnie McLennon of Denver, Colorado, wants to know "by what legal right does a banker whose bank closes because for months and even two years it has been sliding swiftly downhill, merely move around the corner and open up in business again?"

MR. CHARLES C. DURFEE of Los Angeles, California, would furnish the answer to that problem by adopting a law compelling "any officer of any bank that recommended or sold any bond that defaulted its interest to find some other occupation and forever keep out of the banking business."



"IF YOU had one tenth of the difference between what people tell you they lost in the stock market and what they really lost, or what they falsely claim to have tied up in busted banks," says Mr. Gregory O. Nolan of San Francisco, "you could afford to open a bank of your own and have enough left over to pay off the war debt, to say nothing of taking over the Roosevelt reforestation scheme for a week-end hobby."

AMONG a number of things Mr. Donald F. Dearness of Cincinnati, Ohio, wants us to know is that there is a lady in that city who simply refuses to forgive President Roosevelt for defeating Mr. Hoover. "Certainly I voted for Mr. Hoover," she told Mr. Dearness, "but I'm glad now that he wasn't elected. He would have worked himself to death bringing back prosperity, which would be too terrible to think about, because the country needs Mr. Hoover more than it needs prosperity."

On his own hook Mr. Dearness wants to know why writers "strive to create some sort of impression by having somebody's lips 'compressed in a hard, straight line.' I have gazed upon many a lip," goes on Mr. Dearness, "but have yet to see any compressed into a hard, straight line. Please see what you can do about it."

"YOUR recent editorial in regard to sweat shop wages in New York and other big cities," says Mr. B. L. Moss of Soso, Mississippi, "moves me to write that all over the Cotton Belt fifty cents a day of eleven hours is the standard farm wage. I myself hire a few hands at this figure. I would like to pay more but with cotton at six cents I shall lose money paying such wages. My remedy is higher prices for farm crops—inflation. What's yours?"

MRS. HARRY C. MOON of Portland, Oregon, finds that the world's troubles come of getting our formulas mixed. Instead of seeing how much we could get out of life we were merely demonstrating how little life could get out of us.

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WILLIAM C. GRUNOW
dynamic manufacturing genius, who again sets the pace for an industry, with a new, amazing and outstanding refrigerator.

"IT'S TIME AMERICA KNEW 'WHAT'S INSIDE' AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR"

Beautiful and economical new Grunow is first and only household refrigerator to replace gases under high pressure with CARRENE*—*the amazing* liquid *refrigerant*

E. M. O. Grunow

A Message of Vital Interest to Every Housewife

"FIND OUT *'what's inside' an electric refrigerator—demand to see—smell—and hold in your hand the substance used in the cooling mechanism before you buy!"* That's W. C. Grunow's startling safety message to you and every housewife.

Mr. Grunow astounded the world with his radio miracles—his ability to give more in beauty, performance and value than anyone had given before *at less cost.* Now his genius brings to your home an even greater marvel—an utterly new development that *completely and forever ends the use of gases under high pressures in home refrigerators.*

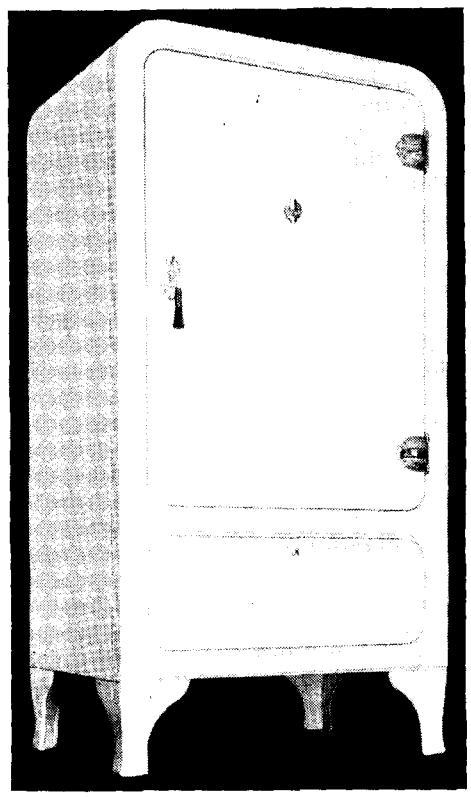
The sensational new Grunow is the first and only household refrigerator with this safe, harmless, inoffensive *liquid* refrigerant—Carrene. For 10 years, Carrene has been known and used in large public buildings where safety and dependability were the first consideration. Many manufacturers have attempted to bring its super-safety to household refrigerators without success.

Where others tried and failed—Mr. Grunow has succeeded. In a refrigerator of startling new beauty and convenience, he offers you not only safety that you can test and prove yourself. Not only a mechanism made astoundingly simple, quiet and trouble-proof. But a refrigerator more economical to own and to operate than any you have ever known. *In 24 hours operation, it uses less current than a single light bulb burning for the same length of time.*

See this sensational Grunow refrigerator right now—at the Grunow dealer near you. Compare its 34 great convenience features with those of more expensive refrigerators. Examine the satin-smooth, chip-proof Dulux finish of the beautiful, seamless steel cabinet, inside and out. Then make the astounding safety test shown on this page. See why thousands call the new Grunow the greatest development in all refrigerator history.

GRUNOW CORPORATION
4127 George St., Chicago

*CARRENE *is a harmless, colorless liquid—non-explosive, non-poisonous, non-inflammable, non-corrosive—the refrigerant that* remains *a liquid even when exposed to open air in a warm room.*



GLEAMING WHITE *one-piece steel—seamless, jointless, and free from dirt-catching ledges and corners inside and out—the beautiful new Grunow is made in 5, 6 and 7½ cubic foot sizes. Illustrated is the 7½ cubic foot size that provides plenty of shelf space and freezes 112 ice cubes—fast!*

Mrs. America: MAY WE SUGGEST A TEST?

TO BE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN *you are selecting a safe, efficient, money-saving refrigerator, ask your dealer to show you the liquid which freezes the ice cubes and keeps the interior of the refrigerator at the proper temperature. Tell him to let you see it, smell it, hold it in your hand and light a match to it. If he is a Grunow dealer, he will gladly open the refrigerating system for you and make these tests. Prove to yourself that you are getting the utmost in safety and efficiency.*

Grunow
SUPER-SAFE REFRIGERATOR

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Mystery– Thrills-- Chills---

With your Philco

Fu Manchu with his Oriental wiles—Sherlock Holmes triumphing over the slower-witted operatives of Scotland Yard—moments of melodramatic mystery, split-seconds of soul-stirring suspense that send shivers up your spine!

All are yours with PHILCO—the radio that brings every hushed whisper of calculating conspirators, every softly-spoken syllable of the sleuths to you just as though you were sharing their dangers and perils in the depths of Limehouse or within the ancient walls of the Forbidden City.

Get a new thrill from radio through the perfect reproduction of PHILCO—the one radio that brings you every artist of the air as if "in person"! That's as true of the melodious voice of Ruth Etting as of the sinister tones of "The Shadow"—of the full sweep of a symphony orchestra or a single violin.

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

The finest tone—every performer as if "in person" is yours with PHILCO. When you hear a PHILCO with the Inclined Sounding Board you hear radio at its best.

On a PHILCO Lazy-X, you enjoy not only radio's finest reproduction, but radio's greatest convenience—electrical remote control.

For your car, there's a new PHILCO-Transitone Automobile Radio with real "home-like" reception. All-Electric with steering column control—complete and installed while you wait—$39.95. Other PHILCO-Transitones at $59.50 and $89.50—complete and installed.

$18.75 TO $250

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

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The Man with a Past

The story of a romance that got a New Deal— and immediately revived

By Elmer Davis

YOU'VE seen a ball club that wins steadily on its home lot, where the players know every clod of dirt and blade of grass, but starts losing when it gets into strange territory? Well, some people are like that. . . .

He wasn't at all the sort of man she'd meant to marry; but neither was anybody else, unless perhaps the Prince of Wales. Eunice Belden had danced with the Prince of Wales at Deauville when she was nineteen; but nothing came of it, except that it left her a little more dissatisfied with the men she met back home in Rivermont.

Rivermont's quite a place, of course—not the metropolis it used to be in the old steamboat days, but it can still claim a population of half a million, at least between censuses. It's been quite a place ever since the War of 1812; you know who's who there, and who isn't. The Beldens have been who, right from the start; they'd never dream of marrying outside their class. And the men Eunice knew in her class, the boys she'd grown up with—well, they were nice enough, but they lacked salt. They became partners in the old law firms or investment houses downtown—solid citizens, pillars of society; but there wasn't much about them to attract a girl who was fitted to be an ambassador's wife.

What's that? Didn't she fall in love? Of course she fell in love; she even let her engagement to Douglas Ewing be announced, when she was twenty-two. His family had been intermarrying with the Beldens for a hundred years. But before he could get her to the altar she began looking him over, and he didn't quite measure up. Neither did the other men who attracted her. . . . And then, when she was twenty-six, she went to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago and met Pete Ripley.

She and her father had front-row seats on the platform beside the speaker's stand: Adrian Belden rated that much for his past contributions to the campaign fund. Eunice could look down over the flag-draped railing into the press stands, where coatless men slugged away at silent typewriters, or dashed off to seize some statesman for a whispered conversation that seemed

"Nothing's going to happen for hours," said Pete Ripley. "Suppose we drive around and cool off"

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vastly important. One man in particular—slim, dark, suave—she noticed constantly; but she didn't meet him till the last afternoon, when the convention was marking time with vaudeville acts and windy speeches while its candidate was flying from Albany to Chicago.

Eunice sat by the flag-draped rail looking superbly poised and cool with her ash-blond hair, her clear skin, her light summer frock; but she wasn't very happy. The convention, for her, had been a round of dinners and dances—all well enough, but she got plenty of that in the winter, at Rivermont and Palm Beach; there wasn't much point in coming to Chicago for more of the same.... Of course that wasn't why she'd come to Chicago. Her father had been one of the engineers of the stampede to Baker that was going to start when the convention became deadlocked; if Baker went to the White House Adrian Belden would be an ambassador, and his motherless daughter would be an ambassador's hostess. But the convention had never become deadlocked. . . .

DOUG EWING came up to her; he had been one of the Roosevelt floor managers, and just now he was on top of the world.

"Like to go out to the airport, Eunice, and meet Roosevelt?"

"Thanks, my dear; it's much too hot. . . . Yes, I know it's stifling in here; but I'd rather stand it than move."

He shrugged and went on. . . . Baldish, complacent, he looked like her father; you could see that he'd spent his life being a Rivermont gentleman. A worthy type, the Rivermont gentleman; but it had no surprises for one who'd grown up with it. . . . And Doug Ewing was still a bachelor, still around; if nothing else happened to her, if nobody else happened to her, she supposed that some day she'd yield to the inevitable. . . .

She heard a strange voice behind her, saw a strange young man—slim, dark, suave—talking to a national committeewoman. Eunice deliberately faced about; the committeewoman had no choice but to introduce Mr. Ripley, Washington correspondent of the New York Record.

"Not *the* Washington correspondent," he amended. "My chief's the statesman-journalist; I'm only one of his bright young men."

And then he settled down in the vacant chair beside Eunice—coatless, his sleeves rolled up, a working man in working clothes; but completely at his ease. He was as American as a buffalo nickel, yet there was a touch of the cosmopolitan about him; somehow they got to talking about Paris, and Eunice wasn't surprised to find that he had worked there for his paper. They talked on; and presently—

"Nothing's going to happen here for hours," said Pete Ripley. "Suppose we get a car, and drive around and cool off."

"Why not?" said Eunice. "It's positively stifling in here."

SO THEY drove around and cooled off, and talked about this and that. And when they came back and he left her at the gate of the platform—

"There's a party at the Blackstone tonight," she said. "Supper and dancing. Will you come?"

"I'll have to work pretty late—but I'll be there. . . . By the way," he confessed, "I never did get your name; that woman only called you Eunice. . . . Belden? One of the Rivermont Beldens?" She nodded; his face changed, curiously. "I came from down around there," he said. "But I'm coming to the party anyway," he finished cryptically.

He was very late; and you wouldn't have known that the cool, controlled Miss Belden was inwardly all jitters till she saw him in the door. He came straight to her, and they had three or four dances, then they sat out a while, talking about this and that. And when at last the party was breaking up—

"Are you going straight back to Washington?" she asked him.

"I have a week's vacation; I'd thought of visiting my home town."

"That's near Rivermont, isn't it? Will you come and see me?"

"Of course I'll come and see you!" His voice was curiously unsteady, but Eunice liked that; she felt a little unsteady herself.

So a couple of days later he called her up from a Rivermont hotel, and she asked him to come to dinner. Did he know the house? . . . He did; everybody who had ever been in Rivermont knew the Belden mansion. It had been built about 1840, by an architect who wasn't quite sure whether he was imitating Windsor Castle or a Gothic cathedral. The Beldens had never dreamed of tearing it down; it was part of their history, and of Rivermont's.

"Pete Ripley's coming to dinner," she told her father. "You met him at the convention in Chicago, for a moment. He's a Washington correspondent."

"Ah," said Adrian Belden. "Remarkable men, these Washington correspondents. Statesmen-journalists." Eunice smiled.

"Pete says he's only one of the bright young men; but I doubt it."

She left her father in consternation. Pete! The way her voice sounded when she spoke that name— And she barely knew the man!

Pete Ripley, at the moment, was also in consternation, dressing for dinner in his downtown hotel, and literally shaking in his shoes.

You see, Pete came from Greenville, where his father used to run the harness store. Greenville's all right if you happen to like it; just about like a couple of thousand other small towns, with this exception—it's only thirty miles from Rivermont, too far away for a commuting suburb and too near to have a civic consciousness of its own.

To Pete Ripley, as he grew up, Rivermont was The City, the center of the universe. He bought his clothes in Rivermont, he read the Rivermont papers (there was a good deal in them about the Beldens and a good deal about Greenville too, for it happened to be the town the city papers picked on when they wanted to spoof the outlying rustics); and he absorbed the conviction that a man from Greenville could never feel at home in that great metropolis. Even in New York and Paris he couldn't outgrow the feeling that Rivermont was, in a special sense, The City. He'd kissed a duchess in a Park Avenue penthouse and played bridge with an unemployed king at Biarritz; but when he crossed the threshold of the Belden mansion he came near pulling his forelock.

"There'll be no trouble about your check," Pete said

Eunice saw that he was nervous, but she set it down to a more gratifying cause. But things began to go wrong, beginning with the cocktail before dinner. Pete needed a bracer, so he tossed it down—the way you usually toss a cocktail down, so you won't taste the gin—and was ready for another. He'd forgotten that people like the Beldens still have cases of pre-war gin in the cellar, and that their single cocktail before dinner is meant to be sipped and savored. . . . At dinner, when Adrian Belden tried to draw him out, Pete had none of the cosmopolitan ease he'd displayed in Chicago; before the slightly stuffy imperturbability of a Rivermont gentleman he seemed like a college boy. Desperately Eunice wondered if this one, too, would fail to measure up.

AFTER dinner she announced that she must show Pete the view. There was a long sweep of lawn down to a stone wall along the brink of a bluff; below and far away you could see the lights of downtown Rivermont. The constraint dropped away from them as they strolled across the dewy lawn in the starlight, but he was rather careful not to let his arm brush against hers. Suddenly the sky was streaked by a long trail of light; as if that had snapped some inner tension he turned to her and caught her in his arms. . . . After a while she looked up at him, smiling.

"Did it need a shooting star to make you do that, Pete?"

"I've wanted to since the first day. But it's so preposterous!"

"Preposterous?" He felt her stiffening. "Why?"

"Well, for one thing, I don't make any money—what you'd call money. I used to get eighty dollars a week; last month I was cut to seventy, and I may be cut again. Two people could live on that in Washington—just barely; but not the way you're used to living."

"That doesn't matter; I have money." She laughed. "I had money," she amended. "I own three or four office buildings downtown, but they hardly pay taxes and interest now. But that's all right. We Beldens are used to depressions; we were ruined in the panic of 1837 and it didn't stop us. I could find enough money—"

"Do you think I'd live on it?"

"Why not, if it was part of my contribution to the partnership? . . . I want to make something of my life," she said. "Use my talents and my training. I'd be a first-rate ambassador's wife; but you never can tell who's going to be an ambassador in this country. . . . You Washington correspondents really are statesmen-journalists, even if you don't like the phrase. You're clever, you're going somewhere; and I could be useful to you. I have tact, I know the right people; I'd give dinners that nobody in Washington could afford to miss—"

"I'd miss them," he said. "The hardest part of my day's work comes between six and nine at night. Even my chief, who doesn't work any more than he has to, if he can help it, never knows when he can get home for dinner."

"Oh," she said. "I'd thought—" But never mind that vision of a statesman-journalist, whose clever wife built him up until the President in some future crisis would be practically compelled by public opinion to appoint him Secretary of State. "So what?" she asked him.

"I wish I knew. I'm crazy about you,

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Eunice—but aside from everything else, a Rivermont Belden doesn't marry a man from Greenville."

"Greenville? . . . Oh! That place up the river? I don't see why that should make any difference." With sudden elation, he realized that it didn't. Rivermont and its newspapers took the Beldens at their own valuation; an alliance with them would ennoble even a man from Greenville. "I mean—" she said, "you never did anything awful in Greenville, did you?" He shook his head. "Well, then!" she said, smiling, "I can't see that I'd disgrace myself by becoming Mrs. Peter Ripley."

"Mrs. Homer Ripley," he corrected. "Pete's only a nickname."

"Homer?" she said slowly. "But—people aren't named Homer."

She had clutched Pete's arm, and he grinned, reassuringly. "It's only the fireworks down by the Monument," he said

Illustrated by Elmore Brown

"Not the sort of people you know. I am."

"But— Couldn't you change it—legally—to Peter? Or anything?"

"I wish I had, in time. But I need it now; it's a trade-mark. Sometimes they sign my stories in the paper; and they sign them with the name that's on the payroll—Homer Ripley. . . . Not," he added stubbornly, "that a newspaper man ought to be ashamed of being named after Homer. He was a good reporter in his day."

. . . That name on her cards—"Mrs. Homer Ripley" . . . "Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ripley request—" But they couldn't give formal dinners if he had to work over the dinner hour. . . . "Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ripley of Washington are at the Breakers—" But he was a salaried employee and winter was his busy season; he could never spend it in Palm Beach. . . .

"Listen!" he said fiercely. "I've been making you do all the work. I do want you, Eunice—"

His arms reached for her; but he'd waited just a moment too long.

"Please, Pete! Not now. . . . Silly of me, I suppose. Silly of you, too, to feel so—so apologetic and feudal. But perhaps I can understand. . . . Have you been to Greenville yet?" she asked. He shook his head.

"There's nobody I particularly want to see, except my uncle. I'd thought I might hire a car and drive out there tomorrow."

"You needn't hire a car," she said. "I'll take you in the roadster. I want to see you on your—your home grounds. . . . We'd better go back to the house; Father might wonder what's keeping us."

When they came out she had rather expected that they would go back to announce, triumphantly, what had been keeping them; but she wasn't going to risk throwing her life away on a man who didn't measure up.

THE drive up the river restored her spirits, and his. Alone with her in the roadster he was suave, at ease—the sort of man who could kiss a duchess with aplomb, or call down an unemployed king for a misleading discard. And Greenville, Eunice discovered, was a much better town than you'd suppose from the Rivermont papers. But its native son, on his home grounds, wasn't Pete Ripley, the rising young Washington correspondent; he was only Homer, whom everybody remembered as a kid around town. The citizens stared, not unreasonably, at the roadster and the girl in it; but their expression suggested that, whoever she might be, she couldn't be so much if she was running around with Homer.

They stopped in at the harness store and met Pete's uncle. He was cordial enough, but Eunice could see that he didn't feel that Pete was ennobled by association with a Belden; he felt that even a Belden was slightly declassed by association with his nephew. So she refused an invitation to come up to the house and have a bite to eat; they'd planned, she said, to stop for lunch at a roadhouse down the river. . . . But when they got there and ordered lunch she couldn't eat a mouthful.

"I'm sorry, Pete," she said presently. "It simply won't do."

"Greenville was too much? . . . Oh, I know I'm not good enough for you—"

"Pete, there's only one thing on earth that keeps you from being good enough for me—the fact that you think that. I don't care what people in Greenville think—or people anywhere else." (Not even her father, whose opinion of Pete had been very thinly concealed.) "I could even stand the Homer, after I got used to it. But if you think that—I want a man who measures up to me, and looks me in the eye."

"I could do that," he said, "in Chicago . . . I do want you—"

"I know. And most girls who felt the way I feel about you wouldn't stop to argue. But I want a man who's going somewhere and knows it; a man I could help. What they think of you in Greenville doesn't matter; but when you act as if you agreed with them— It just won't work."

So Pete took an afternoon train to Washington, and Adrian Belden was relieved to find that nobody was coming to dinner that evening.

"I'd asked Doug Ewing to drop in," he explained. "He's the new state chairman. I thought the boy might appreciate a little advice."

ROOSEVELT carried the state by half a million, but Adrian Belden's advice didn't have much to do with it; Eunice doubted if Doug Ewing had much to do with it in a landslide year, but Doug got the credit. . . . Her father subscribed to the New York Record and she read it diligently, especially the stories signed by Homer Ripley— But it still hurt to think about that.

In mid-February the epidemic of bank closings brought Eunice home from Palm Beach; but her alarm was needless; the Rivermont banks were sound. It was rather late to go back to Florida, so her father suggested that she accompany him to the inauguration. He had been one of the three hundred prominent citizens mentioned in the New York Times as Cabinet possibilities, and one of the two hundred and ninety who hadn't got the job; but he felt that he ought to be in Washington on March 4th.

"I know several members of the Administration," he observed. "No doubt they'll want to confer with me on some of the more urgent problems. My name has been mentioned for an embassy; nothing is settled, but—"

The prospect of being an ambassador's hostess buoyed Eunice up till she talked to Doug Ewing, just before they left for Washington.

"I've tried to tell him," Doug sighed, "that people who bet on the wrong horse before the convention are out of luck; but he won't believe it. . . . Confidentially, Eunice, there may be an ambassador from Rivermont—but it looks as if I'd be the man."

"You?" she gasped. His grandfather had been an ambassador; still—"My congratulations," she said hastily. "You've earned it, Doug."

"I think so," he agreed. "But I'm not sure that I want it—alone. If you'd go with me—"

"My dear!" She laughed uneasily. "We've gone over all that."

"But not all this. I know how you feel; I wouldn't expect too much. But I know that you're—well, looking for a job, to put it frankly. I can give you the sort of job you want. And we're the same sort—"

"We'd probably get along," she agreed. . . . Almost like marrying your brother; but she could do wonders for Doug. . . . Madame l'Ambassadrice. . . . "I'll think it over," she promised. "Shall I see you on the train?"

"I'm going on the Roosevelt-Garner Club special, but I'll call you as soon as it gets in. You'll be at the Valcourt, as usual?"

"No—the Camperdown. I'll count on you for the inaugural ball."

AT 6:30 P. M. on Friday, March 3d, the head of the New York Record's Washington bureau came up to a young man who had just flung his last sheet of copy at a telegraph operator.

"All clear on that story, Pete? I've got a mean job for you. . . . Adrian Belden of Rivermont is at the Camperdown. He's an old stuffed shirt—and a great friend of our owner. We've got orders to get his views on the banking situation. So hop to it."

Ten minutes later Pete was edging through the Camperdown lobby, crowded with people in evening dress. Through the chattering mob he made his way to the desk, asked for Mr. Belden. The Camperdown isn't one of those vulgar hotels where anybody can call up anybody from down in the lobby; the switchboard interposes, to make sure that whoever you want to see wants to see you. But it was all right; Mr. Ripley of the Record was to go right up to Suite 1010.

He knocked at a half-open door, walked into a sitting-room. Nobody was there but a girl with ash-blond hair, in a shimmering pale gold evening gown; there were a cocktail shaker and two glasses on a table.

"Hello, Pete!" She was brisk, smiling. "Father's somewhere downstairs; he asked me to mix him a cocktail. But we'll get another glass when he comes back. . . . How are you?"

"Fine, if anybody in the United States is fine this evening."

(Continued on page 44)

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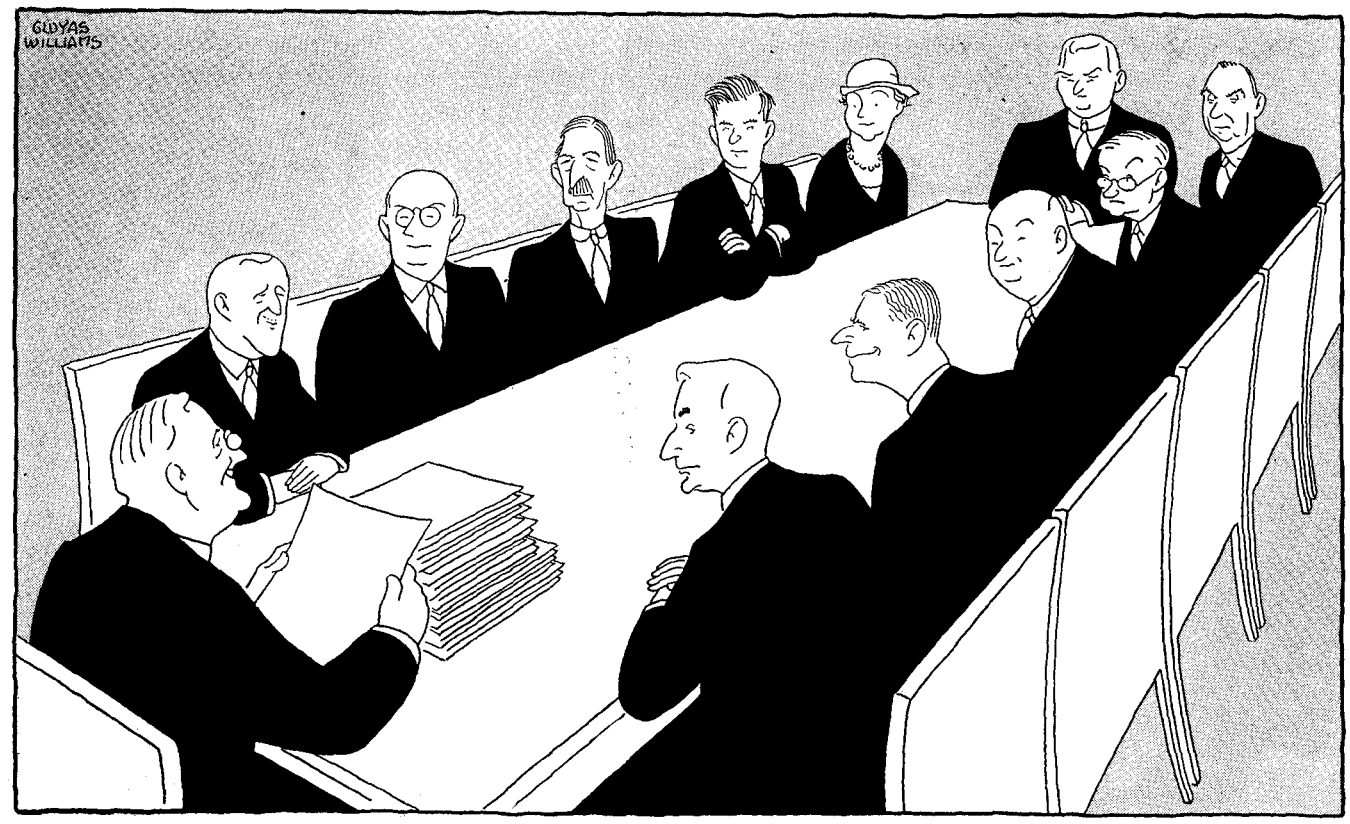
New Dealer's Choice

By Clinton W. Gilbert



Gluyas Williams

The new Cabinet is Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet in much more than the ordinary sense

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT emerged in the selection of his Cabinet. Before their names were known, the country knew Mr. Roosevelt only as governor of New York and as a candidate for President.

A governor of a state is a somewhat indefinite figure on the national horizon. And a candidate for office has to be all things to all men—at any rate there are grounds enough for the suspicion that he is being all things to all men to make persons familiar with the ways of politics realize that a candidate's campaign throws very little light upon his character as a public man. And this is especially true of the candidate who starts out with a victory already won, as Mr. Roosevelt did, and who knows that all he has to do is to avoid making any serious mistakes on the stump.

But the President-elect in the picking of his Cabinet is for the first time free to be himself, if he has a sufficiently aggressive manner of self-expression. There are limits, of course, to the freedom of a President-elect in the selection of a Cabinet. He cannot always command the services of anyone and everyone he desires to have among his official advisers, as Mr. Roosevelt could not get Senator Carter Glass as Secretary of the Treasury. And there are geographical and political considerations that circumscribe his field of choice.

But even with all these limitations a President-elect of sufficient individuality reveals himself when the names of his Cabinet are disclosed. Their selection is his first official act. For example, if it had been known at the time that President Wilson's Cabinet was almost wholly chosen from a list of names submitted by Colonel House, much could have been predicted about Mr. Wilson that only gradually became apparent as the eight years of his administration unrolled.

The new Cabinet is Roosevelt's Cabinet in much more than the sense that its members will sit around a long table in the White House with Mr. Roosevelt. It is an extraordinarily personal Cabinet, much more personal than any Cabinet I have seen selected. The President went after and got pretty much the people he desired. Almost every one of them was associated from the outset with the movement for Roosevelt's nomination. The political considerations that influenced their selection were political considerations that had weight in Mr. Roosevelt's own mind. They reflect his judgment of future political trends in this country.

No Colonel House supplied a list from which these Cabinet members were selected. Mr. Roosevelt said at Warm Springs, when National Chairman Farley arrived and the newspaper correspondents asked the President-elect if Mr. Farley had come to help him choose his Cabinet, "I am choosing it myself and no one else has anything to do with its selection."

An impressive evidence of this, and of his political courage, is his appointment of Miss Frances Perkins of New York as Secretary of Labor. Ever since the Department of Labor was created organized labor has insisted that the position of Secretary of Labor must go to a union labor leader. President Wilson began the succession of union Labor Secretaries by appointing William B. Wilson of the United Mine Workers first head of the department.

Evidence of Social-Mindedness

President Harding tried to break the Wilson precedent, at the behest of open-shop employers of labor, by appointing a business man as Secretary. But he could not wholly resist the pressure of organized labor, and he compromised by naming James J. Davis, who was later indicted for running a lottery. Davis, a former iron puddler, had ceased being a worker years ago, but he still had a union card. Davis was the best the Republicans could do to please the reactionary interests, so he continued as chief of the Labor Department under Coolidge and for nearly half of President Hoover's term in the White House.

Mr. Hoover appointed as Davis' successor William N. Doak of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. Under these successive union labor men the influence of the department has been used in favor of the old conservative labor unions against newer and more advanced labor organizations. The statistics of unemployment put forth by the department have been a national scandal. In the Hoover administration the deportation of aliens was conducted by the department with brutal disregard of human rights.

Miss Frances Perkins, an extremely able industrial commissioner in New York State, will bring to the department the social conscience that it has always lacked. Politicians all said that the new President could not resist the pressure of organized labor against Miss Perkins. It is significant of the determination of Mr. Roosevelt to have his own way about his Cabinet that he has braved the wrath of labor with the big L in the interest of labor with the small l. And it is an evidence of social-mindedness in the new administration. If Mr. Roosevelt does nothing else for the country, he has done a fine thing in naming Miss Perkins.

An equally striking break with tradition in Cabinet-making was Mr. Roosevelt's ignoring every one of his opponents in the Democratic convention in naming his ten department heads. The Smith supporters sat sullenly silent in the Chicago stadium and refused Mr. Roosevelt the usual compliment of making his nomination unanimous. No one of that faction is in the Cabinet.

The Smith men are as completely outside the Democratic tent as the Republican Progressives have been outside the Republican tent, though the Smith men showed in the primaries that they controlled the Democratic party in the important states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, together with a good part of it in Pennsylvania and Ohio, states that have always been regarded as pivotal in national elections. Ignoring them, not only in making the Cabinet but by failing to consult them, is a bold thing to do. In a close election in 1936 they may have the power to wreck Mr. Roosevelt.

Presidents have usually thought it advisable to promote party harmony by appointing their leading opponents to office. Lincoln named his chief opponent, Seward, as Secretary of State. Harding offered a Cabinet place to his chief opponent, ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.

Wilson, who once wished William J. Bryan "knocked into a cocked hat," named Mr. Bryan as his Secretary of State. Mr. Bryan, it is true, supported him in the Baltimore convention, but Mr. Wilson put him at the head of his Cabinet not because he supported him but to end his power for mischief.

Mr. Roosevelt evidently has self-confidence enough to believe that the Irish element in the Democratic party has no power for mischief as against himself. Or he believes that the future of the Democratic party lies in a union of the South and West, and that it is impossible to bridge all the chasms in the party.

A Group with a Purpose

He evidently means to hold to the Democratic party the Republicans' forgotten man, the Progressive Republican farmer of the West. That is the politics in his appointing Henry A. Wallace of Iowa and Harold L. Ickes of Illinois, Progressive Republicans, to his Cabinet. In pursuance of the same policy Mr. Roosevelt almost completely turned his back on big business. He evidently means to assure the Republicans' forgotten man, the farmer, that the Democratic party is not the Republican party under another name.

The banking crisis, occurring just as the Cabinet was being completed, seems to have moved him to assure the business interests of the country that they have nothing to fear from him, by naming William H. Woodin, big corporation man from New York and Pennsylvania, as Secretary of the Treasury.

So the Cabinet is well thought out and has a definite purpose, both social and political. In naming it, Mr. Roosevelt resisted the most powerful pressure any President has ever been subjected to for the selection of a Cabinet of great names. That shows at least a clear vision and firmness of purpose. It is not the ideal Cabinet that we all visioned. But it is a Roosevelt Cabinet.

There never is an ideal Cabinet. But it is better than Wilson's Cabinet, headed by Bryan, McAdoo and McReynolds, and Wilson's was on the whole an exceptional Cabinet.

It is better than Harding's Cabinet with Hughes, Mellon and Daugherty, for Daugherty spoils that group. And it is better than Hoover's, with Stimson, Mellon and Mitchell, for Mellon was soon discredited and Mitchell was terribly overrated.

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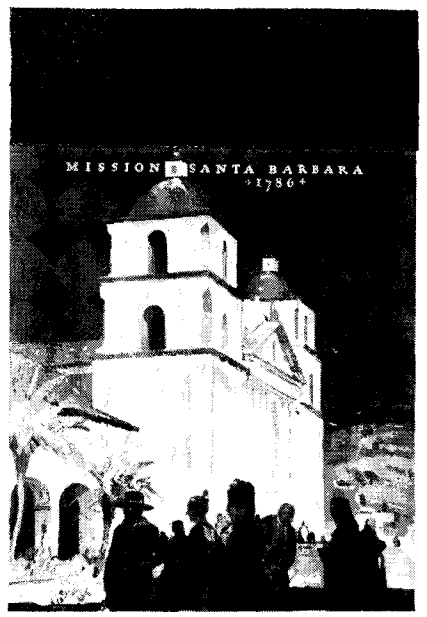
Your Move

By T. R. Ybarra

The siren voices are more alluring this year than ever before. They summon you to the seductive ports of foreign lands and to grand spectacles in your native country. Their appeal is insidious and the burden of their refrain is: You can't afford to stay home



IT'S a conspiracy!

Let us suppose that you are an average business man, in a modest way. You are tired. You need a rest.

You fall into a daydream. With eyes half closed, you imagine yourself at Naples, entirely surrounded by mandolins, fruit and lovely ladies. Allowing your fancy still freer rein, you see yourself idling among palm trees on the Singapore waterfront. From there you are whisked to Monte Carlo, where croupiers cordially press upon you great sums of money. Later you are being pushed into a Roman art gallery; anon you are being pushed out of a Parisian night club.

Some daydream! With sudden determination, you pull yourself together.

"No!" you mutter firmly. "Too expensive!"

Always you have wanted to travel, to see strange, exciting places; always, though, there has been the feeling that you couldn't afford it. But now, with the memory of that gorgeous daydream still strong, you start figuring.

A trip around the world! How much will it set you back?

So you send out for a lot of travel folders, full of alluring word-pictures of foreign lands, and start lazily looking them over. In a few minutes your eyes are popping out of your head with astonishment.

"I must be seeing things!" you gasp. Again you read the figures.

No daydream, this! There it stands, in cold print—the announcement of a tour around the world, lasting four months and a half on a first-class steamer, at a rate so low that it figures out to $9.67 per day—including shore excursions at ports of call in Spain (castanets and passionate glances!) and Italy (sunshine and spaghetti!) and Burma ("where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst!") and China (rickshas and temple bells!); and home again through the Panama Canal!

"Wow!" you yell. *"I can't afford to stay home!"*

And off you gallop to book your passage.

The price of traveling this year has dropped to such low levels that this slogan, "I can't afford to stay home!" is applicable to an enormous number of people who a few years ago looked upon gadding about the world as a rich man's pastime.

The grand moguls of the travel game have been concentrating their efforts on Americans of moderate means. Steamship and railroad companies have been conducting intensive sales campaigns all over the United States. They are, as one of their executives phrased it to me, "selling travel by exactly the same methods salesmen have employed for years in selling refrigerators."

Just as the average American had half kidded himself into the belief that it was well not to stir from his home town in these days of flurries and crises and near-wars, the price of going-somewhere-else has taken such a steep tumble that his feet begin to twitch with impatience to be off to a railroad station and a steamship pier.

It's a conspiracy, I tell you! The humdrum round of everyday home life is threatened at its foundations!

Taking up, first, transatlantic travel, let us suppose that you buttonhole one of the grand moguls of the steamship game, and ask him what type of traveler he expects to give him his biggest slice of profits this year. Will he say "Millionaires"? *He will not.* Without hesitating a moment, he will answer:

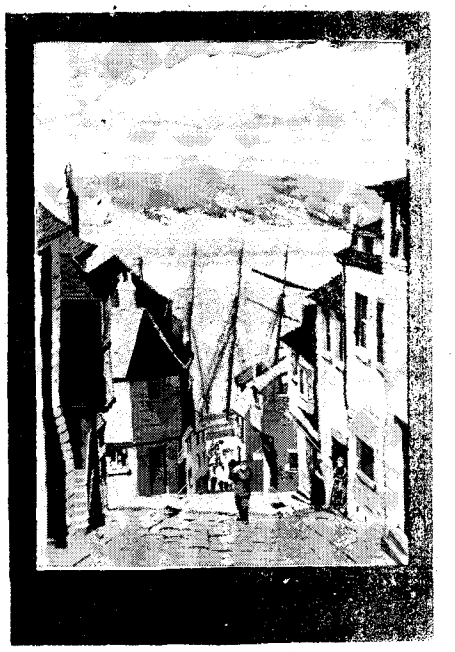
"White-collar thirds!"

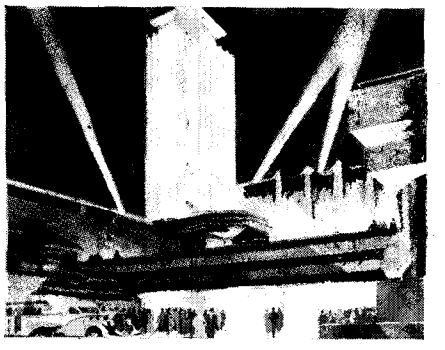
That is the name used by steamship men to describe a type of traveler, practically unheard of only a few years ago, who today is the big thing in the transatlantic passenger trade.

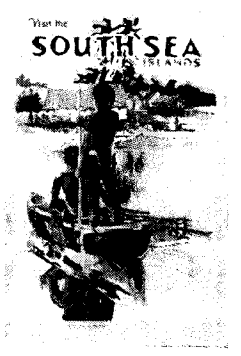
"White-collar thirds" include college professors, school-teachers of both sexes, men and women holding down clerical jobs, clergymen, couples advanced in years and living on the fruits of modest investments—in short, people accustomed until recently to think of travel, except for the shortest and cheapest excursions to places close to home, as one of the Great Unattainables of this life. In the steamship game the outstanding feature of the last few years has been the introduction and enormous success of "cabin," "tourist" and "special third" class accommodations, created for the express purpose of luring away from home those who had been accustomed to dismissing thoughts of voyaging with an abrupt "Too expensive!"

All that, however, has changed. Not only have ships been made over in

(Continued on page 49)







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Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

A DEADLY epidemic has broken out in southern France. The victims, on whose foreheads appears a deep purple shadow, die quickly. Baffled, the authorities send for Dr. Petrie, a noted English scientist, who, settled in a villa on the Riviera, goes feverishly to work. . . . With Petrie is Alan Sterling, a young orchid hunter, who presently meets a neighbor—a girl of mystery called "Fleurette." Young, gloriously beautiful, the girl is living at the near-by estate of Mahdi Bey, a wealthy Egyptian. . . .

In his laboratory, Petrie shows Sterling some bloodstained leaves. Of his theory regarding them he says nothing. He does, however, inform Sterling that a deadly *new* bacillus is causing the plague. As he explains, he grows pale. A tube of white powder is near by. He seizes it. "It's '654'—my own secret remedy," he whispers. "Only Sir Manston Rorke, of London, and I know it. It will kill—or cure!" Sterling, horrified, protests, is ordered out. . . . That night Sterling sees a man of hideous yellow visage in the shadows near the villa. And Sir Denis Nayland Smith arrives. Sir Denis—Scotland Yard veteran and an old friend of Petrie—hears the whole story, dashes with Sterling to the laboratory. Petrie, a purple shadow creeping slowly down his forehead, is there—dying. Sir Denis does not hesitate. He gives Petrie an injection of "654." As he does so, a fly buzzes into the room, settles on some leaves—fresh leaves—on a table.

Sir Denis seems strangely agitated. "Kill it!" he whispers—and Sterling kills the fly, which proves to be a sort of giant flying flea—hideous, sinister.

"Sterling," says Sir Denis, "that ugly devil you saw is a dacoit—a member of a Burmese band of killers. He brought those leaves here—they're fresh. And look at them—someone *has sprayed blood on them!* Someone is plotting Petrie's death." Then—"That someone is, I believe, the most dangerous criminal on earth. *Dr. Fu Manchu!*"

Petrie, in a state of coma, is taken to a hospital. There is no more "654"; nor can the formula be found. Sterling watches over the patient, alone. A beautiful woman is ushered in. "I," she says, "am Karamaneh—Dr. Petrie's wife." She tries to kiss her husband. Sterling—ordered by Sir Denis to let no one touch the ill man—pulls her away. The woman looks into his eyes; and, returning her gaze, Sterling finds himself strangely drawn to her. Then comes a voice—weird, mysterious—warning him to beware. And the woman leaves. Sir Denis, tremendously excited, arrives. "Sterling," he announces, "Sir Manston Rorke—the only man who has that formula—is dead. *Poisoned!*"

III

"WHAT!"

I had been seated on the edge of the little table, but at that I sprang up. Sir Denis nodded grimly.

"But was Sir Manston—addicted to drugs?"

"Apparently. He was a widower who lived alone in a flat in Curzon Street. There was only one resident servant—a man who had been with him for many years."

"It's fate," I groaned. "What a ghastly coincidence!"

"Coincidence!" Sir Denis snapped. "There's no coincidence! Sir Manston's consulting-rooms in Wimpole Street, where he kept all his records and pursued his studies, were burgled during the night. I assume that they found what they had come for. A large volume containing prescriptions is missing."

"But, if they found what they came for—"

"That was good enough," he interrupted. "Hence my assumption that they did. Sir Manston had a remarkable memory. Having destroyed the prescription book, the next thing was to destroy . . . that inconvenient memory!"

"You mean—he was *murdered?*"

"I have little doubt on that point," Sir Denis replied harshly. "The butler has been detained—but there's small hope of learning anything from him, even if he knows. But I gather, Sterling—" he fixed a penetrating stare upon me—"that a similar attempt was made here, tonight."

"*Here?* What ever do you mean, Sir Denis?"

But even as I spoke the words, I thought I knew, and:

"Why, of course," I cried—"the dacoit!"

"Dacoit," he rapped. "What dacoit?"

"You don't know? But, on second thought, how could you know! It was shortly after you left. Someone looked in at the window of Petrie's room—"

"Looked in?" He glanced up at the corresponding window of Sister Thérèse's room. "It's twelve feet above ground level."

"I know. Nevertheless, someone looked in. I heard a faint scuffling—and I was just in time to catch a glimpse of a yellow hand as the man dropped back."

"YELLOW hand?" Sir Denis laughed shortly. "Our cross-eyed friend from the Villa Jasmin, Sterling! He was spying out the land. Shortly after this, I suggest, the *lady* arrived?"

I stared at him in surprise.

"You are quite right. I suppose Sister Thérèse told you? Mrs. Petrie came a few minutes afterwards."

"Describe her," he directed tersely.

Startled by his manner, I did my best to comply, when:

"She has green eyes," he broke in.

"I couldn't swear to it. Her veil obscured her eyes."

"They are green," he affirmed confidently. "Her skin is the color of ivory and she has slender, indolent hands. She is as graceful as a leopardess, of the purring of which treacherous creature her voice surely reminded you?"

Sir Denis' sardonic humor completed my bewilderment. Recalling the almost tender way in which he had spoken the words "Poor Karamaneh," I found it impossible to reconcile those tones with the savagery of his present manner.

"I'm afraid you puzzle me," I confessed. "I quite understood that you held Mrs. Petrie in the highest esteem."

"So I do," he snapped. "But we are not talking about Mrs. Petrie!"

"Not talking about Mrs. Petrie! But—"

"The lady who favored you with a visit tonight, Sterling, is known as Fah Lo Suee—I don't know why. She is the daughter of the most dangerous man living today, east or west—Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"But, Sir Denis!"

He suddenly grasped my shoulders, staring into my eyes.

"No one can blame you if you have been duped, Sterling. You thought you were dealing with Petrie's wife: it was a stroke of daring genius on the part of the enemy—"

He paused; but his look asked the question.

"I refused to permit her to touch him, nevertheless," I said.

Sir Denis' expression changed. His brown, eager face lighted up.

"Good man!" he said in a low voice and squeezed my shoulders, then dropped his hands. "Good man."

IT WAS mild enough, as appreciation goes, yet somehow I valued those words more highly than a decoration.

"Did she mention my name?"

"No."

"Did you?"

I thought awhile, and then:

"No," I replied. "I am positive on the point."

"*Good!*" *he muttered, and began to* pace up and down again. "There's just a chance—just a chance *he* has overlooked me. Tell me, omitting no detail that you recall, exactly what took place."

To the best of my ability, I did as he directed.

He interrupted me once only—when I spoke of that sepulchral warning—

"Where was the woman when you heard it?" he rapped.

"Practically in my arms. I had just dragged her back."

"The voice was impossible to identify?"

"Quite."

"And you could not swear to the fact that Petrie's lips moved?"

"No. It was a fleeting impression, no more."

"It was after this episode that she subjected you to her hypnotic tricks?"

"Hypnotic tricks!"

"Yes—you have narrowly escaped, Sterling."

"You refer," I said with some embarrassment, for I had been perfectly frank, "to my strange impulses?"

He nodded.

"No. It was the voice which broke the spell."

He twitched his ear for some moments, then:

"Go on!" he rapped.

And when I had come to the end:

"*You got off lightly,*" *he said.* "She is as dangerous as a poised cobra! And now I have another job for you."

"I'm ready."

"Hurry back to Villa Jasmin—and call me up here if all's well there. Have you a gun?"

"No. I loaned mine to the chauffeur."

"Take this." He drew an automatic from his topcoat pocket. "Drive like hell and shoot if necessary. You are a marked man. . . ."

As I hurried out, Dr. Cartier hurried in. . . .

The man from Cannes lay face downward on the couch! His limply down-stretched

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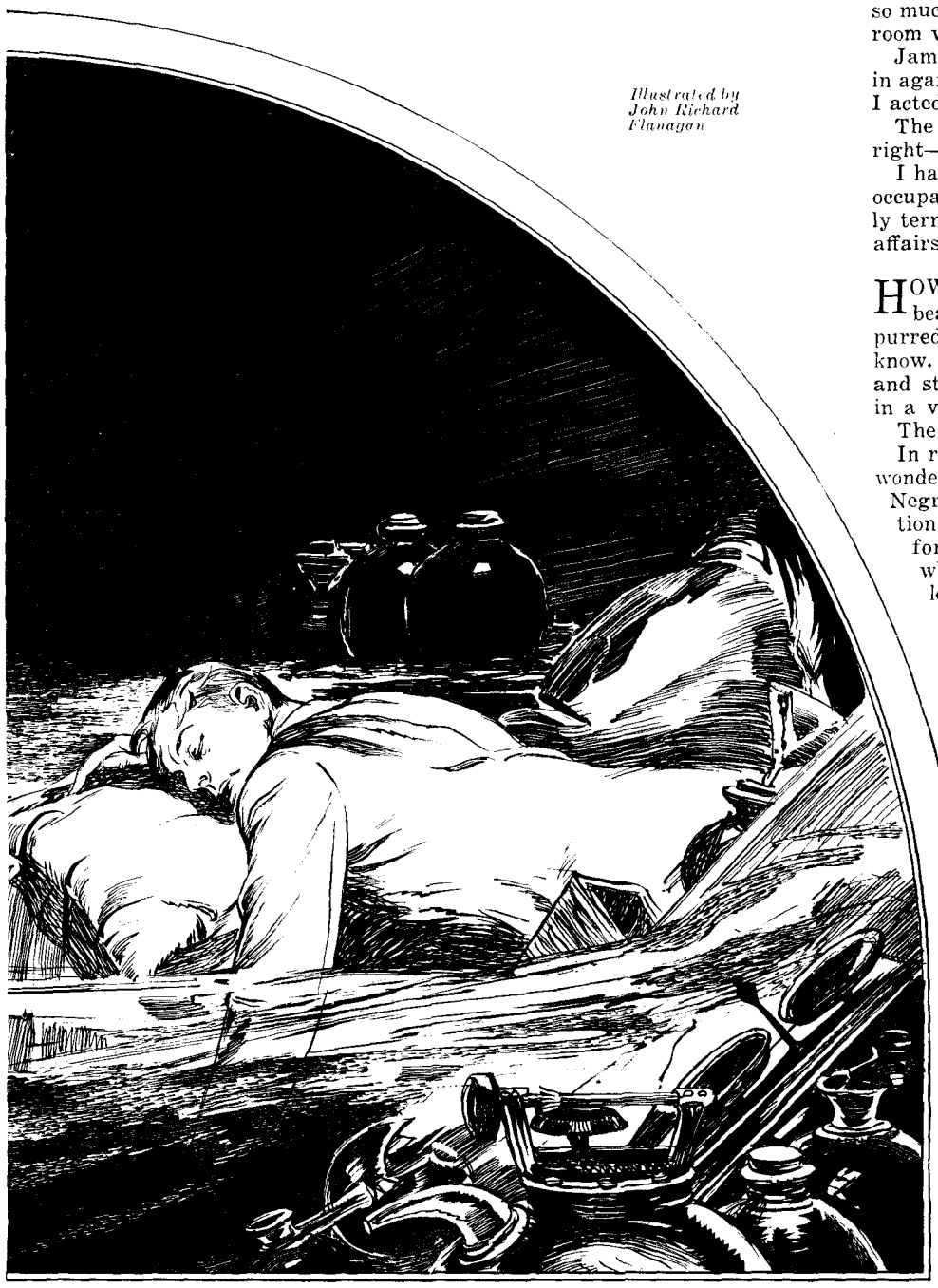

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

arm, the fingers touching the floor, told me this was no natural repose

"Ah!" Nayland Smith exclaimed. "I regret troubling you, Doctor; but I want you to examine Petrie very carefully—"

"What! There is some change?"

"I don't know. That's what I want you to find out."

THE two-seater which had been placed at Petrie's disposal was no beauty, but the engine was fairly reliable, and I set out along the Corniche about as fast as it is safe to travel upon such a tortuous road.

I suppose it had taken me a ridiculously long time to grasp the crowning horror which lay behind this black business. As I swung around the dangerous curves of that route, the parapet broken in many places and the mirror of the Mediterranean lying far below on the right, my brain grew very active.

The discovery of the fly-catching plant near the place where a man had been seized by this frightful infection, coupled with our finding later a similar specimen in Petrie's laboratory, had suggested pretty pointedly that a human agency was at work. Yet, somehow, in spite of the apparition of that grinning, yellow face in the kitchen garden of the villa, I had not been able to realize, or not been able to believe, that a human agency was actually *directing* the pestilence.

Sir Denis Nayland Smith had adjusted my perspective. Someone, apparently a shadowy being known as Fu Manchu, was responsible for these outbreaks!

And the woman who had posed as Petrie's wife, the woman who had tried, and all but succeeded in her attempt, to bewitch me, was of the flesh and blood of this fiend. She was Chinese; and her mission had been—what?

To poison Petrie—as Sir Manston Rorke had been poisoned?

As I swung into a lighted tunnel cut through the rock, I laughed aloud when that seeming absurdity presented itself to my mind.

A new disease had appeared in the world. Yes, of this I had had painful evidence. It was possibly due, according to Sir Denis, to the presence in France of an unfamiliar fly—what he had called a *genus hybrid*.

So much I was prepared to admit.

But how could any man be responsible for the appearance of such an insect, anywhere and at any time; much less in such widely separated places as those which had been visited by the epidemic?

The Purple Shadow. . . .

I had nearly reached the end of the rock cutting. There was a dangerous corner just ahead; and I had allowed my thoughts to wander rather wide of the job in hand. A big car, a limousine, appeared suddenly. The driver—some kind of African as I saw—was taking so much of the road on the bend that no room was left for me.

Jamming on the brakes, I pulled close in against the wall of the tunnel . . . and I acted only just in time.

The driver checked slightly and swept right—missing me by six inches or less!

I had a clear, momentary view of the occupants of the car which had so nearly terminated my immediate interest in affairs. . . .

HOW long I stayed there after the beautiful black-and-silver thing had purred away into the darkness, I don't know. But I remember turning round and staring over the folded, dusty top in a vain attempt to read the number.

The car had two occupants.

In regard to one of these occupants I wondered if the wild driving of the Negro chauffeur and my preoccupation with the other had led me to form a false impression. Because, when the car had swept on its lordly way, I realized that my memory retained an image of something not entirely human. A yellow face buried in the wings of an upturned fur collar I had certainly seen: a keen wind from the Alps made the night bitingly cold. The man wore a fur cap pulled down nearly to his brows, creating a curiously medieval effect. But this face had a placid, almost godlike immobility, gaunt, dreadful, yet sealed with power like the features of a dead Pharaoh.

Some chance trick of lighting might have produced the illusion (its reality I could not admit); but about the second traveler it was impossible for me to have any doubts whatever.

Her charming head framed—as that other skull-like head was framed—in the upturned collar of a fur coat . . . I saw Fleurette!

And I thought of a moss rose. . . .

I turned to the wheel again.

Fleurette!

She had not seen me, had not suspected that I was there. Probably, I reflected, it would not have interested her to know.

But her companion? I tested the starter, wondering if it would function after the shock. I was relieved to find that it did. The car was miles away now, unless the furious driving of the African chauffeur had led to disaster. . . . That yellow face and those glittering, green eyes—I asked myself the question: Could this be Mahdi Bey?

Somehow I could not believe the man with Fleurette to be an Egyptian. Yet, I reflected driving on, there had been that about him which had conjured an image to my mind. . . . The image of Seti The First—that King of Egypt whose majesty has survived three thousand years. . . .

THE car in which Nayland Smith had come from Cannes was standing just where the steep descent to the little garage made a hairpin bend. I supposed that the man had decided to park there for the night. But I was compelled to pull in behind, as it was impossible to pass.

I walked on beyond the bend to the back of the bungalow. A path to the left led around the building to the little veranda; one to the right fell away in stepped terraces, skirting the garden and terminating at the laboratory.

My mind, from the time of that near crash with the car up to this present moment, had been preoccupied. The mystery of Fleurette had usurped my thoughts. Fleurette—her charming little bronzed face enveloped in fur; a wave of her hair gleaming like polished mahogany. Now, as I started down the slope, a warning instinct spoke to me. I found myself snatched back to dangerous reality.

I pulled up, listening.

Some nocturnal flying thing hovered near me; I could hear the humming of its wings. Vividly, horribly, I visualized that hairy insect, with its glossy back, and almost involuntarily, victim of a swift, overmastering and sickly terror, I began striking out right and left in the darkness. . . .

Self-contempt came to my aid. I stood still again.

The insect, probably some sort of small beetle, was no longer audible. I thought of the fly-haunted swamps I had known and grew hot with embarrassment. The Purple Shadow was a ghastly death; but Petrie had faced it unflinchingly. . . .

Natural courage returned. A too vivid imagination had betrayed me.

I REACHED the laboratory and found it dark and silent. This was not unexpected. I supposed that the man had turned in on the couch. He was a tough type, who had served in the French mercantile marine; I doubted if he was ever troubled by imagination. He had been given to understand, since this was the story we had told to Mme. Dubonnet, that Petrie was suffering from influenza. He had accepted without demur Dr. Cartier's assurance that there was no danger of infection.

Walking around to the door, I rapped sharply.

There was no reply.

Far below I could see red roofs peeping out of purplish shadow and, beyond, the sea gleaming under the moon; but, by reason of its position, the laboratory lay in darkness.

Having rapped several times without result, I began to wish I had brought a flashlight, for I thought that then I could have looked in at the window. But, even as the idea crossed my mind, I remembered that the iron shutters were drawn.

Thus far, stupidly, I had taken it for granted that the door was locked. But, failing to get a response from the man inside, I now tried the handle and found, to my great surprise, that the door was unlocked.

I opened it. The laboratory was pitch black and reeked of the smell of mimosa.

"Hullo, there!" I cried. "Are you asleep?"

There was no reply, but I detected a sound of heavy breathing as I groped for the switch. When I found it the lamps came up very brightly, dipped, and then settled down.

"My God!" I groaned.

The man from Cannes lay face downward on the couch!

I ran across, and tried to move him. He was a big, heavy fellow and one limply down-stretched arm, the fingers touching the floor, told me that this was no natural repose. Indeed, the state of the place had prepared me for this.

It was not merely in disorder—it had been stripped. Petrie's specimen slides and all the documents which were kept in the laboratory had been removed!

The smell of mimosa was everywhere; it was getting me by the throat.

I rolled the man over on his back. My first impression, that he had been drinking heavily, was immediately dispelled. He was insensible, but breathing stertorously. I shouted and shook

(Continued on page 46)

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Plenty of Sparkle

By Lee Harriman

Love and business—never mix them, young man. Never? Just see what happened to George Merrill, Jr., who had them mixed for him

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

ED MASON, president of the Teplow Washing Machine Company, stopped pacing the office carpet to brush a vagrant bit of cigar ash from his waistcoat.

He was an immaculate little figure, tailored in modish brown with a cornflower winking in his lapel. People said he was the best-dressed man in Teplow. And why not? Every stitch that clothed Ed Mason's five feet four inches was obtained in New York and his wardrobe represented as fine a collection of exclusive metropolitan labels as that of any man born and reared on Fifth Avenue.

In spite of his sartorial snobberies, however, Ed Mason took great care to have it understood that he was a plain, democratic citizen. The up-state town of Teplow would not stand for too *much swelling around*—and, after all, Ed Mason lived and made his money in Teplow.

Now, under the aristocratic waistcoat, the plain citizen was growling for some action. He itched with the desire to merge.

Something like a soft groan escaped him as he dropped back into his desk chair, shifted his cigar from the right corner to the left corner of his mouth, and reached for the phone.

"Gimme," he said into the instrument, "Mr. Merrill." Then: "Say, George, you still tied up?"

Yes, George Merrill said, he was still busy. A zephyr of annoyance passed over Ed Mason's shiny, pink face. It was, of course, a coincidence that George Merrill, vice president of the Teplow Company, was not available when Ed Mason urgently desired to confer with him. Nevertheless there was something symbolic about it.

THE trouble with George Merrill was *he seemed to be getting prematurely* old and fat and conservative. Lately he had hemmed and hawed all of Ed Mason's Napoleonic impulses into a blind alley of indecision. Ed Mason had his moments when he secretly wished he and George Merrill had not been such close friends and business partners for so many years. Loyalty is an awful wing-clipper at times.

For example, this proposition to take over the Woman's Friend Washing Machine. A good product. A good reputation. Thin distribution and badly financed, but Ed Mason knew what to do about that. And it was literally thrown at him.

All of two weeks had now frittered by since Toby Smith had sat in Ed Mason's office and laid all the cards on the table. Mr. Smith was tired of being president of the Woman's Friend Washing Machine Company. He was tired of working for the other two stockholders. One was a widow who mourned for dividends Mr. Smith could not produce. The other was *Jim Bates,* who did nothing but drink and raise tropical fish. Bates was a widower who took to aquariums after his wife died. His drinking habits were not so recent.

So, Toby Smith confessed, he was wearied of the washing-machine business and life in general. He was run down. He had been reading a lot of steamship literature—and he longed to get away from the world by taking a boat and going around it.

George Merrill was not exactly opposed to taking over the Woman's Friend Washing Machine. But he did not like the idea of acquiring a lot more factory space and other property they did not need. He was mulish on that one point.

The phone rang.

Dreamily Ed Mason lifted the receiver. He listened for a minute and during that minute the Mason face changed. It puckered and took on that half-belligerent, half-crying expression known so well to his family, employees and associates. Those familiar with it knew what it meant. It meant that Ed Mason did not like what was being said and did not want any more of it said to him.

"You mean to tell me," he sputtered into the instrument, "you mean to tell me, Sylvy—why, I'll be damn—you mean to tell me I should come home right now? Right now?"

A SHORT while later Ed Mason, en route for home, opened the door of George Merrill's office with the idea of reporting that he would be gone for the day. One glance into the room told him why George Merrill was so busy.

Seated at opposite sides of the desk were George Merrill, Senior, and George Merrill, Junior. The older man was coatless and in a perspiration brought on partly by the July heat and partly by nerves. He looked heavy with flesh and defeat.

His son, smartly done up in a cool gray suit, seemed both weather- and nerve-proof. George Junior—collegiately known as "String" Merrill—was a tall, lean youth who looped himself over furniture in a casual manner. He was now festooned over a chair, one leg dangling across the arm.

"Hey, Ed!" heaved the senior Merrill. "Come on in. You heard yet? My Georgie here is going to marry your Sparkle."

"So they tell me," replied Ed Mason, narrowing his eyes and fanning himself with his straw hat.

"Well, he ain't," quivered Merrill, beating a clenched fist up and down on his blotter pad. "He ain't. He's going to finish his college."

"Imposs, Dad—simply imposs!" interjected Georgie, Jr.

"Imposs?" repeated the senior Merrill. "Imposs? I don't know what you mean by this imposs talk. It's not for you, young feller, to tell me what's imposs and what isn't. It's for me to tell you what is *poss.* It's poss to go back to college, it's poss not to get married—and it's going to *be* poss. . . . Don't go yet, Ed."

"I've got to get up to the house," Ed Mason grinned mildly. "Sylvy and Sparkle are having a meeting up there like you two down here. I been sent for."

A tidal and sarcastic sigh swept through the senior Merrill. "I don't understand these young people. They don't seem like they were born of us parents at all. They seem like somebody else's children."

"Tell young Georgie not to buy his wedding suit yet," was Ed Mason's parting shot.

In the car he tried to gather his impressions of young Georgie Merrill and arrive at an estimate. Though he had watched Georgie grow up from a baby, Ed Mason was pained to discover that he neither knew much nor felt much about his partner's son. As near as Ed Mason could remember Georgie began to notice his daughter some time around his last year in prep school. What made Ed Mason recall that was a song the sandy-haired Georgie and Sparkle Mason were singing all the time—

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"So the lawyer said to the jury:
'Don't get this lady in dutch;
She only killed her sweetheart
Because his ears stuck out too much;
She's what is known as esthetic,
With a true artistic call;
Ears that protrude
Simply strike her as lewd—
SHE'S A GOOD GAL AFTER ALL.'"

"So the lady kissed the jury,
Twelve good men and true—
True to who? True to her
In what she had been through;
'Tis sad to shoot a lover
Whose ears grow loose and tall
But it had to be done,
The son-of-a-gun—
SHE'S A GOOD GAL AFTER ALL."

This was accompanied by Georgie's uke and not since "Yes, We Have No Bananas" had Ed Mason been the victim of such a thorough song plugging.

In the middle of this lyric, uking unbidden into Ed Mason's memory, he suddenly remembered that he had smelled gin on young Georgie's breath once. He was grateful for this recollection. That was one thing he could use. He also connected Georgie with a slashing game of contract and golf in the 70's. As the car turned into the driveway Ed Mason spunked up. With golf, contract and gin he felt he had something to work with. Ed Mason had won arguments before with much less to go on.

ENTERING the house Ed Mason sensed a deadlock immediately. He had been in too many dickers not to feel the deadlock atmosphere when he walked into it. He also sensed tears. He could sense tears like a corn foretells rain.

A vacuum cleaner was droning forebodingly in the silent home. The sound came from Sylvia Mason's pride, the Georgian living-room—twenty-one thousand dollars' worth of Georgian effect. The maid informed Ed Mason that his wife and daughter were upstairs, and he found the pair in his wife's chamber. The stately Sylvia Mason with her distinguished iron-gray hair and assured composure was sitting on the bed—in a posture anything but assured. Sparkle Mason's eyes were swollen and her mouth set. Ordinarily Ed Mason was pleased with his womenfolks. They had lots of style and were successful-looking characters. Now they were mussed and ineffectual. Ed Mason climbed right into the issues.

"One of these loves at first sight, I s'pose," he said, squinting impersonally at a bureau. Then suddenly at Sparkle: "What you and young Georgie going to live on? On ME? No, sir. Not on me."

"She threatens," murmured Sylvia Mason, "she threatens to elope."

"Ha!" bristled Mason. "So she wants to drag all our names into the papers. You remember, Sylvy, I told you that girl thought more of a good coat of tan than she does of her mother? Huh? Well, she ain't going to elope. I'll give you a guarantee against that."

No wonder the Woman's Friend outfit was in trouble, mused Ed Mason. Their manufacturing costs were too high. Something wrong there. . . .

"What's the objection to Georgie Merrill?" spat Sparkle, unexpectedly.

"He drinks," snapped her father, betting with himself he could cut the Woman's Friend costs twenty per cent.

"Pooh!" sniffed Sparkle.

"And," declared Mason, "he don't know a darn' thing, except how to drive a golf ball and a car. You want to marry a chauffeur?"

"He's going to be a salesman," said Sparkle. "Then a sales manager. George says he's a better sales manager right now than that Mr. Berry you have at the office."

"*He is, is he? You know who the real* sales manager is? It's me—Ed Mason. That's who the sales manager is. I s'pose young Georgie is a better man than I am—what?"

"I don't know," grinned Sparkle.

Provokingly, Ed Mason found the second stanza of Georgie's lyric strumming in his brain—

For some unaccountable reason the memory pulled the trigger of Ed Mason's temper. Characteristically the face puckered and assumed that belligerent, half-crying expression.

"All right, Sylvy," he commanded. "Let's get into action. You and Sparkle pack up. Colorado's a good place. You can ride horses and climb the Rocky Mountains. I'll bring home a time-table tonight and look up some hotels. Never mind about clothes. Go with what you got. Now that's all settled—and maybe the mountain air will clear Sparkle's head out."

"Oh, dear," sobbed Sylvia Mason.

"Huh!" said Sparkle. "How do you know I won't sneak off the train someplace and hitch-hike my way back?"

A raspy chuckle was her parent's reply. His hard, glossy eyes, like light brown marbles, gripped his daughter's larger and more liquid orbs. Finally her gaze lowered—and Ed Mason was satisfied there would be no sneaking off trains and hitch-hiking.

For the first time in years Ed Mason lunched at home and found the food good—and the company depressing. But not so depressing that he did not enjoy the cheese soufflé, salad and some sponge cake that was buttery in flavor and a little bit chewy. He had two sectors of this with a large cup of excellent coffee.

He was carefully clipping the end of a cigar when George Merrill summoned him to the phone.

"You coming back to the factory this afternoon?" inquired Merrill.

"Yes," said Mason. "I expect to. What of it?"

"Well," panted Merrill, who seemed to be breathing with some difficulty, "you better come back. I just had Toby Smith on the long distance and he's just found out something funny—something *darned* funny, Ed."

GEORGE MERRILL and Ed Mason sat in the latter's office staring at each other. Now Ed Mason had his coat off, too. The blistering afternoon sun seemed to seep in through the walls.

"I still don't believe it," said Ed Mason.

"I can't believe it either," said Merrill, "but Toby Smith says it's a fact. Young Georgie has an option on Bates' stock all right enough."

"Well, how could he get it?" persisted Mason.

"How do I know? All I know is what Smith says. He says that Jim Bates gave his wife the Woman's Friend stock as collateral for a loan in 1929. Then, last year, the missus up and dies and leaves it to the boy, Elmer."

"That doesn't explain how young Georgie gets hold of it."

"Don't I know that? But Toby Smith says—"

"The net is nobody knows anything," flared Mason. "Let's stop cackling about it and get Georgie on the mat here. Then maybe we can find out something. Where is the kid?"

"Don't ask me," grunted Merrill. "My guess is he's probably at the Country Club somewhere around the eighth hole by now."

Ed Mason pressed a button and the secretary appeared.

"Call up the locker-room of the Country Club," he said, "and see if George Merrill, Jr., is, has been or will be there."

As guessed by the senior Merrill, the junior Merrill was reported to be on the golf course and coming up the ninth fairway.

"Call back," commanded Ed Mason, "and tell the locker boy to tell Georgie to phone Mr. Mason soon's he comes in."

"Why you?" inquired George Merrill. "Why not me?"

"Well," replied Mason, "I am the father of Georgie's sweetie—and you are only his father. He will phone me quicker."

IT WAS about 6:15 when Georgie arrived at the deserted factory and walked into Ed Mason's office, which he found occupied by his father, Ed Mason and many cigar butts. Georgie appeared freshly showered, unfatigued, and his wide trousers undulated with

(Continued on page 52)

"I don't understand these young people. They don't seem like they were born of us parents at all. They seem like somebody else's children"

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The first American Red Cross War Council. Left to right, second row, are Henry P. Davison, Grayson M.-P. Murphy, Charles D. Norton and Edwin N. Hurley. First row, Robert W. deForest, vice president of the Red Cross but not a member of the council; President Woodrow Wilson, William Howard Taft and Eliot Wadsworth. Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., a member of the Council, was not present when this picture was made

Henry P. Davison

The Record of a Useful Life
By his Friend and Partner

Thomas W. Lamont

Open house in Englewood and on the Long Island shore—the original training place of the Yale Aviation Unit—a shooting trip in Africa—the Red Cross call that could not be denied: Davison's appointment by President Wilson as chairman of the War Council accomplishments of the Red Cross under his leadership—magnitude of the task—Davison's tact and unflagging activity—he meets King George and King Victor Emmanuel—the speech in the Coliseum—Davison's conception of the International Red Cross—the closing years of his thrilling life

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DURING the early days of his progress in banking, Davison's home was in Englewood, New Jersey, where he lived from 1896 until 1909. That was a little over a decade: the period in which Davison consolidated his life, so to speak. Even in earlier years, his mind had always been moving forward; but it had not then occupied itself with constructive measures.

However, those years during which Davison's domestic and personal life was to be lived in Englewood were to change all this. For, in the course of that period, he was to taste all those broadening experiences which I have suggested. He was to see the financial center of the country in its days of great prosperity, of huge industrial combinations, and he was to see it in the throes of a money panic which shook the whole country as well. He, like all his thoughtful friends, was first to wonder, and then to search for the causes—economic or human—which had been responsible for the succeeding cycles of prosperity and adversity that had so signally punctuated the progress of America. Would study and scientific analysis never succeed in furnishing a solid clue to the discovery and elimination of those ills that seemed inevitably to follow upon abounding prosperity?

That was the question that Davison and his intimate circle of friends, both banking and personal, used to discuss; telling one another then, as we tell one another today, that while Americans are popularly supposed to be a hard-headed lot, in reality they are emotional, easily led into speculation and extravagance, and always seemingly determined to pursue their careers through succeeding cycles of exaltation and discouragement. We can never do anything by halves. When things are looking up we are not satisfied with a normal prosperity. We want to have it on a constantly ascending scale. When the picture changes we never get off with a mild depression!

No one, I think, whom it has been my fortune to know, gained such a devoted circle of friends, men and women, as did Harry Davison. His joyous boyishness, his inimitable humor, his generosity, his loyalty, his devotion—all these were qualities that bound them to his side.

Home Life at Peacock Point

But after those early years at Englewood it was his new home in the country, at Peacock Point on Long Island (where he moved not long after entering the Morgan firm), that really claimed his chief attention and all his enthusiasm. This place was one of his, and Kate Davison's, fortunate discoveries. In years of searching they could not have found an estate more ideally situated for their purposes. At Locust Valley, on the north shore of Long Island, it had an ample shore front directly on the Sound, with a delightful prospect over the water. Peacock Point, with its beaches, polo field and tennis courts, became a center for the young people for miles around, and the children used to groan when they had to leave home; it was always so much more fun there than anywhere else. It was a complete patriarchal and matriarchal existence which Harry and Kate carried on here, on a scale and in a spirit that held the whole family together in remarkable unity and happiness.

It was at Peacock Point that the Yale Aviation Unit got its initial training, a development of more than ordinary importance. In the summer of 1916 Davison became responsible for the organization of the naval aviation group officially known as the Aërial Coast Patrol No. 1, but more generally known as the First Yale Unit. The idea had been developed originally through the energy of his son, Trubee, and some of his college friends. What this whole movement accomplished for American naval aviation has been recorded by Admiral Sims in his book The Victory at Sea. In this volume he pays a glowing tribute to the organizers and to the work of the unit.

Nobody in the world enjoyed a real holiday more than Harry Davison, nobody could relax better than he and put all care aside. With him, as with many men of engrossing affairs, his periods of relaxation were important, not only to the preservation of his own health but to the continued, successful conduct of his work. A man who, toiling under the pressure of modern American business, fails to take regular and adequate recreation, lacks proper balance and loses in qualities of sustained and vigorous judgment and effectiveness.

As a matter of fact, Davison's hunting and fishing trips formed his chief recreation in the way of holidays. He often went to the Maine woods for fishing and for moose. But his two most ambitious trips were one which he made with R. C. Hill, in 1915, to the Canadian Rockies for mountain sheep, and one the year previous which he took with John Prentice and Daniel Pomeroy to equatorial Africa.

Meeting an Elephant's Charge

The African shooting trip for big game, made in the winter and spring of 1914, was full of color, and Davison enjoyed the memories of it all the rest of his life. In fact, he prepared for publication for his family and friends the diary recording his shooting adventures on the Upper Nile.

Prentice, one of Harry's companions on the trip, also kept a record of it all. It is worth while repeating his account of the day when a huge, wounded bull elephant charged Davison and himself. Prentice says:

"One evening Harry wounded a fair-sized bull elephant, and next morning he and I, with two gun bearers apiece, started out to look for him. We saw no trace of the wounded bull, and Harry seemed very much disappointed, more so, I think, than I ever saw him. I climbed to the top of a big ant hill, looked over all the country with my glasses, and saw, about two miles away, a huge, solitary, bull elephant. Even at that distance, I could see he had wonderful ivory. I told this to Harry and he was as pleased as a boy, for it was his shot. We went up to the elephant, which was standing in a sort of marsh. As we approached him he began to move off at right angles to us. Harry shot him four times, and seemed to be hurting him. He was then about

NOTE: The articles in this series have been taken from Mr. Lamont's biography of Mr. Davison, soon to be published in book form.

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a hundred yards off. Much to our surprise he turned like a polo pony and came right at us on a gallop. His trunk and tusks were held high in the air, and it was the most handsome sight, as Harry said, either of us had ever seen. There was not even a bush between us and him, and the only thing to do was to kill him or turn him. Harry and I each gave him two barrels in the head, and did not reach his brain. But he did not seem to care for it, and he turned and moved off slowly. We followed him up, and after a few more shots he went down.

"I have never in my life seen a more delighted man than Harry Davison was, when he saw what a wonderful trophy he had. The tusks, which weighed eighty-five pounds apiece, are now in his house at Peacock Point, and I think that there are few larger outside of museums."

As to this particularly exciting adventure, I may add that Harry Davison's testimony was always to the effect that, if Jack Prentice had not handled himself and his rifle just as he did, Davison's own chance for escape from this wounded and furious elephant would have been small indeed. But Prentice always disputed Harry's statement on this point. Prentice's story gives this final, amusing picture:

"Water buffalo have a bad name in Africa, and one day when a wounded bull was looking savagely at Harry, a big thorn tree was the only protection near at hand. Harry said, 'I went right to the top of that tree and when I got there there was not a thorn on it.' He came home all cut to pieces."

His Last and Greatest Work

It was late one evening in the middle of May, 1917, that Harry Davison stood upon the after deck of a Jersey Central ferryboat, which had just pulled slowly out from the Liberty Street slip into the North River. After a few moments of silence, as the Manhattan shore line receded and the lofty towers of twinkling lights gradually grew dim, Davison remarked to his companion, George Case, quietly but with real feeling:

"I don't believe I shall ever go back there."

Of course he did go back many times, but if at that moment he had an intuition that he would not return to the activities of his former business and social life, that remark was indeed prophetic; for Harry Davison had entered upon a new phase of his life, the most significant, as later he and his friends felt. At any rate, it was the final chapter of his active career. He was on his way to Washington that night to assume the directorship of the American Red Cross, as the chairman of its War Council.

It would be impossible to describe in the compass of this story even the most important events in that stupendous Red Cross undertaking. Davison was the chief actor, it is true, but the way in which he approached and solved his problems, his foresight and the imagination he displayed, and finally the effect of it all upon the man himself—those are the features of chief interest for the present narrative.

As is well known, the American National Red Cross is a quasi-governmental institution. It was chartered by act of Congress in 1905, although its history precedes that period by many years. Its president is the President of the United States and members of the government sit upon its Central Committee.

Shortly after America had declared war, the leaders in Red Cross circles bestirred themselves, for it was apparent that the peace-time organization and equipment could not begin to cope with the problems ahead. Eventually, President Wilson and the governing bodies of the Red Cross agreed upon the constitution of an authoritative War Council of seven members. The next and most important step was the selection of a chairman, who would be the chief executive officer of the entire Red Cross in its war-time operation.

At first Davison was loath even to consider the call. He foresaw clearly that it would require every moment of his time, and that all of his other highly important interests must be completely dropped. He said to himself that, on the evening of the day President Wilson formally tendered him the position, he went to bed convinced that he could not accept, only to arise in the morning convinced that he could not decline. His final consent being given, there was a memorable confirmatory conference with President Wilson at the White House, at which Robert W. deForest and Eliot Wadsworth were also present.

President Wilson originally had a distinct prejudice against any so-called "Wall Street man." And at first Mr. Wilson and Davison did not see completely eye to eye. The war, however, had not been under way a year before Davison had won Mr. Wilson's complete confidence. This continued unabated until—the war over and peace signed—Davison relinquished his Red Cross work.

As for Davison's personal equipment for undertaking the direction of the American Red Cross, it has many times been said that he possessed the chief attributes of command. Men were attracted to him, and freely gave him their affection, their confidence and their loyalty. His judgment was respected and his counsel heeded. That heady wine, Success, had not changed the man or his manners. He still had the simplicity, the humor, and the enthusiasm of the companionable boy who had grown up in the Pennsylvania hills. He had at once realized the magnitude of the task, and from the start he devoted himself unswervingly to it: first, to the study of policy and scope of operation; second, to organization and money-raising; finally, to the administration of the expanded organization in a world aflame.

Davison Proposes the "Impossible"

Only a few weeks after Davison had undertaken his new work, a rather notable informal conference was held at the Metropolitan Club in Washington. According to Cornelius Bliss' recollection, there were present besides himself and Harry Davison, Charles Norton, Grayson Murphy, Seward Prosser and Eliot Wadsworth. Davison had said: "Well, what is the first thing we have to do?" And it was naturally the consensus that the Red Cross must have a large war fund, if it was to be put in a position to fulfill its obligation.

"How much shall this war fund be?" Various estimates were suggested, none of which exceeded $10,000,000. When it came Davison's turn to speak, he said impressively: "We are going out for $100,000,000." Bliss says you could have heard a pin drop, and then came a chorus of protests. But Davison was immovable. "You fellows do not realize," he insisted, "what the Red Cross will mean to the American people in time of war."

Then he turned quickly to Seward Prosser and said: "You are going to be the chairman of the committee to raise the fund." Prosser's reply was: "I will do anything you say, but I cannot see how it is possible." From that time on nobody spoke or thought of anything less than Davison's "impossible" $100,000,000. And he was right. That first drive (conducted during the week of June 18-25, 1917) brought from the

(Continued on page 38)

Henry P. Davison greeting Italian boys in Rome during his visit to Italy, where he discussed Red Cross affairs with King Victor Emmanuel

Davison was under fire on several of his visits to France. This photograph shows him (left) behind Verdun in 1918

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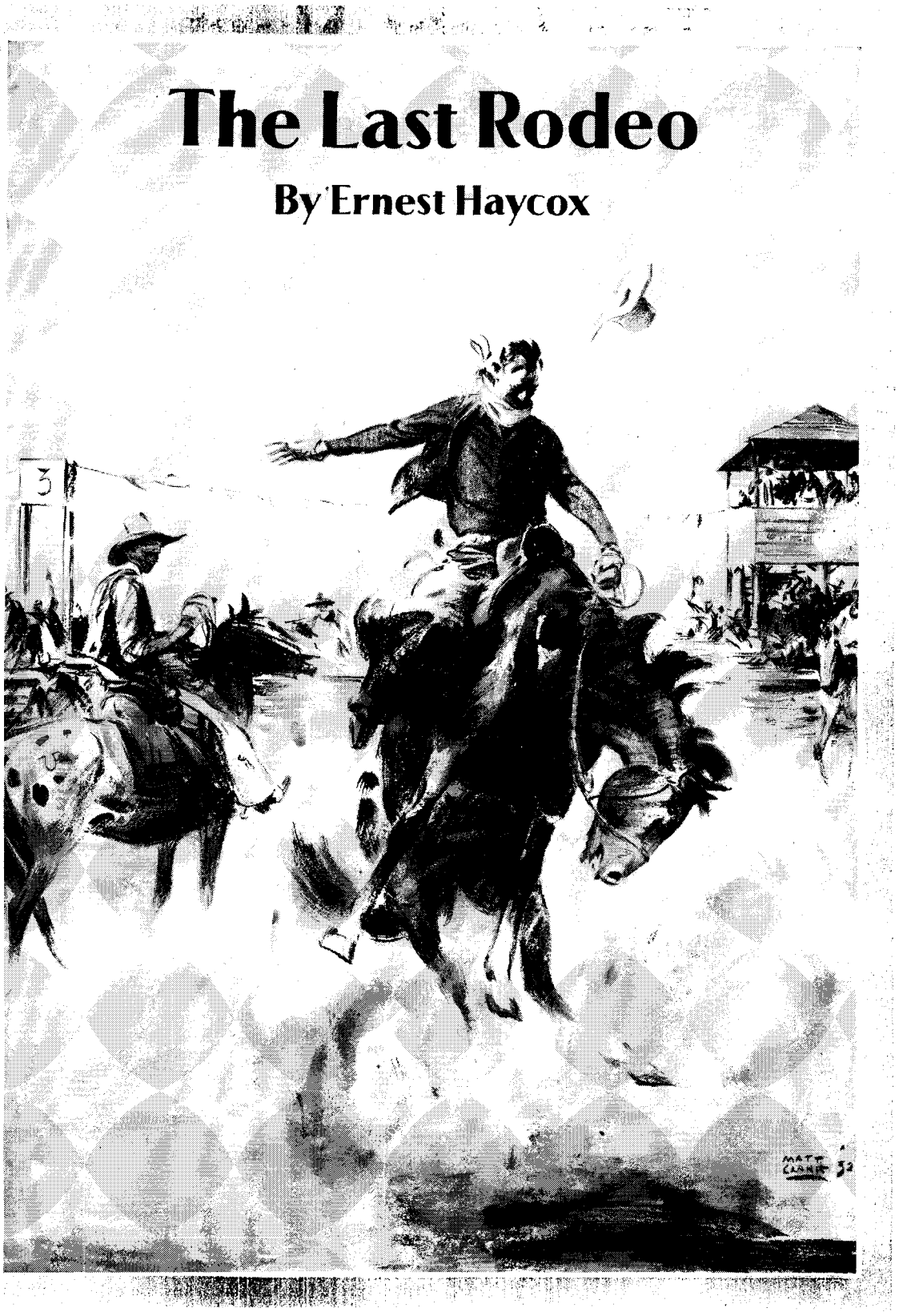
The Last Rodeo

By Ernest Haycox

The story of a champion who couldn't quit—and a girl who wouldn't



Illustrated by Matt Clark

Midnight rushed again, whipped his body and dropped stiff-legged

THE pickup men galloped forward, after the judge's gun, and wedged Smoky Joe between them. Jim Cherburg left Smoky Joe's saddle, vaulted across the rump of the left pickup man's pony and struck the ground with a little springing of muscles. He stood there a moment, waiting for the chugging sensation in his stomach to subside, quiet eyes watching the late afternoon's shadows reach into a high, bright sunlight. Applause washed down the grandstand's slope and the announcer's voice, without color or personality, swelled from the field loud-speakers, announcing the day's end. Cherburg retrieved his hat and turned through the thinning dust to where Buck Merrilies waited on the edge of the field.

"It will do for a ride," said Merrilies.

"Another day, another dollar," drawled Cherburg.

They were the sort that alone survived the grueling drudgery of the game; tall, flat-muscled and heavy-boned men, now gone slack with ease. Jim Cherburg lit a cigarette, impersonally scanning the dissolving crowd. Sweat beaded a broad, tanned brow and he drew in the smoke with a quick relish. The frontal ligaments along his neck tightened against bronzed flesh and went loose.

"Anything about Red?"

Merrilies said taciturnly: "He died ten minutes ago in the hospital."

Cherburg held his partner's glance a moment, then looked down. He dropped his cigarette, ground it beneath a boot. When his head rose again one strong flash of feeling had been covered and his eyes were a little grim. "I guess," he said without inflection, "we might as well amble on."

They swung abreast and walked through the arena's wide arch into a stream of people flowing along the street toward the town's center. Cherburg collided with a slim girl in a green dress and turned aside, murmuring an apology; the girl's sudden attention lifted obliquely across a hat brim's tilted horizon, quick and alert—and then smiling.

"I don't understand," puzzled Merrilies. "He was an old hand, a careful one."

"That steer broke from the chute fast. Red undoubtedly figured he had to cut corners to make any decent time. I saw him reach for the brute's horns. He was taking a chance. When he left the saddle his body began to twist. He must have tripped the steer, for the next thing it was eight hundred pounds of beef somersaultin' on top of him."

Merrilies said, oddly moody: "The time gets faster, the brutes tougher."

THEY went on, heels clicking the pavement together, big bodies rolling, both staring inscrutably into a world turning pale violet beneath the heavy-branched locusts. Jim Cherburg laid the flat of his big hand gently against the shoulder of a man backing into him. He passed around. "He left a widow in Green River. In his time he had plenty, but it was a free and easy world to Red. Now what's left but a woman waitin' and a pile of fresh dirt a long ways from home? He should've quit last year when he meant to. Ten years is too long for competition. A lot of us ought to quit."

"Quit," grunted Merrilies ironically. "Then what? You've salted your money away. Me, I ain't. It'd be back to ridin' fences or a five-dollar job around flicker-flicker cowboys in Hollywood. After ridin' up where the world's your oyster? Try it!" He stopped beside a poolroom door and he looked thoughtfully at it. "This is your home town, ain't it, kid?"

"Yes. Where you going? Careful."

"No," said Merrilies, dryly grinning. "No liquor."

Jim Cherburg went on alone, thinking of the day's tragedy. There was a lot of hurt in the game, though you took it straight and never let it get you. All the same, it was hell to think of a woman in Green River getting a printed slip of paper that would cut the solid earth from beneath her feet. It only strengthened a belief he had held since his first sight of a rodeo death: as long as he rode in competition he rode alone.

He reached an intersection, plowed into a denser current of tourists, ranchers, reservation Indians and street peddlers. Somebody spoke to him and he answered with the detached courtesy fashioned from so much casual acquaintance. Then another voice, definitely arresting, brought him about. Old Isom Gay stood in the swirl like a rooted tree resisting upheaval. Beside Isom Gay were his daughter Judith and young Dave Blackby, and another man Cherburg did not know. Cherburg beat his way over to them, frankly grinning. Isom Gay pumped his hand and swore cheerfully. Judith, smiling out of straight, gray eyes, said: "Why haven't we seen you earlier in the week?"

"DIDN'T get into town till this morning," he explained, reaching for Dave Blackby's fist. Blackby—and Cherburg's ceaseless attention got this instantly—showed a definite constraint. The man was nearly as tall as Cherburg, a flat and supple-bodied chap who had a fine record as a university athlete behind him and the beginnings of a wheat-milling business in town. Meanwhile the stranger was looking on politely. Isom Gay spoke up.

"This is Richey Knight, visitin' us from the East. You expressed a desire, Richey, to meet a real buckaroo. Well, here's Jim Cherburg, probably the best rider in the game today. His ranch is next ours, over in the valley, but that's only a hide-out for him in winter. Summer-time he's on the long rodeo circle, from Fort Worth to Calgary."

"You seem," Knight said with the direct curiosity of the well-bred, "young for it."

Judith Gay cut in, lightly provocative: "But he's ancient. His record goes clear back to 1922, when he turned eighteen. Before that he and I used to ride the hills, roping out poor old cows. I knew him when, Mr. Knight."

Isom Gay watched his daughter indulgently. Dave Blackby's manner showed greater self-isolation. "It seems like a lot of punishment," pondered Knight.

Judith slanted a searching, speculative glance at Cherburg. "There's always another year of it. He's made of unbreakable material."

"You've lost tallow," announced Isom Gay critically.

"He always comes home lean and

(Continued on page 26)

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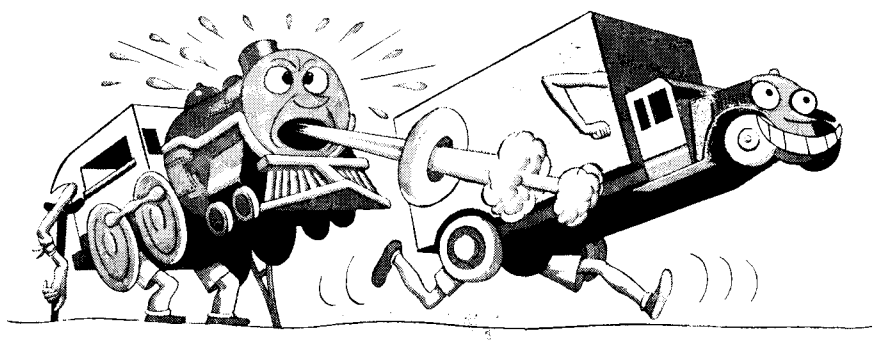
The Right Slant

By Don Marquis



Announcer

Archy the Cosmic Cockroach will now talk to you on world affairs. Archy, what do you consider the most feasible remedy for overproduction?

archy

well i dont want to go into details with a couple of million people unless i can watch their faces and make a quick change if i seem to be going too far but i will say that in my opinion the problem of overproduction has been very competently handled by the birth control publications

Announcer

Do you think the time is ripe for launching a third national political party in America?

archy

it is more than ripe it is rotten

Announcer

Will you give your interpretation of the Japanese activities of the past few months?

archy

all i feel free to say is that i would never pick a cherry blossom unless i were sure it did not have a wasp hidden in it

Announcer

What changes do you suggest in our national financial system?

archy

well boss when i have money i dont want any change and when i am busted i always think oh whats the use

Announcer

Do you think this country ought to join the League of Nations?

archy

aint they both got trouble enough living in sin without marrying each other

Announcer

Do you think a general adoption of the Marxian philosophy is necessary to save the world?

archy

i always liked harpo and groucho but i never could see karl

Announcer

Have you any notions on farm relief?

archy

you let the farmers alone they make business for the manufacturers

when i hitch hiked from los angeles to new york last summer i saw three thousand miles of tractors and farm machinery sitting out in the rain getting rusty wherever there was rain and i said to myself that is the right idea that will make money for the manufacturers as far as the farmers are concerned they are used to getting along without money anyhow

all they got to do is mortgage some more land to get more farm machinery to work the land they have just mortgaged and that is a good deal easier than dragging the farm machinery in under a shed

if they organized with state or national associations to have an effect on the prices of their product that would be a great deal of trouble also and it might take away the chance of raising hell with their congressmen which is one of the delights of their life

government control of agriculture may be all right but i should hate to see it run into agricultural control of government because the agriculturists have never yet shown that they could control their own business let alone the business of everybody else

all they got to do is gang up efficiently among themselves to run their business but they never can stay ganged up they run out on one another

and then after they have run out on one another and caused a crop program to fail they blame somebody else for the failure

i am a great believer in letting every industry run its own affairs if it can not learn it must perish the farmers have the greatest natural economic leverage of the world in human necessity for their products and their failure to utilize it is not a recommendation for extending their political power

you let the farmers alone if they had rather revert to the status of peasants than progress to the status of business men that is their own affair

let the railroads alone too if they can no longer compete with motor traffic without special privilege to help them let them pass and let motor traffic have its day

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The U. S. government is going into the electric power business at Muscle Shoals. Electric belts to awaken sensation in the ganglions of somnolent or atrophied congressmen might be manufactured as a side line.

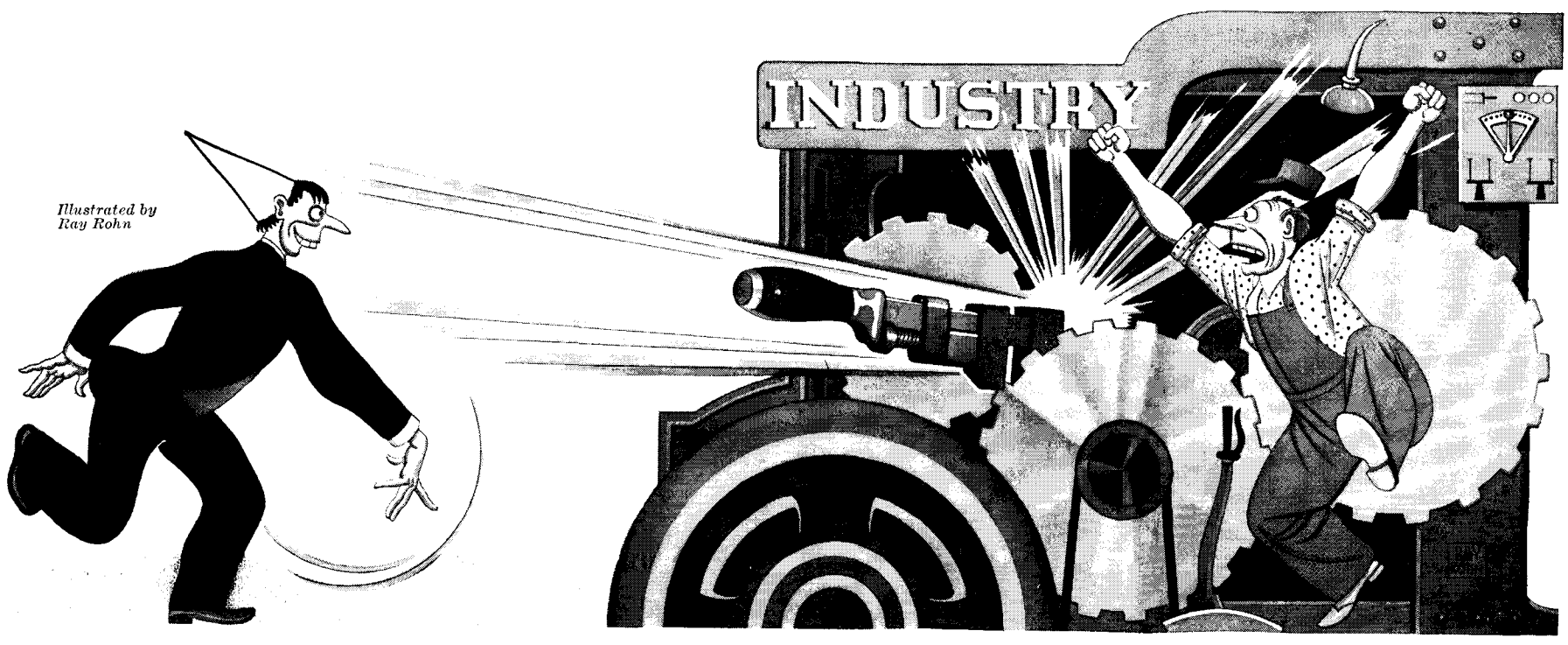
Prediction of Earthquakes by Study of Moon Foreseen—*heading.*

If the moon is responsible, the moon will have to be abolished. Many have held to the belief that seismic disturbance was another thing which might be blamed on the moving pictures.

New York State is trying out both a Milk Control Board and a Beer Control Board; and I hope they will be able to get together and keep the babies from getting the wrong bottles.

I learn from several public prints that Fascism is not merely a political program, but a moral code as well. I was wondering why I had an instinctive aversion to it, and now I know; I am against all moral codes backed by the power of a government; they slide and slither so easily into a sort of gloomy spiritual tyranny. Everyone everywhere should have the right to go to hell in his own hand basket.

The last time I looked at a daily paper the governor of Minnesota was standing on the steps of his state capitol building threatening to declare martial law and confiscate wealth unless the state legislature did something or other right away quick for the relief of everybody. Probably long before you read this several schooners of the new beer will have had a sedative influence on this situation. It didn't take any army to get our wealth away from most of us the last two or three years; we just bought good, conservative securities and Nature Took Its Course. As a general proposition it seems to me that there might be a point beyond which you could not go in using armies to take wealth away from people; somebody has to pay the armies, and if it isn't done by the people who have wealth it won't be done by the people who haven't.



Illustrated by Ray Rohn

"I am a great believer in letting every industry run its own affairs"

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Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MARTHA BLAISDELL is confronted with a difficult problem: Her broker—Gerald Gerrish, who has been handling her small estate—has been spreading scandalous rumors, in which his name and Martha's are linked. She has dismissed him, only to learn that her holdings are almost valueless. A splendid girl, but desperate, she makes a sudden decision: She will marry for money! Two men, she knows, are in love with her: Peter Baxter, a young "charity doctor," who is poor; and Herbie Cranston, an explorer, who is rich. . . .

When dismissed, Gerrish had amazed Martha by professing to love her. And he had loved her—in his way. Now, hating her, he threatens her with blackmail and scandal. She defies him to do his worst. He does it—gives the gossips much to talk about. But, ignoring the scandalmongers, Cranston proposes. And Martha accepts him. . . . While Martha and Baxter are chatting at a dance, two men approach them, shout their business. They are summons servers. Gerrish has filed suit to recover funds advanced Martha Blaisdell on her promise to marry him! The near-by dancers listen, appalled. Baxter glances at his watch. "It is Sunday morning," he announces. "You can't serve a summons on Sunday. *Get out!*" The two men slink away. But the damage has been done. Martha's good name is gone; she cannot—she *will* not—drag Cranston through scandal. Determined to get out of his life, she leaves the Lemmings' country home, where she had been week-ending, and returns to New York. But Cranston hears of her decision. An hour later he is in her apartment, following her trembling finger through the door of her bedroom—to a pajama-clad figure on the bed. The figure of Gerald Gerrish—*dead!*

Martha gasps out her story: Unknown to her, Gerrish had had a key to the apartment. On her return from the Lemmings' she had found him, intoxicated, awaiting her. He had threatened to phone for the newspaper reporters, ruin her utterly. She had defied him. Then, in a paroxysm of rage, he had died. . . . Something must be done at once. But what? Cranston has an inspiration. He phones Doctor Baxter, who dashes over, hears the whole story; then, with Cranston's aid, slips the body out of the apartment house to his office. . . . But Martha's troubles are not over. Gerrish's valet phones, asks if he may speak to Gerrish. Martha informs him she has not seen Mr. Gerrish. But when she hangs up she knows that the man is suspicious—that her adventures have only begun.

VII

AND now," said Peter Baxter, "you hustle out of here."

Cranston stared at the doctor. He felt that reluctance which a man of courage feels at letting another shoulder all of the burden that rightfully should be shared. More than that! By rights Cranston should carry all of the load. He was the man whom Martha Blaisdell loved and the gift of her love entailed obligations that should not be paid by another.

He ran a finger inside his soft collar. Had the collar been laundered stiff it would have been limp now. And not merely the mugginess of the morning nor the exertion of his recent task had brought the moisture to his throat; sheer, stark terror, the kind of panicky fright that once or twice had attacked him in the loneliness of the jungle, had opened the pores of his skin.

He was and always had been a law-abiding man. There had been times, in his absences from civilization, when he had been compelled to make and enforce his own laws, but there had always been, on those occasions, the soul-supporting knowledge that, unless he became the lawgiver and law-enforcer, destruction would overwhelm his expedition. But, save in those exigencies when he must rely upon his own sense of what was right, he respected the law.

Now he feared it. It was all very well to assure himself that he and Baxter were doing nothing wrong—were, in fact, doing something decent. But death is awe-inspiring always, and when death is accompanied by secrecies and evasions it becomes terrifying.

There was no question but that the law objected to furtive transference of a body. The law provided ways and means for such transference, and there must be heavy penalties for the act that he and Baxter had just now committed. Not only must there exist those penalties, but the very fact that he and Baxter had risked them would in itself arouse suspicion. All the circumstances—and these must inevitably come to light—would add to the suspicion. He, Cranston, had quarreled with and threatened Gerrish; only last night Baxter had defied Gerrish's process servers. That Gerrish's death had not been due solely to natural causes might even occur to the police.

HE HAD been calm enough as he and Baxter carried the limp body down the stairs of Martha's apartment house. As they passed through the fortunately deserted lobby to the sidewalk, Cranston's grip of Gerrish's waist had been firm. There had been no trembling of his hands as he assisted Baxter in placing Gerrish in the coupé. He had even been careful enough to pull Gerrish's hat down over his face as the car started off. There had been people across the street, but they had been occupied with their own conversation, with their own concerns. Cranston doubted if any of them had even noticed the apparently drunken man who was assisted into the little car.

As a traffic block held them up at Broadway, Cranston had been quick-witted enough to pretend a conversation with the inanimate figure so tightly wedged between himself and Baxter. And his mind had been clear enough, as they neared St. John's Square, to appreciate the happy chance of the sudden thunderstorm that sent pedestrians scurrying for shelter. He had been cool enough to appreciate why Peter Baxter drove completely around the square before stopping in front of his clinic. He realized that Baxter was making certain that there would be no observers. And there had been no failing of Cranston's nerves as he and the doctor carried Gerrish into the clinic.

But now, with Gerrish sprawled upon a couch, Cranston's overtaut nerves asserted themselves.

"I can't leave you alone here with him," he protested. "My God, suppose someone saw us carry him in here! You've got to have someone to back up your story."

"I can't have anyone to back it up," said Baxter. "If anyone can corroborate it, then my story isn't true. And there's a paradox for you," he laughed.

If he hadn't laughed Cranston would have given way to his nerves. Vaguely he realized that even as he had slapped Martha's face to stop hysteria, so Peter Baxter was exaggerating his own coolness to calm Cranston. His face, that had been deadly white, flushed now.

"I know you're right, but it seems so darned yellow to leave you here—suppose somebody saw us carry him in here?"

"We've been all over that," said Baxter. "I don't think anyone did. And as a matter of fact, who's going to connect one thing with another? You'd better let me prescribe a stiff drink for you."

Cranston shook his head.

"WELL, if you won't, then you'd better get out of here," said Baxter.

"But isn't there anything I can do?" demanded Cranston.

"Not a thing in the world," replied the other.

Still Cranston hesitated.

"I think you're one swell person, Pete," he said.

"You're all right yourself," grinned Baxter. "Now get out of here," he went on brusquely. "Remember you've never been here."

"I'll never forget it," said Cranston. "I don't know what Martha and I would have done without you. We owe you more—"

"You owe me nothing," interrupted Baxter. "Does a man think of payment when he's able to serve a girl—will you get out?"

"Too bad he didn't listen to your warning,"

Cranston wheeled; the interchange of speech had completely restored his coolness. He was even thoughtful enough to pull his light felt hat brim down over his eyes. He turned up his coat collar and hunched his shoulders as he stepped into the driving rain. The downpour made it seem natural that he should hide his face, and never had he been more grateful for a thunderstorm.

At Third Avenue he picked up a taxi and alighted before a drug store on Eighth Street. From the clerk at the prescription counter he procured an aspirin tablet which—though not needing it—he swallowed. If questions were asked he would not only have an answer but corroboration of that answer. Then, collar still up and brim still down, he ran through the rain to Martha's apartment.

The elevator man eyed him in surprise.

"Say, weren't you calling on Miss Blaisdell a while ago?"

Cranston nodded.

"Frightful headache; went to the drug store for an aspirin; raining so

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John H. Crosman

said Baxter. "He might have been alive now." The valet stared at Peter

hard I wasn't able to come back sooner."

"You missed some excitement that almost made *me* need an aspirin," grinned the man. "Miss Blaisdell tossed a match in a waste basket and started a sweet little blaze. No real damage, though. You must have walked down," he added idly.

"I *ran* down," said Cranston. "One of those headaches that drive you almost crazy for a minute or two."

"Don't I know?" exclaimed the elevator operator. "Me, I think I'll stick to beer. That bathtub gin about splits my knob open. Well, hope you're okay now."

HE THREW open the elevator door and Cranston pressed the bell of Martha's apartment. As the man descended Martha opened the door.

He took her hands swiftly in his own.

"Everything's all right. Not a thing on earth to worry about. Pete will take care of everything from now on."

He released one hand while he shut the door, then led her to the couch.

"You're not to think of anything that's happened, Martha," he told her.

She smiled wanly; he felt the faintest pressure of her fingers.

"You're sweet, Bert," she said, "but Gerry's man phoned."

He dropped her hand.

"What do you mean?" he asked harshly.

"He telephoned—soon after you went out. He said he was Mr. Gerrish's man and asked if he could speak to Gerry. I told him he wasn't here, and he asked when he left, and I replied that he hadn't been here."

"What did he say then?" demanded Cranston.

"I don't know. 'Very well,' or something like that."

"Well, there's nothing to be frightened about."

She sighed hopelessly.

"But don't you see, Bert? He must have told his man that he was coming here! Now, when he's found dead—"

He heard the rising note in her voice that had been there earlier.

"He won't be *found dead*," he said. "In the office of the doctor to whom he went for treatment, he died. His death will be reported through the usual channels. There's nothing extraordinary about it. That he told his man he could be found at your apartment means nothing."

"Unless someone knows he came here," she said. Her voice was definitely shrill again.

"Martha, you mustn't give way to fear. I'll slap your face," he threatened.

THE unexpectedness of his words, and the threatening gesture with which he accompanied them, were enough to restore her to a quasi-coolness.

"I won't break down, Bert," she promised, "but I'm frightened!"

"Of course you are. Who wouldn't be? I'm scared myself. But that doesn't mean that we have anything really of which to be afraid. Why not wait until something happens? The chances are in our favor that nothing will happen."

But her mind, terror-inspired, was too active, refused to be placid.

"I know—Pete's a doctor, but still—he can't simply say that a man died in his office and get away with it."

"He seems to think he can and he ought to know," Cranston assured her. "Martha, talk doesn't get us anywhere. Thinking gets us nowhere. You'll only get yourself in a terrible state if you worry any longer. I tell you again there's nothing unusual in what happened. You've got to be brave, Martha. You've got to act as though nothing in the world has gone wrong. And nothing will go wrong. The apartment employees suspect nothing. I told one of them, when I came in just now, that I'd gone out to the drug store. I even went to a drug store and took an aspirin, just in case I had to prove it later. I didn't take my car because I thought I'd find a drug store around the corner. I was gone some time because I stopped in a doorway to avoid the sudden rain. I didn't take the elevator downstairs because my headache was so frightful that I couldn't even wait the few seconds the elevator might take to get upstairs. Does all that sound logical and convincing?"

She nodded dumbly.

"NOW just suppose you're questioned. I can't see why you will be, but just suppose. You and I quarreled last night. We'd just become engaged but we quarreled. It was a trivial quarrel. Now let's think of something trivial. I wanted to visit Orken in Denmark on our honeymoon. You wanted to go to Honolulu. We fought over that."

"But that's too ridiculous," she protested.

"All lovers' quarrels are ridiculous," he smiled. "The more absurd the occasion for the quarrel the more convincing it seems. So, in a tee-wee, you got up early in the morning and came in to New York."

"But I left a note for Trudie, telling her the real reason," she objected.

"Trudie isn't going to tell anyone what was in that note," he assured her. "She'll say what we tell her to say, like the good sport she is. You wrote her that we'd had a quarrel and that I was obstinate and pig-headed and you didn't want to see me again. I think Trudie will tell a white lie for us."

"But what's the object?"

"The object is to minimize as much as possible the fact that Gerrish ever lived. That's all," he said. "Just to make it certain—if suspicion should be aroused—that you couldn't have had a rendezvous with Gerrish. Oh, I know that our friends wouldn't think such a thing, but if this valet talks— But that's absurd. Gerrish knew that you were on Long Island last night, knew it well enough to send those process servers out there, so it's obvious he didn't expect to find you in your apartment last night."

He passed his hand wearily across his forehead.

"I'm so mixed up that I'm not thinking clearly. What I'm driving at is that we don't want it to seem that Gerrish's suit affected you, in your relations with me, in the slightest. And the best thing to do is to go back to Trudie's now."

"Why?" she asked.

"Suppose reporters find out about Gerrish's suit? His sudden death will make them want to interview you. God knows why their minds would act that way, but they would. But if you're out of town the whole thing will blow over in a day or so. Cold news is no news. Besides, you can't stay here; you'll brood and worry. Your bag is still packed, isn't it?"

She nodded assent.

"Then we'll just take it down to my car and go out to Green Point."

"Then, if the newspapers do want to

(Continued on page 33)

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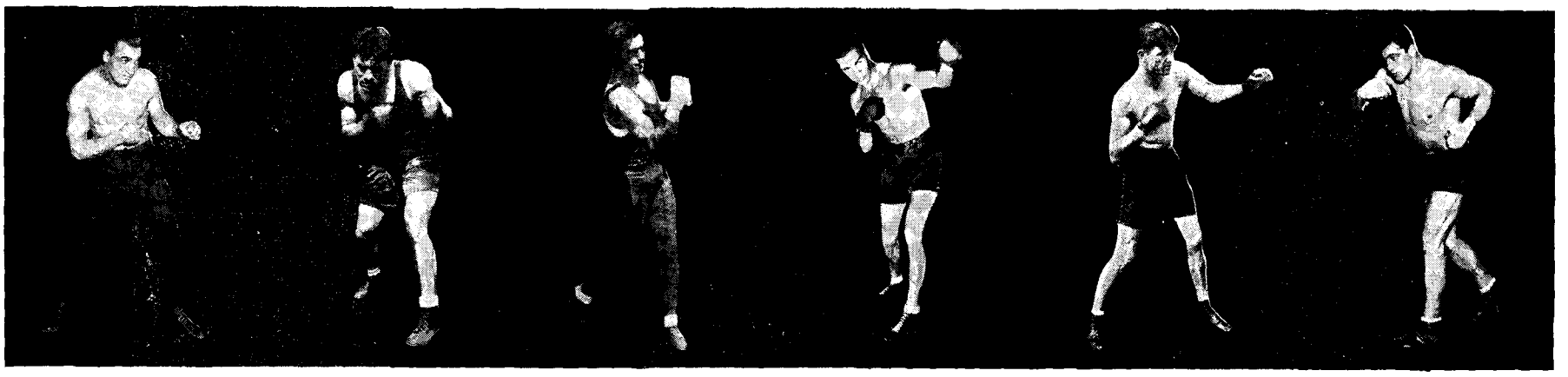


Paul Berlenbach | Paolino Uzcudun | Jack Sharkey | Max Schmeling | Jimmy Braddock | Primo Carnera

Forgotten Men

Sharkey, Schmeling, Carnera and Baer—the only survivors of that once vast army of heavyweight contenders. What happened to the others—the Riskos, the Delaneys, the Striblings, the Uzcuduns—and still others too numerous to mention—or to remember?

By Grantland Rice

THE third round was just warming up when my neighbor in a ringside press seat caught my arm and called attention to a hard left hook delivered by one of the fighters. This fighter was about twenty-one years old. He was six feet one inch in height and weighed 190 pounds. As the left hook landed his opponent flopped to the resin and got up groggily at the count of nine.

In the next round there was another flash of leather and this time it landed on the chin of our coming champion. His eyes rolled, his knees sagged, but he held his feet and lunged forward to a clinch.

"He's a pipe for the title in about two years," remarked my writing neighbor. "Here in two rounds he has proved two important things—that he can punch and that he can take it."

I agreed with this analysis. Here was a young fellow who had everything a champion needs. A year later I was trying one day to remember his name, but I've never been able to recall it since. He had joined the long parade of challengers who have come along just so far and then dropped out in some forgotten corner.

Another fight summer is coming on with just four big names left in the heavyweight class: Jack Sharkey, the champion; Max Schmeling, the ex-champion; Max Baer, a challenger, and Primo Carnera, whose main asset is 265 pounds of bulk. Where are all the others who were on their way up—who could punch and take a punch—who needed only a bit of improvement to reach the top?

I recall the night when Ernie Schaaf, another Boston sailor, stood in the ring swapping punches with Max Baer, one of the few challengers now left. Both were staggering through round after round. Both could hit and take it.

I recall Jack Sharkey, then one of Schaaf's seconds, leaping to his feet with a roar of laughter as Ernie took one on the chin, reeled, sagged and then charged back in. Schaaf won that fight and he kept on winning. He was an outstanding heavyweight challenger. He was to be the next champion. Big, strong, experienced, clean-living, game—he had almost everything. There are now spring flowers above his New England grave. He fell unconscious in his last stand against Carnera, but heavy punishment in other battles had paved the way for his death.

Then I recall Braddock, the hard-hitting entry from New Jersey. I remember the night he knocked out the rugged Tuffy Griffiths in two rounds with a wallop that nearly blasted away the Westerner's steel-shod dome. Here was another championship prospect. I had almost forgotten about Braddock until I picked up a paper a day or two ago and read that he had been knocked out in the fourth round by an unknown.

A Punch that Didn't Last

There was Charley Retzlaff, the Duluth Dynamiter—tall, strong, wiry, with the kick of a Missouri mule. He was coming along nicely.

Retzlaff had a lot of stuff. Where is he now? First badly outpointed by Joe Sekyra, who was far out of the main picture, and then knocked out.

There was Monte Munn, the 215-pound Nebraska football player, who died recently. One knock-out after another. Here was a great prospect—big, game, fast, a terrific puncher. "He could hit harder than Dempsey," said Walter Monahan, a famous fight trainer. In quick succession Munn lost to Phil Scott and George Godfrey.

I can recall twenty such—if I could only remember their names today—fighters who showed rare promise—game fellows who could hit and take it—who were fast and could box. Risko, Delaney, Stribling, Paolino Uzcudun, Berlenbach, Slattery, Heeney, Christner, Maloney, Levinsky—not nearly as close today as they were some time ago. And here is Sharkey on top—the heavyweight champion. Sharkey with a knock-out by Dempsey—a draw with Heeney—a defeat from Risko—a close call from Stribling—a foul with Schmeling and Scott—a lucky draw with Mickey Walker—and then a decision over Schmeling, although eighty per cent of the fans disagreed.

Here is the same Sharkey who seven years ago, against Harry Wills, appeared to be the sure shot of the heavyweight prospects. In those seven years he has been good enough to stick somewhere around the front of the parade, and yet most of the route has been clogged with trouble. It took at least two friendly decisions to get him past Mickey Walker and Max Schmeling.

Max Baer is the latest of the young brood to make his bid for the hardest of all the crowns to win. He now moves into his spring training with the same dream that once belonged to Schaaf and Risko, to Poreda, Retzlaff and others who at one time or another could almost reach out and paw the throne, before something suddenly happened.

Baer is big, strong and fast enough—a good puncher and a game receiver, a much smarter fighter than he was eighteen months ago. Jack Dempsey rates Baer on even terms with Max Schmeling, and someone still has to prove that the German isn't the best heavyweight of the last two years.

Why is it that boxing, with all its richer rewards at the top, has so little talent to offer?

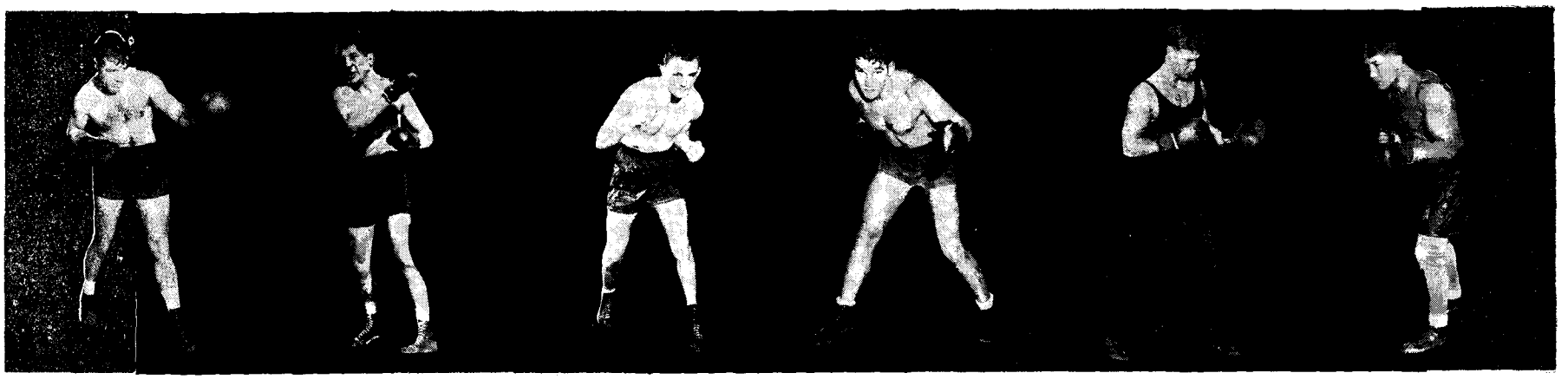
For one thing, the winning heavyweight needs experience under fire. And this experience can take a heavy toll in broken hands, body punishment or too many crashes against the chin or head. Gene Tunney's broken hands came close to crowding him out of the leading list. At least four other promising candidates have had their chances shot away by hand injuries.

Deferred Punishment

It doesn't take much head punishment to scramble up the brain, to break up the reflexes needed to carry on a winning fight. A few of those right hands from Jack Delaney turned Paul Berlenbach from a great fighter into a shambler. When you see a promising fighter go badly out of gear some night, the odds are that he is paying the price for something that may have happened three months or six months back. They have to be able to take it—but they can't afford to take too much—and have anything left for coming storms.

Jack Dempsey could have picked up another million against Carnera and others. But he was smart enough to know that a few more leather fusillades such as Tunney fired at his head might leave him with an addled turret.

"What good would an extra million do you," Jack said to me once, "when you are walking on your heels? You can buy a lot of paper dolls to cut out for a million dollars, but I don't want to be left in that ward with all the money in the world."



Tom Heeney | Max Baer | Ernie Schaaf | King Levinsky | Monte Munn | Johnny Risko

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See what happened with the owners of the two houses shown at the left. One, who "saved" $13.40 on his painting bill 3 years ago, must now pay $90 extra for burning and scraping away the cracked and scaled remains of his "cheap" paint. He also must pay for new priming... more extra cost ...before the finish coats are put on. The other is now $76 to the good.

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Behind the Mask

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jeffery Farnol

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"Penelope Ann," quoth Mr. Page, "believe us not only your attorneys but very loving friends also"

SHE had come into their dingy office like a beam of spring sunshine, a *slim, graceful creature, all fragrant* youth from dainty feet to lovely face aglow in the depths of her bonnet; and now as she rose to go they each proffered her an arm—these two dry, sedate, middle-aged lawyers, to wit: Mr. Titus Page, tall, saturnine and aggressive, and Mr. Arthur Loveday, small, cherubic and mild.

Having thus conducted her to the waiting carriage:

"Penelope Ann," quoth Mr. Page, stooping his long, angular person to kiss her slim white hand, "believe us not only your attorneys but very loving friends also."

"Dear child," sighed little Mr. Loveday, kissing her other hand, "we are Page & Loveday, your . . . hum . . . friends-at-law, ever most devotedly at your service."

"Oh, I know it," she murmured, smiling up at them through gleam of sudden tears, "*and 'tis great comfort to* me for . . . my lord frights me . . . sometimes. And I so soon to be his wife . . . so very soon! And then Aunt Ursula is so cold . . . so remote and . . . and . . . Oh, goodby, dear, kind friends—"

"Ha, damnation!" snarled Mr. Page as the ponderous vehicle bore her away. "Damn her aunt Ursula!"

"So say I, Titus!" sighed Mr. Loveday, trotting back to their dingy sanctum after his long-legged partner.

"It's a sin, Arthur, this marriage!"

"Ay, Titus—"

"Lord Ravenham's a walking corruption! And to think o' Penelope Ann, this sweet innocence, in his foul clutches—"

"HAVE done, Titus, I beg!" sighed Mr. Loveday in weeping voice while one chubby hand fluttered at his trim wig in nervous futility. "I find such a possibility revolting, horrible—extremely."

"Well, this accursed marriage should be stopped."

"Ay, but how? As you know the Lady Ursula is determined on—"

"Damn the woman!" groaned Mr. Page. "And Ravenham! The wonder is a just Providence don't strike him dead to save the child from such abomination! Ruin, Arthur, body and soul! Who's to protect this innocent—our client, man; our sweet client . . . such a babe. Ha, let God save her since we cannot!"

"I . . . I dare to think . . . He will, Titus."

"Eh? Now what d'ye mean by that, Arthur? Tush, man, your God sees innocence shamed every day . . . permits sin to stalk unchallenged—nay, to thrive and flourish! I say—what d'ye mean?"

"Only this," answered Mr. Loveday meekly, fluttering hand at wig again, "that God . . . moves in mysterious ways." Mr. Page snorted and began pacing heavily to and fro again while his small partner, sinking into armchair, seemed lost in thought.

"Damme, Arthur, why so silent? What are ye pondering, hey?"

"P-pondering?" he repeated, jumping at the sudden question. "Well, the . . . the number of highway robberies of late, Titus. I saw in yesterday's Gazette an unfortunate traveler was shot by a footpad on Blackheath."

"Blackheath, hey — and Ravenham has a house there! These damned rogues shoot an innocent traveler and Ravenham will be a doting bridegroom this day week. And your God's in heaven, Arthur—an all-seeing, omnipotent Providence, hey?"

"So I humbly believe, Titus," answered the little gentleman so meekly and looking up with blue eyes so very mild that the big man stooped to set large but gentle hands upon his shoulder, saying:

"Forgive my sneers, Arthur, man, *but I . . . I'm so distressed. Being a* solitary old bachelor like yourself, I . . . egad, I love our Penelope Ann better than I guessed, and knowing the horror that awaits her I'm desperate . . . so helpless . . . wretched—"

"Only because you lack faith in the abiding mercy of Providence," answered Mr. Loveday, gently.

MY LORD RAVENHAM, standing in the light of a chaise lantern, glared up at the postilion.

"I must be in London by ten o'clock. Drive fast!"

"Ay, m'lud," answered the postboy, saluting, whereupon his lordship clambered into the vehicle, slammed the door and was whirled away through the gathering dusk. But they had gone scarce a mile when my lord cursed pettishly as the chaise lurched to sudden stop; breathless with fury he let down the window and thrust out his head to see the postboy with both arms upraised and a masked man standing in the road with a pistol in each hand.

"What—rogue," cried my lord, fumbling as for his purse, "if ye want money take it and be damned!" But, speaking, he leveled the pistol he had kept hidden, and fired point blank. The masked man reeled, steadied himself and advanced with a dreadful deliberation . . . my lord's sight was blinded by sudden glare, his dying scream lost in the bellowing report. . . . And presently the chaise turned and went galloping back, the postboy flogging his horses madly.

Thus next morning Mr. Page, coat-skirts flying, hat and wig awry, strode heavily into the office, flourishing the Gazette, then halted in surprise to see his little partner's chair was empty, whereupon he instantly summoned *Perks, their confidential clerk.*

"Mr. Loveday not here yet, Perks?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Astonishing! Never known him late before. Have ye seen today's Gazette? No? Then hearkee to this, Perks!" and forthwith he read aloud as follows:

"'Last night upon Blackheath, Lord Ravenham was shot and murdered by a masked highwayman. Having perpetrated which bloody deed the villain made off and has not as yet been taken. But the postboy who witnessed this horrid fact, affirms the noble lord wounded the miscreant so desperately that he actually fled without his booty, wherefore it is hoped the dastardly rogue may soon be apprehended to pay for this dreadful outrage with his life—'"

"HUM!" murmured Mr. Page, "which God forbid, says I." Then, turning to sound of footsteps in the outer office, "*Oh, Arthur!*" *he called, jubilantly.* "Come you and hear this, Arthur man."

But instead came Mr. Loveday's man Thomas, a demure person, with swollen, red-rimmed eyes, who bowed and silently presented a letter. Wondering and silent also, Mr. Page took this missive and, breaking the seal, saw these words written in his partner's precise script:

MY DEAR TITUS: Rejoice, for here is, I dare to think, a crowning and abiding mercy and very Providential Saving Grace. My Lord Ravenham being so perfectly dead, our Penelope Ann goeth free, to live, I pray, to nobler, happier purpose; the which sure knowledge is for me great solace and comfort in this dark hour of my departure, since I go, Titus, to the tribunal of that all-knowing and therefore all-merciful Judge.

Re the matter of that disputed Right of Way, you shall find all necessary papers in the top left-hand drawer of my desk (keys herewith) and so until that Day of Final Reunion, know me, now and hereafter,

Yr. ever devoted friend and partner,
ARTHUR LOVEDAY

"And your . . . your master—" stammered Mr. Page at last. "Mr. . . . Loveday . . . what . . . ?"

"Dead, sir, at precisely half past twelve last night." Mr. Page folded up the letter very carefully and thereafter stood staring blankly before him, rigid and motionless until, presently finding himself alone, he sank down feebly into his little partner's vacant chair. Unfolding the letter with that same careful deliberation, he smoothed it out very tenderly on the desk before him and having read it again through a painful, gathering mist, hid his saturnine face in clutching hands, muttering to himself brokenly:

"Rejoice . . . a crowning mercy . . . the saving grace . . . Page & Loveday, attorneys-at-law . . . very diligent in service . . . Oh, Penelope Ann. . . ."

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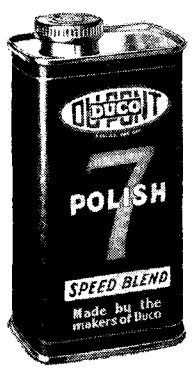

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The Last Rodeo

Continued from page 18

hungry," interposed Edith. "Season over now, Jim?"

Cherburg studied the color of the girl's eyes a measurable interval. "Two more shows," he told her, then drawled at Isom Gay: "Your daughter's grown up."

"It's a kind of vaudeville circuit, then?" said Knight.

Isom Gay opened and closed his mouth and stared at Knight with faint irritation. But Cherburg's reply was suavely quiet: "Yes, I guess that's about it."

"Ain't gone to see your ranch yet?" asked Isom Gay.

"Johnny Pipal's driving me out tomorrow, if there's time."

"A fine foreman—and he's making money for you."

"What," broke in Knight, "happened to that Conroy who had the accident today?"

"He died in the hospital a little while ago," said Cherburg gently.

"So that's what happens to them," Knight mused, quite regretful.

"That's what happens to them," repeated Judith Gay, and tipped her yellow head till Cherburg saw the old resentment in her eyes—as he had seen it long ago when his first fall had brought a cry from her. The rodeo band was parading toward the intersection, making a vast racket. Cherburg wished suddenly to be away.

"I shall see you all later," he told them, and turned into the crowd. But not before Judith's eyes had reached him with a swift, definite message. He had known her so long that he understood it; she had known him so long that she knew he did. Half a block on he went into the telegraph office.

COMING out of the dining-room that evening, he saw her waiting in a lobby corner. She had on a long orchid evening dress, with a scarf thrown loosely about slim, military shoulders; and she came toward him with a free and graceful striding that stopped him in his tracks. A faint swagger was there, a memory of that reckless, boyish Judith from the earlier years. Her smile, for him alone, held the mobile corners of her lips momentarily quiet.

"You're dancing with Dave tonight?" he asked.

"Not for an hour. That's your hour, Jim."

Not looking at her, he said: "We can walk."

Her quick, free laughter was a flash of silver across darkness. "We always quarreled best in motion, didn't we?"

He opened the door and they went along the hotel wall, northward to the quieter side of town. At the next corner they turned down a long, dim street beside which a creek, trapped by concrete walls, made a minor melody in the gathered dusk. "You put all that in the past, I observe."

"Is there any present for us, Jim? I hadn't known it."

"There's this."

"One hour out of a summer's night—such as it is—such as it may mean."

An auto screamed around the corner, skewered them with its lights and passed on. Somebody whooped. Somebody else said: "That's Jim Cherburg. You know—Cherburg."

Judith's murmur was touched with amused mockery. "The king is discovered flirting with the peasant girl." She turned, her face a softened oval in the warm shadows. "You are thinner than usual. Hard season?"

"A steady grind."

"Listen, Jim. You always had ambition. No man ever fought harder to get what he wanted. Here you are at twenty-eight with a ranch the rodeo game has bought you, with a riding record they say will not be beaten for years. What is there now to keep you with it? When is the end?"

"It's—it's hard to quit," he said, slowly.

Her hand moved palely through the dark; her voice flattened. "So I was right. There is always another year."

"It isn't the money now," he added quickly.

"I know."

THEY crossed a park block to a building flooded with light. "I want to see what I've drawn for tomorrow," he told her. They went up a queasy flight of stairs into a hall full of smoke and confusion. It was strictly a riding crowd gathered here for its own amusement, its own hour of let-down after a hard day. There was a dice game going and a little stud was being played. Talk boiled up in endless pattern while solid and fluid and bronzed figures moved restlessly around. Merrilies came out of a small side office, silent laughter in his careless eyes. It meant something.

"You're ridin' Feather Bed," he told Cherburg.

"Who got Midnight?"

Merrilies' grin played into his broad lips. "Me," he said, as if it were a joke on him. He looked at Judith Gay, adding: "What are you so blamed selfish for?"

"Why should I be generous?" retorted Cherburg, and introduced Merrilies to the girl. Merrilies bowed. He had fine manners and his speech held that silken effortlessness which was a complete expression of his gallant self. Over in a corner Troy Watts leaned against a wall and chuckled at something Hilton Ring was telling him. Tomorrow Watts and Ring—and all of them—would be fighting in the arena for the winning time, but tonight they were at ease. Cherburg lit a cigarette, suddenly relaxed by a feeling of comfort, a feeling of belonging to this scene. It was a part of the game; it was a part of his life.

Merrilies was saying, half amused, half serious: "Jim and I hit this business together ten years ago. We were wild then. We're ancient now. We've seen 'em come and we've seen 'em go. Old ones die, new ones ride along—and here we still are, a couple of relics that can't quit. It gets in your blood."

"What big teeth you have, parson," jeered Cherburg, and escorted Judith down the stairs. They idled through the park block, strolling in time, the silence riding on. Judith's slippers made a tapping rhythm, the scent of her hair was one more call from the past. His thoughts kept working onward, demanding expression, and because this was so the transitory ease of the evening went away.

"There is always some horse a man can't stay on. There is always some youngster better than you are. Just say I'm near the top after ten years of trying. It's a hard place to be, Judith. If I'm leaner in the flanks that is why."

"The king," said Judith, "must live up to his crown. Nothing else matters—to a king."

"Put it this way: The higher a man goes the more is expected of him, the fewer mistakes he dares make, the better ride he must put on."

(Continued on page 28*)*

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What Do You Mean—
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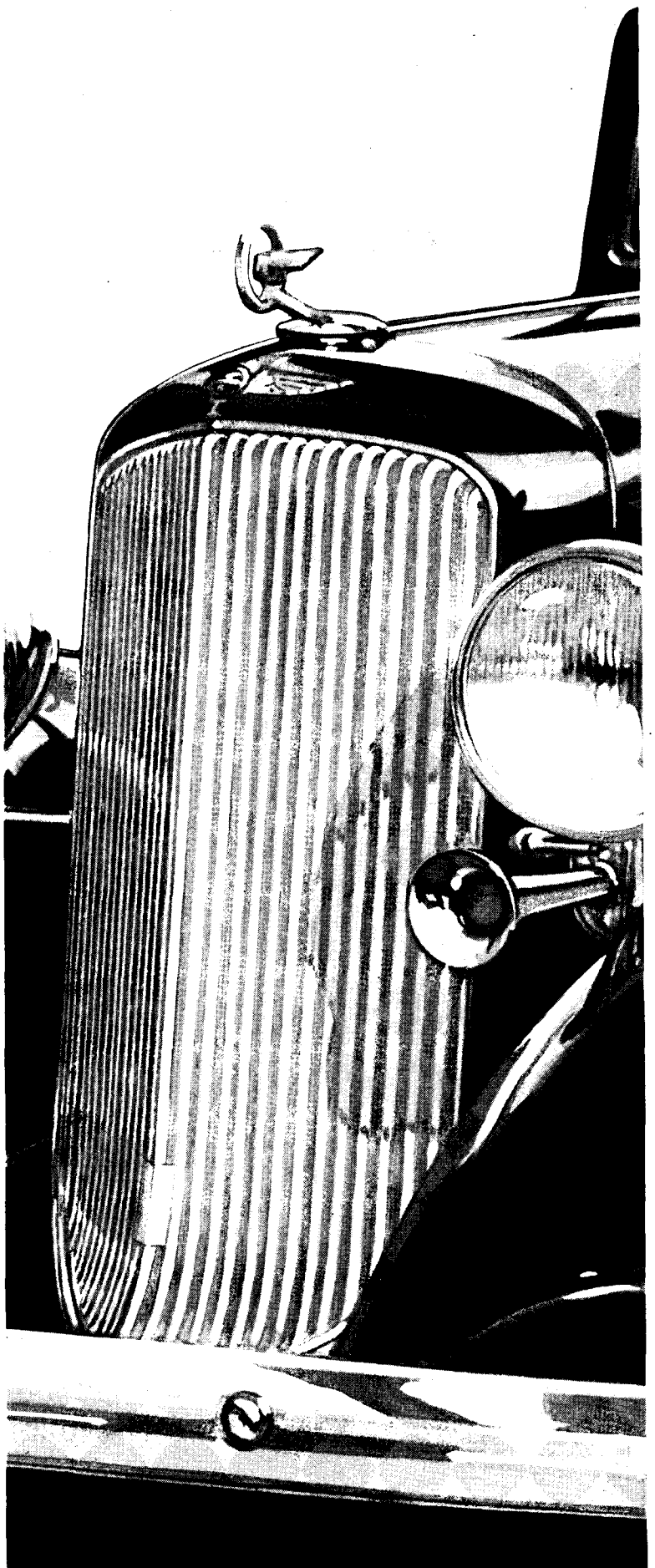

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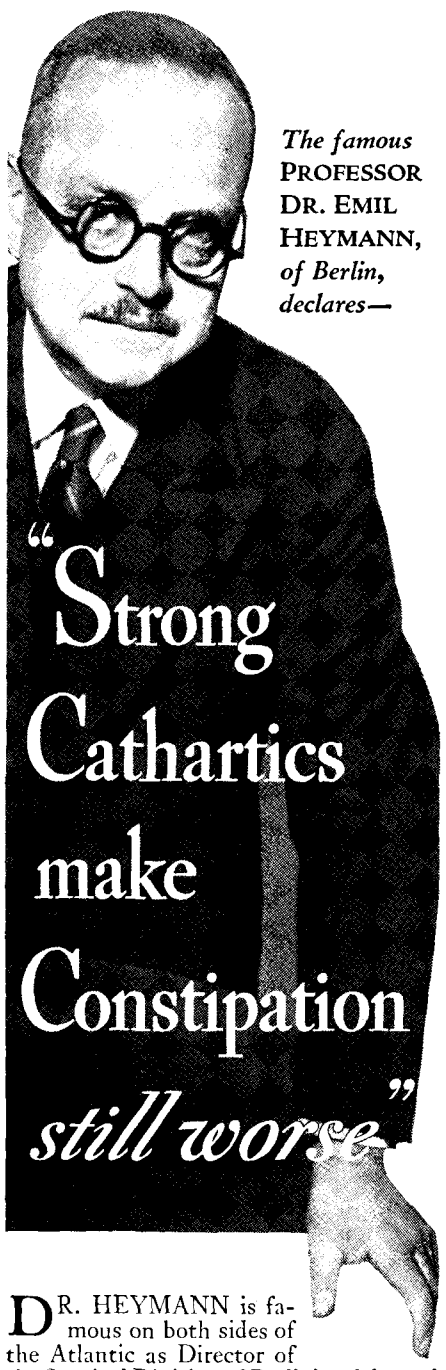

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The Last Rodeo

Continued from page 26

"It is an old story." Her voice changed and she seemed to slide away from him. "You work to possess something. Then it possesses you. I won't ask you to come in and dance with me."

"I lead a monk's life," he drawled. "It has been a long time since I played, which is another penalty for being at the top of the pile."

She spoke with a swiftness and an energy: "There are more penalties than that, Jim, though you may not realize it now." Then they were at the hotel again and Dave Blackby was coming forward to claim her, agreeable yet unsmiling. His eyes searched her face. "If you'd rather stay longer with Jim, we can let the dance wait a while."

Judith took his arm. "I know better than to interfere with a buckaroo's sleep." It wasn't malicious; it was wistful. Her glance touched Cherburg as she turned and she said, "Good luck for tomorrow." A party of men, mostly strangers, surrounded him, and he got only a brief glance of her sturdy shoulders swinging through the crowd. But, abruptly old and tired, he observed Dave Blackby look down at her in a way that was as clear as a pronouncement. As soon as he could he broke away and went to his room.

He scrubbed up, undressed and snapped out the light. He tried to sleep and found his mind too clear and too rebellious for it. Twice today he had been asked a question he seldom had cared to ask himself. What kept him on? There was nothing now in the game he needed and no future but a harder and harder fight to keep the reputation that was a shining mark for all the world to shoot at. The ending was inevitable as fate. He knew that. What kept him on?

Well, he knew. He was at the top of the heap and it was hard to quit. It was a feeling of power you couldn't surrender. It was the pride a man had before his fellows.

THE steer broke fast from the chute—a tawny mass of wildness bolting across the white starting line. Cherburg's pony exploded into pursuit, knowing exactly what was expected of him. Dust raveled up from the steer's churning feet, his body faded down the field. Bent low, Cherburg let his reins hang over the pommel; he slipped down as the pony drew abreast the steer and he reached out and got a secure grip on the wide, bobbing horns. Instantly he kicked clear of the stirrups, the pony veering off. Cherburg's legs swooped in a pendulum swing and bit the ground ahead; and a series of long, hard shocks ran up his bones and jolted his vitals. But his feet remained forward, braking the steer's speed, and finally stopping the run altogether.

Buried in the thickness of the rising yellow dust he advanced his right arm under the steer's right horn and surged his strength into a wringing pull. Sudden sweat cracked through his skin; and it was like an old pattern, so often repeated that he had no need of thinking. His steady twisting met elastic resistance as the neck of the beast slowly gave and slowly stiffened. Cold energy played through him at the thought of the seconds passing. He walked his lower body under the steer's head. He bounced his weight upward, gathered a momentum and heaved down.

The steer, its neck twisted into the horizontal plane, teetered and capsized on its side, echoing like a soaked drum, muzzle half cushioned on Cherburg's lap. Cherburg shot his free arm into the air. That was it. The judges closed in and a field man sat on the steer's neck while Cherburg pulled himself free and walked stiffly away. Getting on his horse he rode out of the arena with the loud-speakers' barking noise following: "Time for Cherburg, 17.2 seconds. That's all the bulldogging. Buckers coming out!"

His legs felt slightly numb from the jamming and a little finger of uneasiness went searching through his stomach. Out in the stable area he found Buck Merrilies idly casting loops around two pegs stuck in the corners of a hay bale. Merrilies' eyes came up, crowded with a tense, rain-blue brightness. It was, Cherburg knew, an old signal of battle. He went on, stabled his pony, and came back. A gust of cheering rolled over the grandstand's rear wall.

"The dumb brutes know when they've killed a man," grunted Merrilies. "They feel it."

"You'll ride that horse?"

THEY returned to the arena. The buckers were being saddled and the loud-speakers fed their hollow articulations into a tightening silence: "Merrilies on Midnight. Watch out!" Merrilies slanted a look at Cherburg, the old grin breaking long and thin across the reckless face. He said: "And the condemned ate a hearty breakfast," and strode for Midnight, high legs straddling the air.

He got to the horse and swung quickly into the leather. The field hands slipped the blind, unsnapped the snubbing rope. Midnight pivoted on all four feet, leaped high into the air, for that fractional second as rigid as carved marble. He come down with a wrench that threw Merrilies far over and he rose again, shuddering.

Cherburg, staring into that smolder of dust, swore under his breath. Merrilies was loose. Merrilies was off Midnight, spread in the air like a swimmer. He struck hard, rolled over and, still rolling, fought himself to his knees and to his feet, at once striking blindly across the field. Midnight plunged off, still bucking.

Cherburg cut rapidly over his partner's path. "Watch it, kid." But Merrilies stared at him without recognition, fury shaking him, and hurried by. The loud-speakers carried a monumental indifference across the arena: "Cherburg on Feather Bed."

The field hands were ready for him and he rose to the saddle. Feather Bed stood still, wasting no energy.

"All right," he said. The field hands whipped away the blind and the snubbing rope and faded. Feather Bed took two waltzing paces and dropped his canny head.

Cherburg went off the earth in one great lunge; and at that instant the tightness left him and the old exultance returned. Feather Bed crashed down, not solidly but two legs at a time, the second shock twisting Cherburg from buttocks to neck. Feather Bed pivoted and shrewdly broke up the attack. He fell into little fiddling plunges, he went storming about, and he rose on his hind feet.

Cherburg scratched automatically, seeing the ground vanish behind dust. Then a hammer seemed to beat into his neck and the wings of his chaps cracked like rifle bullets. Feather Bed's big barrel swelled and he took to the sky again, not straightforwardly but at an angling leap; and as he came down he lifted his back quarters in one mighty kick. Cherburg weathered it. He said "That's it" out loud, and the ride was done.

When he left the field he found Buck Merrilies smoking on a hay bale, serene again.

"A ride?"

"A ride," said Cherburg. They were through for the day and they went into the street and walked downtown, heels clicking sharply on the paving.

"Well," reflected Merrilies, "I'm out of it now. And you're in, as usual. It'll be you and Watts and Hilton Ring for a finish tomorrow." He let the silence drag a moment. Afterward his talk ran into a shaded thoughtfulness. "Kid, I've often wondered what Sonora looked like. Maybe I better go see."

"It was Midnight?"

Merrilies snapped his cigarette away. "I can't ride that horse. Not today or any day. And when I get to feelin' that way about a horse it's time to wind up the clock. One of you three will get him. He's a killer, Jim. The same sort of a brute that killed Sam Flagg in Tucson four years ago."

THEY parted at the hotel corner. Cherburg went up to his room. He got under a shower. When he had dressed, he went down the elevator. Judith Gay waited in a corner.

"I'm running off from a dinner," she said. "Is it your desire to feed me?"

He made a gesture of consent with his big, bronzed hands—as an Indian

(Continued on page 30*)*

"If it weren't for my garden, I wouldn't know what to do with myself"

Eldon Kelley

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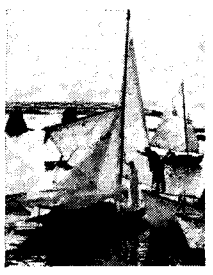

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The Last Rodeo

Continued from page 28

would have made it—and took her across the dining-room to his table. Seated, he said: "Why, Judith?"

"Does there have to be a reason for everything? Jim, you *do* look tired."

"Tomorrow's the last of it."

"Until next week. After that, until next year."

"How do you know?"

Her manner changed. The warmth went away. She was retreating—he felt it keenly. "Kings," she murmured, "don't quit. They die."

There was little to be said, little that had not been said somewhere along the years of their companionship. The mood of silence held them, as so frequently, and they ate through the meal with that feeling lying between. Kelly, of a Portland paper, stopped by. "We'll want a new picture of you. At the field at ten in the morning?" He smiled at Judith and went away. Judith bent forward. "So you sent a thousand dollars of your money to Mrs. Red Conroy of Green River."

"Who told you that?" challenged Cherburg.

Judith's smile was very gentle. "The king has his traditions to keep—and the king has no secrets."

He stirred his coffee, a pair of heavy lines thickening across his forehead. "A married man has got no place in this game. I saw my first rodeo death six years ago and I knew then I had no right to drag a girl into it. Not as long as I rode. Mrs. Red is a widow—that's her reward."

"Why explain? Don't you suppose I *know* you? Here comes your friend."

Merrilies threaded his way between the tables, came to them and halted. The storm signals of deviltry were in his eye corners and he was drunk—though Cherburg alone saw it. Merrilies bowed to Judith, stared at Cherburg. "Kid," he said, "the bad news is all yours. You got Midnight."

"That horse?" breathed Judith.

"As clearly as I can recall," reflected Merrilies, "it was three or four horses. But I wouldn't be sure, now." He bowed and stalked away.

JUDITH GAY laid her interlocked fingers before her, looked at them and raised an odd, bright glance to Cherburg. "Swan song, Jim."

"A little more clearly, Judith."

"Well, this is the end of this. I remember the beginning of it very well—me sitting on a rock so long ago, watching you bulldog that white-faced steer. I was your audience then. Now you've got a bigger one and you'll not miss my withdrawal. This week I am twenty-five. It has been nice. Later I may cry about that." She got up abruptly, looking away; and her voice was hurried: "I think Dave's waiting."

Blackby was in the lobby. He nodded at Cherburg, but it was brief recognition, for his serious eyes searched Judith Gay's face. Some older woman came along to draw Judith away, and Blackby transferred his attention back to Cherburg. Something stirred him and made him bitter. "You've had a swell time going up in the world, Cherburg," he said with a curtness barely inside civility. "A lot of people have stood by and watched you climb. But maybe some of these people get weary of just standing and watching. Ever think of that?"

He faced about. Judith came along and took his arm and he drew her toward the door. Judith's smile, fixed and brilliant, touched Cherburg. He heard her say: "So long." It wasn't very strong.

The buckers were ready and the crowd's silence went keying up toward suspense. Troy Watts ambled toward Cherburg, his square, white teeth dazzling against a brown skin. "Bite his ears off, Jim," he called, and wheeled away. Cherburg walked toward Midnight and stopped, waiting.

Infrequently along his riding years he had come to some such moment as this, a bad horse saddled and the high point of the show at his command for the space of a few brief seconds while the thought of battle moved like smoke and fire through him. All that the game meant was crowded in this small point of time; and the demand of pride was strongly on him.

HE GOT the field hands' signal, ducked in beside Midnight and lightly reached leather. Nor did he waste time, knowing the horse beneath would not endure it. His free arm lifted and he said, "All right," gently. It was all in a pattern, something so long done that it belonged to his blood and not to his brain.

The field hands loosed Midnight and started to fade, but it wasn't quickly enough done. Midnight, gone mad, sprang to his hind quarters whistling, and laid the fore part of his body across the nearest hand's pony, fighting it backward. The field hand lashed at Midnight's nose with the snubbing rope, and Cherburg, realizing the quality of his ride lay endangered in this snarl, slashed his spurs into Midnight's hide. The bucker whistled again, bit at the other pony and lunged to the sky.

There was nothing like this in Cherburg's memory, nothing to equal the savagery of attack. This small Midnight was willing to tear his own vitals out from the insensate urge to destroy. He went up, a grunting, malevolent mass against the sun, and he came terrifically down. The impact to Cherburg was like the shattering of bone. It mauled his spine and surged against his reason; it trembled the fragile sense of balance aloof in his head. Then Midnight rushed again, whipped his body and dropped stiff-legged, snapping Cherburg's neck with a dangerous violence.

Cherburg saw opalescent flakes float across his vision. A rank taste of blood reached his palate and the smell of it was in his nostrils. Midnight's mane whipped flat from a straining twist; he heaved himself off the ground, descended in screaming jolts. All the day dimmed for Cherburg then. His teeth were grinding together, with flesh between, and a ball of fire burned hotter and hotter in his stomach. Racked and lonely on this crucifying seat he heard a dim report streak through the roar of his ears, and into the edges of his vision appeared the pickup men, blurred and distant. The pleasure he felt then was bitter beyond the bounds of reason. It was a ride. He said that to himself the moment before a cowled, woolly blackness fell about his head. . . .

He smelled ether and heard the murmuring of voices. But there was no dust and no arena noise; and when he opened his eyes the corners of a white-walled room moved out of mist and became definite. His own bronzed hands were lying atop sheets and on one of them slim, small fingers rested. Judith was beside the bed. Behind Judith stood Merrilies, with no visible expression, and a doctor. Disappointment sliced through Cherburg.

"I thought," he said, laboring to get the words expelled, "I made that ride."

Merrilies' drawl was ironic, hiding a tremendous emotion: "It was a ride. It's in the books as a ride. You fell after the gun."

"Fell?" said Cherburg. He moved a leg and got the bite of a binding force about his stomach. It hardened him; he spoke sharply to the doctor: "What's the matter with me?"

"Nothing, in a few months. But you're through with the tough ones, Jim. This is your last rodeo. I put your liver approximately back where it belonged."

Judith's gray eyes were narrowed against tears. "The king is dead, Jim."

CHERBURG'S lids came together. The long silence was here, but somewhere a familiar sound flowed dimly—of a rodeo crowd tramping down the streets. They had, he thought, their ride, and this was the last of the ten-year trail. One more man gone and room for a newer one at the top. He opened his eyes, looking at Judith.

"No more time for Cherburg," he said. "No more time for that rider."

"Jim, I'm sorry!"

But he was already looking back on another time and on another man, coolly and critically. "No, the thing's complete. I can hang up my saddle, knowing there's nothing left undone, nothing to call me back. The trail ends here. The game gave me a great deal—and now that bill is settled." He stopped, stared more somberly at the girl. "I wish it had come sooner. I have lost what I really wanted."

Judith's answer was swift: "Why am I here, then?" And her supple hands moved gracefully before him, making that sign of consent as the Indians would have made it.

Merrilies' voice was like the off-key pitch of some reed instrument: "Well, they claim the grass grows sweet down there in Sonora."

". . . but, Agnes, I tell you we'll never get a lift in a roadster unless you stand sideways!"

Paul Reilly

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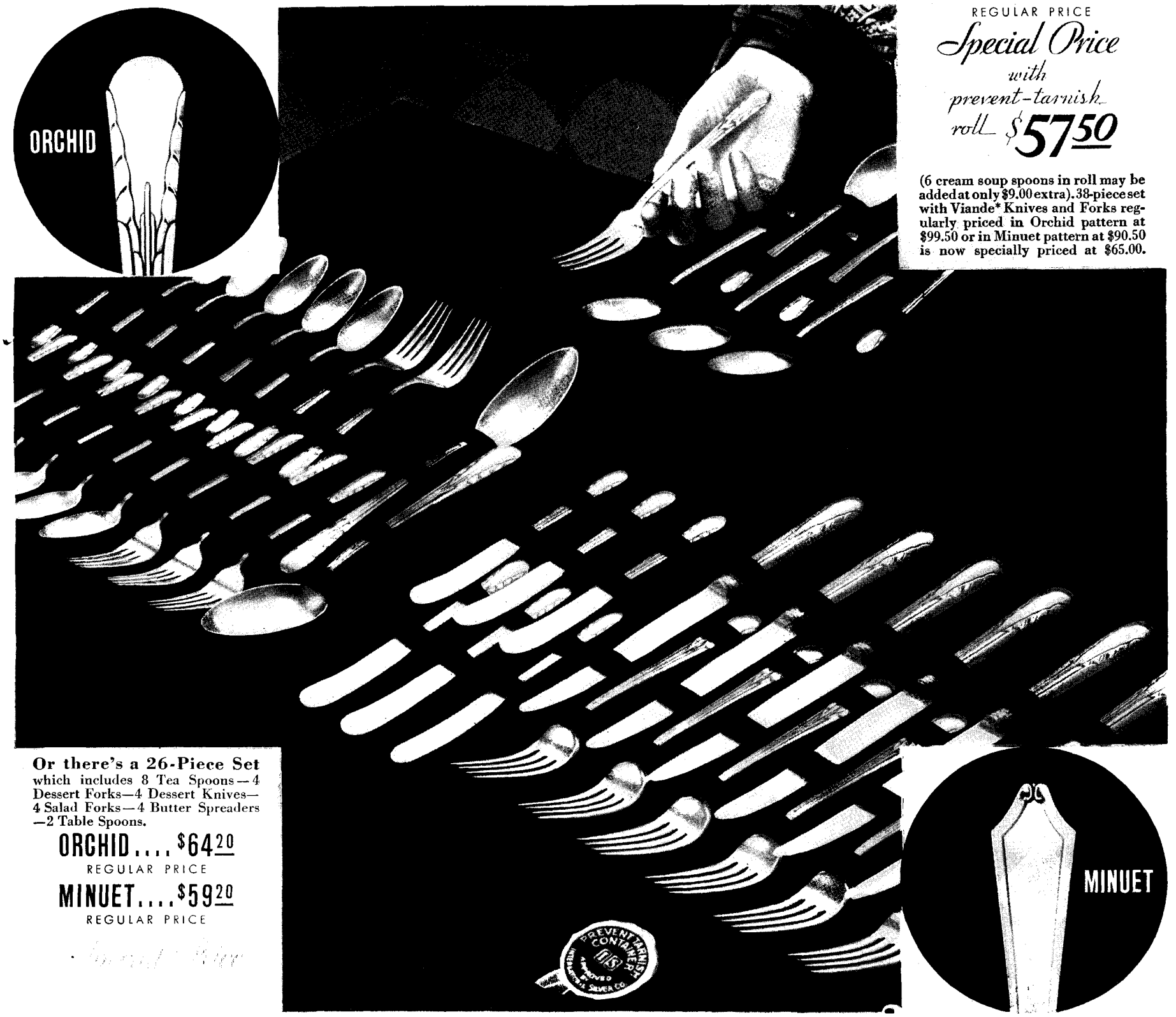

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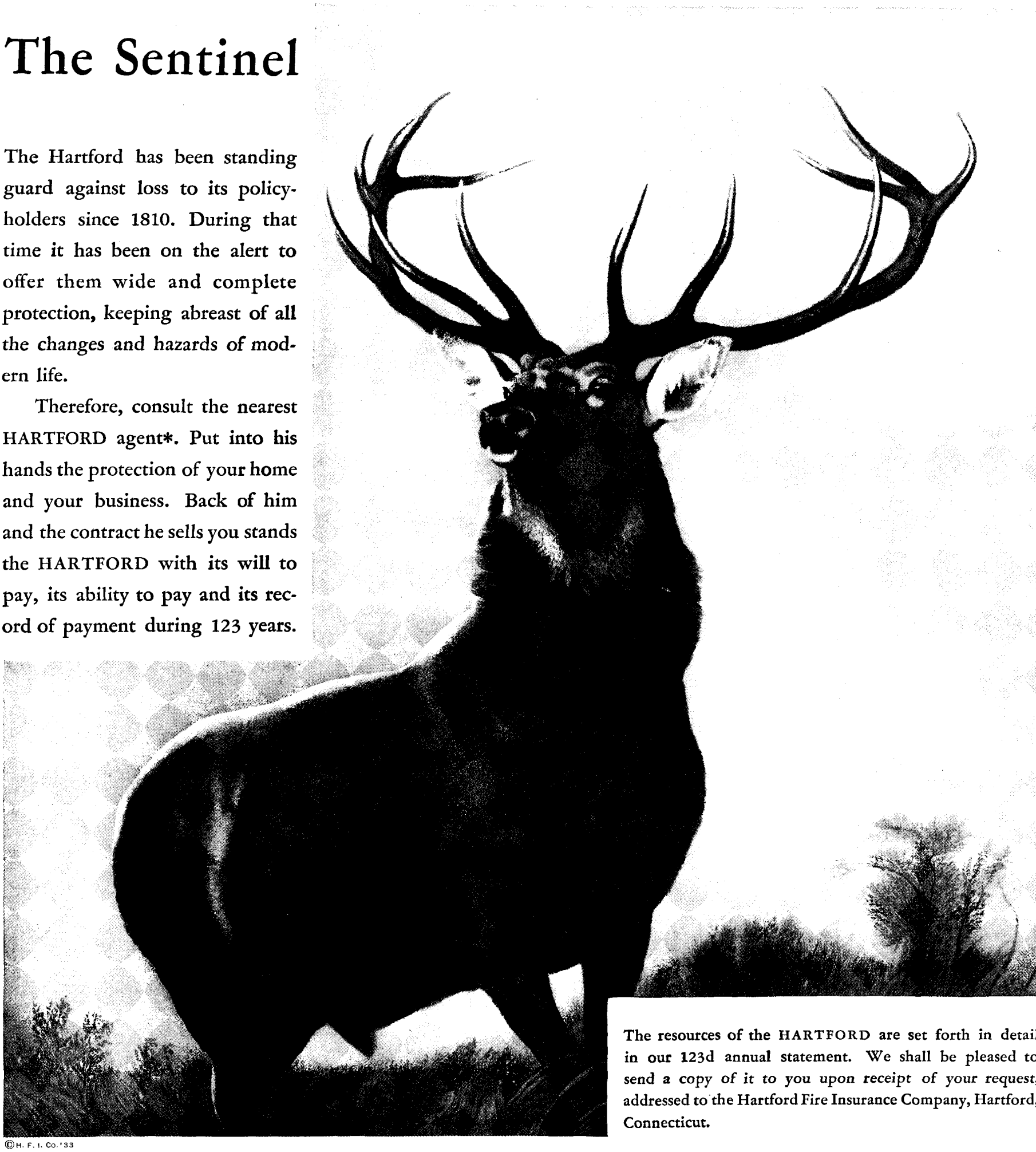

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question me, they'll send reporters out to Trudie's and drag her name into the affair," she objected.

"And what makes you think that Trudie would mind that?" he countered. "Good Lord, Martha, what do you think friends are for? If you hadn't been a stupid little girl, you'd never have left Green Point."

"And then my maid or cook would have found him here," she shuddered.

"Of course," he admitted. "I told you I wasn't thinking clearly. But who could? Gerrish was so bizarre that his actions set one's mind off at a crazy angle. But forget him. Are you ready?"

She looked up at him and something of the gayety that had entranced him when first he met her shone in her violet eyes.

"As soon as I've fixed my lips and powdered my nose I will be," she replied.

She opened a tiny compact and scrutinized herself carefully in the mirror. She applied lipstick to her mouth and dabbed her nose with a miniature puff. Cranston, even in this tense moment, found himself smiling.

Women were marvelous. No matter what the situation, they could think of appearance. Still, consciousness of looking one's best frequently enabled one to do one's best. And a person who could spend thought on her appearance was not in imminent danger of breaking down.

AS SHE looked up at him he quelled an impulse to transfer some of that freshly applied lipstick to his own mouth. Tenderness was not in order at the moment; matter-of-factness was. So long as he could keep her mind fixed on the things that must be done she would be safe from reaction. Not for some time must there be any gentle interlude.

He noticed, with approval, that without any artificial aid the stringy quality had gone from her hair; there was life to her movements as she rose from the couch. All in all, she was a thoroughbred.

They had reached the apartment door when she paused.

"He brought a handbag; I stuffed his pajamas in it. It's in my closet. I was afraid my maid would find it. We must get rid of it."

He looked at her with approval. His own mind had not been functioning too clearly, yet hers had not overlooked a detail that might prove important. Perhaps, he told himself, she had not been as close to breakdown as he thought. She had the kind of courage that enabled her to think coolly under stress. What a swine Gerrish had been to create stress for such a girl!

He went into the bedroom and from the closet floor picked up a handbag.

"This it?"

She nodded.

"Nothing else here? Hairbrush, razor—anything at all?"

She shook her head.

"But shouldn't we phone Pete?" she unexpectedly asked.

"Why? That's the very thing we shouldn't do. We don't know where Pete is. If anything, we think he is at Trudie's. Why should we phone him?"

"I know," she said, "but—we're leaving him to carry it all, aren't we?"

He felt a momentary—and he realized unworthy—twinge of jealousy. All through the past hour or more he had fought against jealousy. It seemed to him that having to call in aid at a time like this reflected somehow on his own capacity to protect the girl he loved. He realized that he would not have felt this way had it not suddenly become known to him that Baxter, extraordinarily, was in love with Martha. Had Baxter been merely a mutual friend he would have had none of this feeling, and he knew it. It was cheap and ignoble to resent the fact that a man who loved Martha should be willing and able to do her service, and he tried to thrust the feeling from him.

"But he's the only one who can carry it, dear," he told her. "And now that he has picked up the load we'd knock it out of his hands if we interfered in any way. You can see that, can't you?"

"I suppose so," she admitted. Her voice was dull again. "But it seems cowardly, doesn't it?"

"It seems sane," he replied.

"Oh," she cried with quick contrition, "I didn't mean that you were cowardly. I meant that I—"

"You've been the bravest girl in the world," he interrupted her. "You just do your best to continue being brave."

"I will," she promised.

Peter Baxter surveyed the body sprawled on the couch. Death was no novelty to him and he observed it with none of the horror of the layman. But this was an unusual death; this was a death in which he had evaded, if not broken, the law; it was a death which might very well produce serious consequences for himself. Yet thought of these consequences was hardly in his mind as he surveyed the form of Gerrish. He was thinking of Martha Blaisdell, of the possible blighting scandal that would strike her if he made one false move. It must never be known—he must guard his tongue lest the faintest slip arouse suspicion—that Gerrish had been dead when he came into the clinic. The bringing in of a dead man, even by people other than the attendant physician, required notification of the coroner. But if a man came into a doctor's office, even though a stranger, and died there, there was no absolute necessity to notify the coroner.

So, then, Gerrish had come in here alive. He had asked for treatment to conquer incipient delirium tremens. As Baxter took his pulse the man dropped dead. Baxter had lifted him to a couch, started to administer restoratives and realized the man had died, unquestionably of cerebral hemorrhage. Gerrish had mentioned his name. Was there anything else that should be committed to memory?

He pondered a moment, then shook his head, and picked up the telephone directory. He thumbed its pages until he found Gerrish's residential telephone number. He called that number.

"This is Dr. Peter Baxter, of St. John's Clinic, St. John's Square, speaking. May I talk to Mrs. Gerrish?"

"Mrs. Gerrish is in Europe," said a voice.

"Then may I speak to any relative?" said Baxter.

"This is Ansted, Mr. Gerrish's valet," said the voice. There was faint apprehension in its tone. "Mr. Gerrish has no relatives here, sir. Is there anything I can do?"

Very deliberately Baxter chose his words:

"MR. GERRISH came in here a few minutes ago and asked for treatment. He was suffering from acute alcoholism, verging on delirium tremens. Before I could administer any treatment whatsoever he died. I immediately, as soon as I recognized that he was beyond all possible medical aid—which was instantly—telephoned his home. If you are the only person able to act—"

The valet's voice cut in on Baxter's measured utterance:

"Good God, Doctor, you mean that Mr. Gerrish is dead?"

"I'm sorry to break the news so harshly, but it had to be done," replied Peter. "Matters like this allow of no delay, forbid evasion. Don't you think you'd better come down here right away? Do you wish me to send for an undertaker or would you prefer to select one yourself?"

The valet gasped.

"M-must I decide that right away?" he asked.

"It can wait until you get down here, but no longer than that. It's barely possible that other patients might come in—"

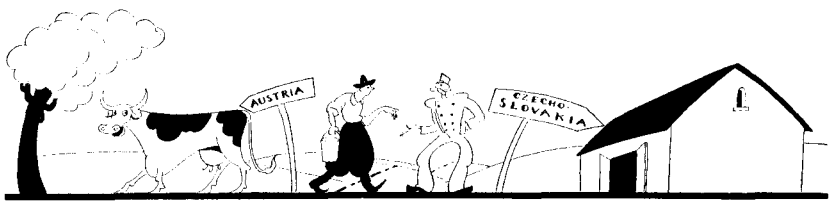
Peter hated himself for his own apparent callousness, but his attitude was required by the situation.

"Of course, Doctor," agreed the valet. "But—I'd like to see my master's face again, and send for an undertaker, but let him stay where he is until I can see him."

(Continued on page 35)

Slander

Continued from page 21



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

When Russia and Austria-Hungary were divided into nation-states after the World War, the resultant tariff walls set up by them ran through farms, in several instances, and the owners had to pay an import duty on milk that was carried from the pasture to the barn.—*By I. Rosenman, Ithaca, New York.*

Gun-running is now one of the largest and most profitable international rackets. This fact is evinced not only by numerous captures and disclosures, but by import and export records that do not balance. Incidentally, the dividends of one leading European armament corporation increased 570 per cent between 1920 and 1930.

Blood is so characteristic of the creature through which it flows that a small sample from any one of 30,000 different kinds of vertebrate animals can be specifically identified by laboratory analysis.

Although religion is often mentioned in the literature of ancient Greece, no one has ever found any sacred scriptures, any written dogmas, doctrines or creeds that were produced by this highly cultured civilization.

The French colonial empire is 22 times larger in area than France, Holland's possessions are 60 times larger than the Netherlands, the Belgian Congo is 80 times larger than Belgium, and the British territory throughout the world is 140 times larger than Great Britain.

In Madras, India, there is a caste of people called the Cavaravadonqes, who proudly claim to be descended from the ass and treat this animal as an equal.—*By L. A. Deverell, Wilmington, Delaware.*

One silkworm moth produces about 500 eggs, and the resulting worms in turn produce approximately 250 miles of silk thread.—*By Tokuo Doi, Kyoto, Japan.*

The largest credit information bureau in existence is the International Association for the Promotion and Protection of Trade. Its files contain a credit history of 50,000,000 companies and traders, or virtually every user of commercial credit throughout the world.

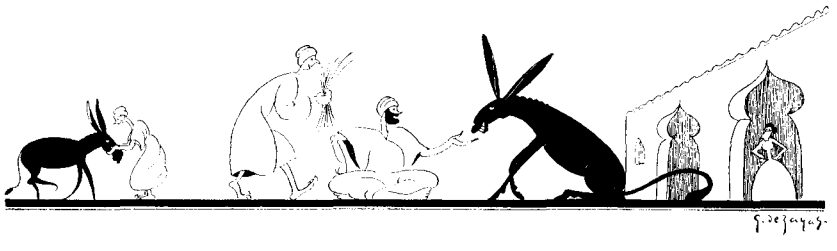
About 200 years ago in Great Britain, it became so common for a person to boast or claim that he or she was married to another that a law was invoked to silence the offending party for all time. Even as late as 1922, one of these cases of "jactitation of marriage" was tried in England.

Persian rugs undoubtedly deserve their reputation as fine floor coverings. Many Persian palaces today possess one or more that have been in constant use for 300 years.

Up to a few years ago in many rural sections of England and Germany, a person who injured himself with a knife or tool would clean and oil the implement instead of treating the wound.

Inventions: A sound-film device for automatic telephones that replaces the busy-signal buzz with a mechanical voice which says, "The line is busy," and a transparent parasol that prevents skin-burn but permits the penetration of the beneficial rays of the sun.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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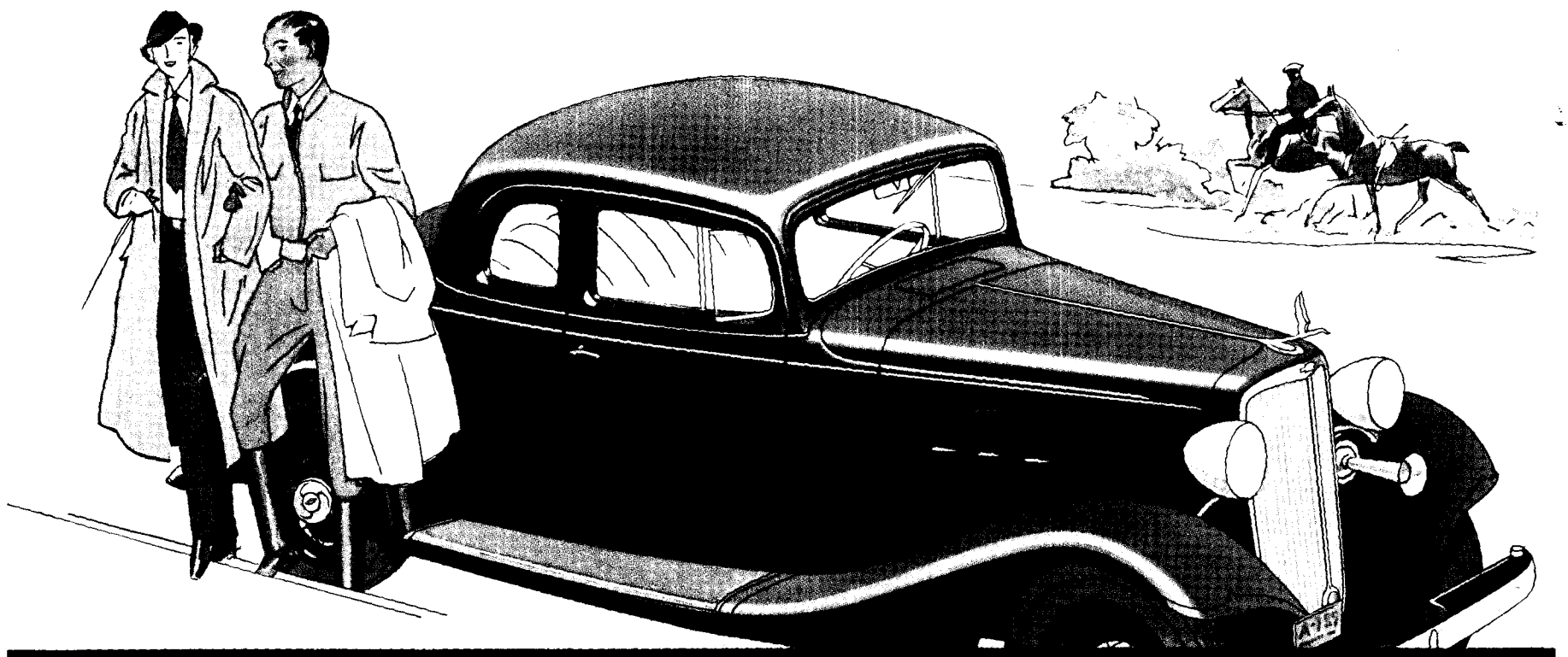

Here's to your health America - your comfort and pocket-book too

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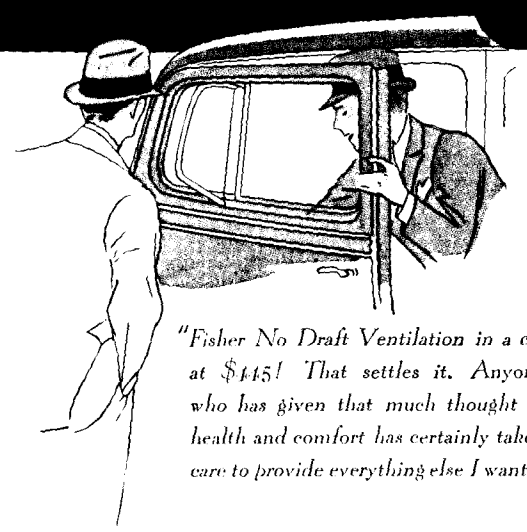

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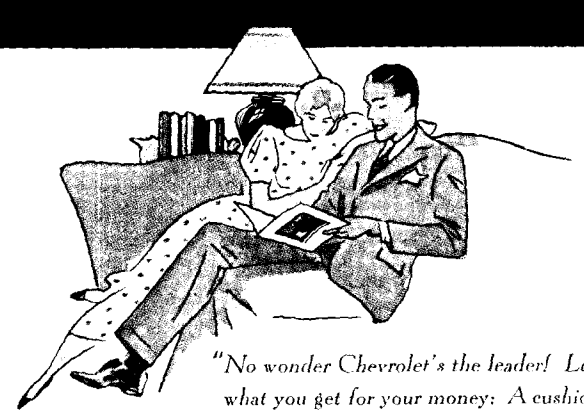

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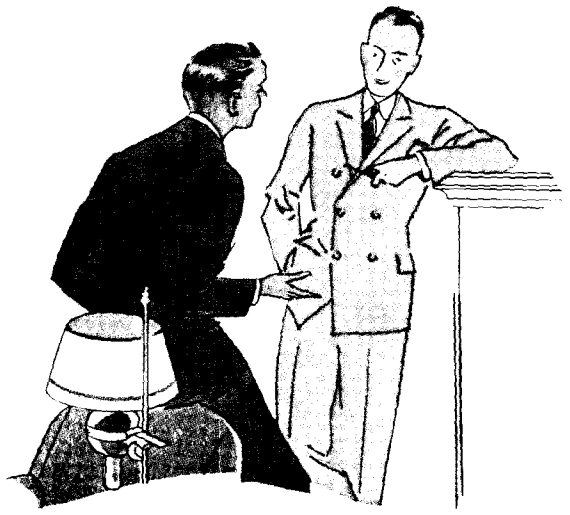

"If I were you, I'd get a Chevrolet. It's roomier and easier to handle. And, believe me, you'll save plenty on gas, oil and upkeep."

"What a restful ride that was."

"Wasn't it, though? I always give the credit to the Fisher body, but John insists it's the smooth, quiet motor."

SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET

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Slander

Continued from page 33

"Of course," said Peter. "You'll be right down?"

"Immediately," said Ansted.

Baxter lighted a cigarette; deliberately he sat down at his desk and began looking over some business papers. He was still engaged with them when Gerrish's valet rang the clinic bell. Baxter pressed a buzzer which released the catch on the door and a second later the valet was staring, with horrified eyes, at the body of his master.

He turned, at length, to the doctor.

"When did he die?"

"Just before I telephoned you."

For a moment Ansted covered his face with his hands. Then, moving shakily, he walked a few feet and sat down in a chair.

"Have you phoned for an undertaker?" he asked.

"Not yet. Shall I do so now?"

THE valet nodded. Baxter picked up the telephone, asked for a number and spoke briefly. He hung up and looked questioningly at Ansted.

"Have you cabled Mrs. Gerrish?"

The man shook his head.

"I—I'm too shocked to do anything."

"I'll gladly do it for you," offered Baxter.

The valet mopped his face with a handkerchief.

"No, I'll do it myself in a little while. Doctor," his voice quavered. "Wasn't there anything you could do for him?"

"There was nothing that I or any other medical man could have done," replied Baxter.

The valet stared at Peter.

"How did he happen to come to you, Doctor?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Baxter, "unless it was that my name was in his mind. Last night I gave my name to two process servers. They were serving a summons in a suit brought by Mr. Gerrish, and I objected to the manner of the service. An intoxicated man's mind acts queerly. Gerrish must have felt an attack coming on; he must have realized that his condition was dangerous. And I suppose that my name entered his head; he probably forgot where he had heard my name, probably just knew that 'Doctor' prefixed my name, and so he came to me. But he seemed to have no recollection of me, of my having denounced the process servers last night. He simply opened the door when I released the catch, and asked if I were Doctor Baxter. I told him that I was, and he said that he was Gerald Gerrish, and said that he was sick. I started to take his pulse, having made him sit down first, and he collapsed. I looked up his name in the telephone book, and you know the rest."

Ansted nodded slowly. He hid his face in his hands. The door bell rang and Baxter released the catch. Three men came in. Baxter greeted them, conferred with them in a whisper, then turned to Ansted.

"I've told these gentlemen that they must arrange details with you. Is that all right?"

The valet nodded.

"I'll cable Mrs. Gerrish right away. There'll be an answer tonight. If these gentlemen will take care of my master until then—"

No man, the saying goes, is a hero to his valet, and probably, Baxter thought, Ansted's sudden sobs were caused less by affection than by shock. Nevertheless, he mixed something in a glass, and gave it to the valet, who gulped it down. But he kept his gaze averted until the undertaker and his men had departed. Then he spoke to Baxter, and there was puzzlement in his small eyes.

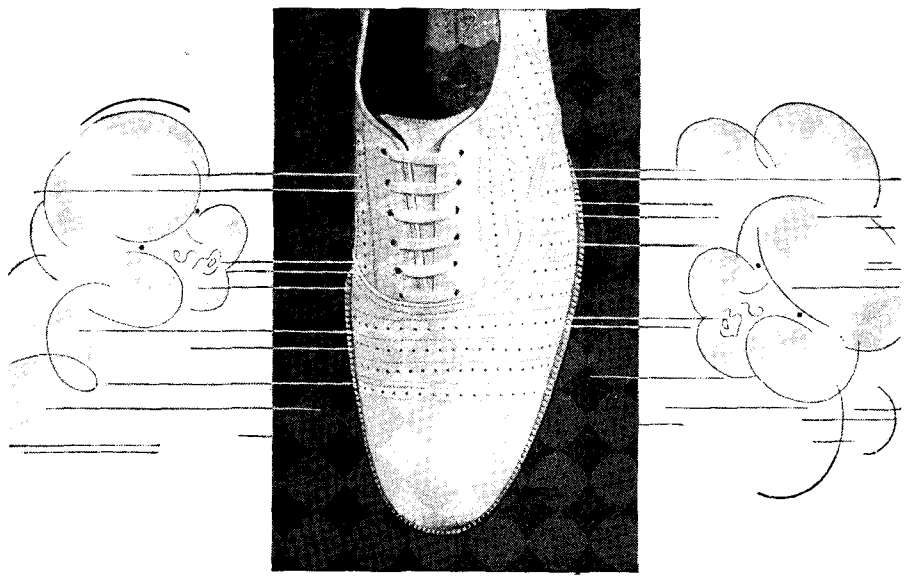
"Did Mr. Gerrish come in a taxi?" he asked.

Baxter pursed his lips; he frowned slightly.

"I really don't know," he said. "He didn't mention it. In fact, he said nothing beyond what I've already told you. And I guess I was too rattled to think of anything else. Even to a physician the affair was rather startling, you know."

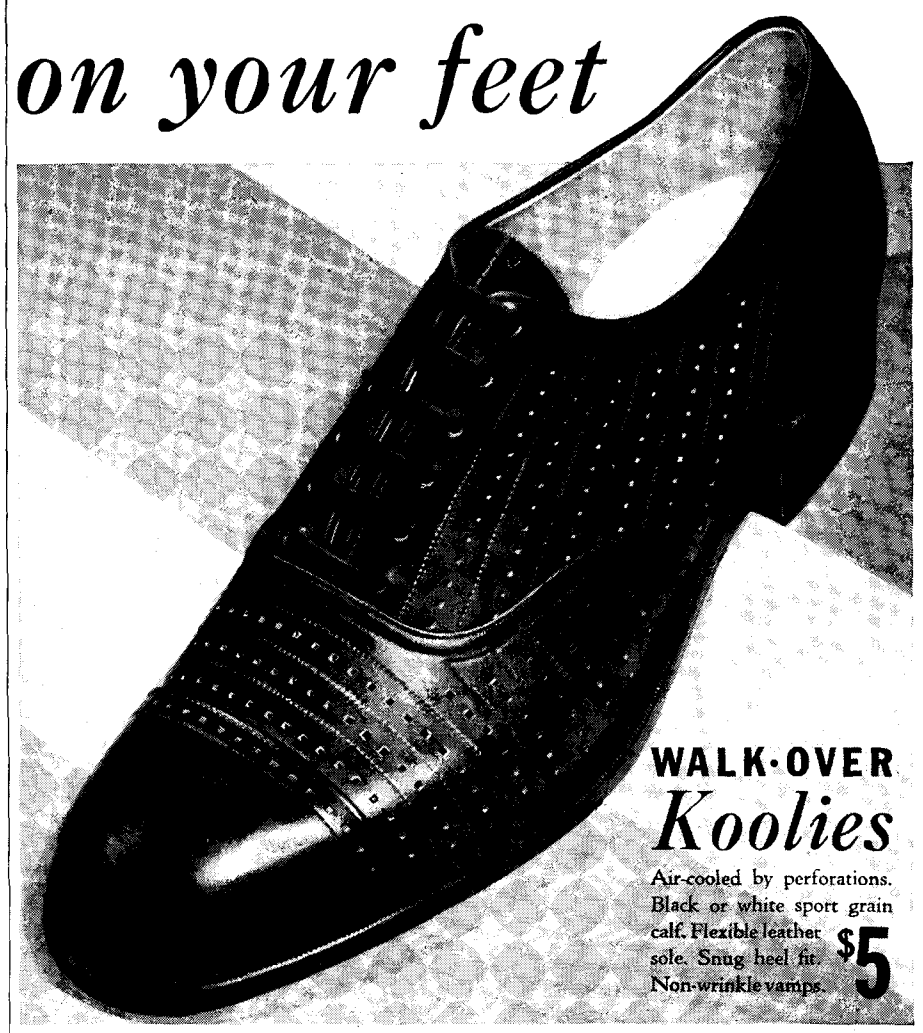
(Continued on page 36)

Louis Priscilla



FEEL THAT BREEZE

on your feet



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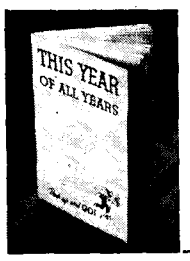

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(Continued from page 35)

"But no taximan came in here asking for his fare?"

"Oh, certainly not," replied Baxter.

"Could he have walked here?" asked Ansted.

Baxter hesitated a moment, as though pondering his answer.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I see no reason why he shouldn't have walked. In fact, a man in Mr. Gerrish's condition might very well have been too nervous to ride in a taxicab."

"But his clothing wasn't wet, and it's been raining," said the valet.

Baxter nodded. He inwardly cursed his own lack of forethought in not having moistened Gerrish's clothes. But how, he asked himself, could he have foreseen so shrewd a line of questioning?

"No, it wasn't," he admitted. "Probably he came in a taxi, then."

"But he would have asked the driver to wait for him, wouldn't he?" asked Ansted.

Baxter laughed.

"You or I would have, Ansted," he said, "but we're both sober. One can't compare the actions of a sober man to *those of one who is intoxicated.*"

"I DON'T suppose we can," said Ansted. "He had no baggage with him."

Baxter's forehead wrinkled.

"Baggage? I don't understand."

"He left his apartment late last night—no, it was early this morning. He carried a handbag with him."

"Wasn't that a bit unusual?" asked Baxter. "Why did you let him, in his obvious condition—he was drunk, wasn't he, even then?"

The man nodded.

"I couldn't stop him; he was terrible when he'd been drinking."

"Do you know where he was going?"

Baxter waited in torment for Ansted's reply. It was slow in coming, as though the man were weighing carefully his words.

"Yes, sir; he said he was going to Miss Blaisdell's apartment."

"Going where?" Baxter's surprise was perfect.

The valet lowered his eyes, and the faintest flush appeared in his sallow cheeks.

"That's where he said he was going," he stated.

"But you didn't believe it," said Peter.

"I never doubted Mr. Gerrish's word," said Ansted. There was a trace of defiance in his voice now.

"Did you know that a summons had been served on Miss Blaisdell out on Long Island after midnight?" asked Peter. "Had your employer mentioned this to you?"

"Yes, he had told me that," said Ansted.

"Then you knew that Miss Blaisdell was not in her apartment, but was on Long Island," asserted Baxter.

"I didn't know anything about it; I only knew what Mr. Gerrish told me."

"And what he told you, being evidently a falsehood, is something that might well be forgotten, might be set down to the unfortunate ravings of a man suffering with acute alcoholism," said Peter.

The man's shifty eyes were stubborn now.

"He took a bag with him," he said.

"Well, what does that mean? I don't think I follow you," said Peter.

He rose abruptly to his feet.

"I'm overdue in the country," he said. "I'm sorry to seem discourteous, but I dashed into town to keep an appointment with a patient here. I was about to leave—my nurse had gone—when your employer called. I really think I must be leaving now."

"Then you can't tell me whether or not my master had a handbag; you can't tell me if he came in a taxi or not?"

"What the devil difference do either of those things make? He's dead, and that seems to me to be the only important thing. What's in your mind?"

"I don't exactly know myself," replied Ansted. "All I can say is that I think it's funny."

"What's funny?" demanded Peter.

The man moved uneasily in his chair. Nevertheless, although it was obvious that it was a tremendous effort for him to meet Peter's gaze, his eyes were fastened on the physician's face.

"I think everything about his death is funny," he said. "First off, he leaves his apartment at five in the morning carrying a handbag and telling me that he's going to Miss Blaisdell's apartment. Six or seven hours later he turns up in your office and dies. He didn't know you. I'd never heard him mention your name until early this morning and he talked everything over with me. And last night you butted in and told the men serving the summons on Miss Blaisdell that my employer was a blackmailer. It's pretty hard for me to understand *why he would go to you for* treatment after that."

"I've tried to explain to you the processes of a drunken man's mind," said Peter.

"And the explanation doesn't seem to register with me," said Ansted. "I just don't get it."

Into Baxter's voice came that harshness which seemed to contrast so strangely with the gayety of his blue eyes.

"You'd better make yourself a bit clearer," he said.

And now the man's stubborn defiance became bold impertinence.

"If I were clear in my own mind you can bet your life I'd make it clear to you," he said. "And when it does become clear to me I'll certainly let you know what I'm driving at."

"You're English, aren't you?" asked Baxter.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"The English laws are very severe about blackmail and kindred matters aren't they? And I suppose any Englishman would be justified in thinking that our laws were by comparison very mild. But they really aren't. When we catch a blackmailer over here we're apt to treat him just as severely as he is treated in England. That is, if sufficient pressure is brought to bear upon our prosecuting officials. There would be plenty of pressure brought to bear against anyone who tried to blackmail Miss Blaisdell. Your employer didn't realize that. I think it would be well if you did."

"I DON'T know what you're talking about," said Ansted.

"Yes, you do. You know perfectly well that if your employer said he was going to Miss Blaisdell's apartment he lied. She wasn't there. If she were, she wouldn't let him in. Furthermore, your employer knew that she was on Long Island."

"She could have come back, couldn't she?"

"That sounds plausible, doesn't it? That she'd have a rendezvous with a man who had been blackmailing her."

"Stranger things have happened," said Ansted insolently. "I want to know where he was from five this morning until he came in here."

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Baxter. "If you aren't satisfied with what I've told you, why don't you call in the police?"

Ansted rose from his chair.

"Thanks for the suggestion," he said. "I may do that very thing."

(To be continued next week)

The answer
(according to the women)
is
Yes!

IF you men don't think yes is the answer, just read this letter we received last week:

"We are a bridge club, so to speak. Naturally many things come up for discussion. Believe it or not, this time we all agreed!

"And on what, do you suppose? *That men need and should use an underarm perspiration deodorant just the same as women!*

"The solid front we presented on *that* would make the poor men feel far from flattered.

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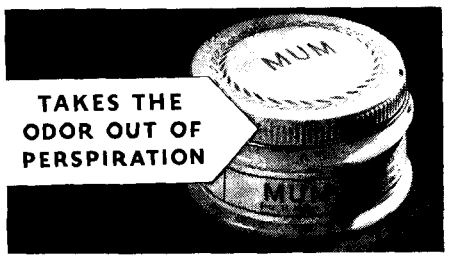
Take Mum traveling; use it regularly every day. You'll like the consciousness that the women don't mean *you!* All toilet counters have Mum, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., N. Y.



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Henry P. Davison

Continued from page 17

American people one hundred and fourteen million dollars.

It was Monday morning, May 14, 1917, that Davison arrived in Washington to take up his task as the newly appointed chairman of the War Council. On arrival at headquarters, Davison introduced his companions to Eliot Wadsworth. Wadsworth had been going through some strenuous months as chairman of the Executive Committee. And he welcomed eagerly the advent of Davison and the other council members. They had come at the right moment, for the vice-chairman, "Waddy," as he was familiarly called, literally had his coat off. Not only was the work arduous, but that was an unusually hot spring and summer in Washington.

The New Chairman Takes Hold

It was a bewildering scene of confusion that presented itself to those who were in Washington in those early days. With a thousand and one projects eagerly poured into his ear, it is no wonder that the new chairman was distracted and a little dismayed. And after a full day of this sort of thing there was no let-up in the evening. As a matter of fact, he didn't get to bed before two o'clock any morning during that first week, although up at seven o'clock and at headquarters at nine.

The American Red Cross, and what it could be made to mean, became a religion which occupied the chairman's every waking thought. Here is a bit of his speech, delivered in Washington in December, 1917, which was no mere declamation but an unexaggerated statement of devotion to a spiritual cause:

"The Red Cross has given me a new conception of America and the American spirit. It is with the zeal of a convert that I invite the American people to come in with me under President Wilson and make it the nation-wide organization that is demanded by these times. . . . Our job in the American Red Cross is to bind up the wounds of a bleeding world. . . . Think Red Cross! Talk Red Cross! Be Red Cross!"

Not many days had elapsed before the chairman and his associates began to look ahead and realize the varied nature of the whole enterprise. First, orderliness must succeed confusion; in other words, better organization must be had. Then all eyes must be turned to the gigantic task of the First Drive for the War Fund—a critical test to be met at the very start. Early in the program of planning must come a mission to France. The need for tangible help, such as the American Red Cross could render to the French, was urgent.

It was, of course, necessary that the chairman should have close at hand, to aid and support him day by day, men and women largely of his own choosing, in whose judgment he placed implicit trust. And such were the persons whom he gathered around him.

As to the War Council itself, the original appointments by the President were: Henry P. Davison, Charles D. Norton, Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr. (later in charge of the War Funds and known as "The Watchdog of the Treasury"), Grayson M.-P. Murphy and Edward N. Hurley; and under the plan the chairman of the Central Committee, ex-President William Howard Taft, and Eliot Wadsworth, then chairman of the Executive Committee, became members *ex officio*. Others who served at times on the Council were John D. Ryan, Harvey D. Gibson, George B. Case, George E. Scott and Jesse H. Jones.

Miss Jane A. Delano, Director-General of the Department of Nursing, was a noble and inspiring figure whose experience and wisdom in that difficult job of hers won from Davison devoted respect and admiration. "What does Miss Delano say about that?" How often did his associates hear that query from him!

The Women's Advisory Committee was headed by Mrs. William K. Draper of New York, one of the outstanding figures in the Red Cross then and today. Mrs. August Belmont, appointed assistant to the War Council, took up her residence in Washington as a full-time member of the staff. A wonderful public speaker, a tireless worker, charming, wise and tolerant, formally appointed as aide to the chairman, her services became invaluable.

As for the first great, concrete task that Chairman Davison had to address himself to, it had been proclaimed by President Wilson that the First War Fund Drive was to be undertaken as early as the week of June 18-25, 1917, just following the completion of the First Liberty Loan Drive. The country was still a bit dazed by Davison's audacity in asking for so great a sum as $100,000,000. And there were many who were against seeking such a large amount, for fear of failure. But Davison had seen the war at close range in his various trips to Europe from 1914 to 1917. He knew what it meant in suffering to those people "over there," and he knew what it might mean in suffering to his own country as well. He was certain that his fellow citizens were heart and soul in the great task, and that, if given a proper objective, they would go as far as their leaders could show the way.

How America Responded

Huge drives of this kind had not been known before, and the excitement, enthusiasm and suspense of the whole staff were at fever heat as the returns of that memorable week in June came in over the wire. The least excited and the least surprised, if surprised at all, was the chairman. The results are well known. Over $113,000,000 were subscribed in one week, and the Red Cross membership jumped to over 5,000,000.

Meantime the country-wide organization of the Red Cross had gone forward apace. While on May 1, 1917, just before the War Council was appointed, there were some 480,000 members and 562 chapters, beginning immediately thereafter the membership and number of chapters continuously expanded until, on February 28, 1919, when the War Council retired, there were over 20,000,000 senior members and 11,000,000 junior members; and there were something like 3,724 chapters and 17,186 branches.

The very necessary work of clarifying the domestic end of the Red Cross and of organizing it into a piece of effective and smooth-running machinery was entrusted to Harvey D. Gibson, at this time president of the Liberty National Bank in New York, that same institution which had been Davison's first love in his banking career. Gibson gathered around himself a most capable group of young men which came to be known as the "Junior War Council."

This group was, of course, in no sense working apart and independently. Constantly, as a group or as individuals, at the office or at lunch or dinner, they met with the chairman and other members of the War Council. The plans, so readily described in a few lines, took twelve or sixteen hours of the day and seven days of the week to work out in all their complicated details.

With the First War Fund Drive well launched and under way, the chairman's next important and most pressing task was to set about the appointment of a Red Cross Commission to France.

Early Relief for France

Meanwhile, over there, events of grave portent had been happening at the front. Early in April of 1917, when the President and the Congress of the United States were formulating the declaration of war against Germany, France was about to launch another offensive against the German army. General Nivelle, in conjunction with the British armies, prepared the general attack, and the field chosen was the high ground of the Chemin-des-Dames. That assault, costly in men and material, was a failure, and its result reacted—far more seriously than the French or the world public then realized—upon the morale of the French army, the French people, as well as upon the Allied commanders. The task of reorganizing the partly demoralized French troops was entrusted to General (later Marshal) Pétain.

More or less definite reports of that disaster of April, 1917, found their way to Washington, and Davison and the other members of the Red Cross War Council, realizing that many months must elapse before American troops could take their place in large numbers on the fighting front, decided upon a broad program of war relief in France, designed to sustain confidence. The outstanding feature of the new policy of a militant American Red Cross was, as it afterward developed, an appropriation of $1,000,000 for the direct benefit of the families of General Pétain's harassed soldiers, to be expended as he directed.

Pershing knew the need and the peril of France, and when the Red Cross War Council asked him what it could do for him, he promptly cabled this reply: "If you want to do something for me, for God's sake buck up the French."

Under these conditions, the composition of the Red Cross Commission to France was no light task. Colonel-Grayson M.-P. Murphy, himself a member of the War Council, a West Point graduate, and at the time a high-ranking officer in the Guaranty Trust Company, was selected to head this first commission. Murphy did a wonderful job, as did his successor, James H. Perkins.

The commission landed in France on June 12, 1917. All told, there were eighteen men in this, the advance guard of the Red Cross, which was in time to expand to over six thousand men and women in France alone. And here it may be noted that over $95,000,000 in money and supplies were used in France in the twenty months prior to February 28, 1919, when the War Council's term of service ended.

The selection and dispatch of the various other American Red Cross commissions to foreign countries occupied much of the chairman's time at this period. And, beginning early in July, those various missions, chosen with the utmost care by Davison and his associates, and composed of men of the highest character and broad experience, were successively dispatched to Russia, Great Britain, Rumania, Serbia, Belgium, Palestine and Switzerland.

(Continued on page 40)

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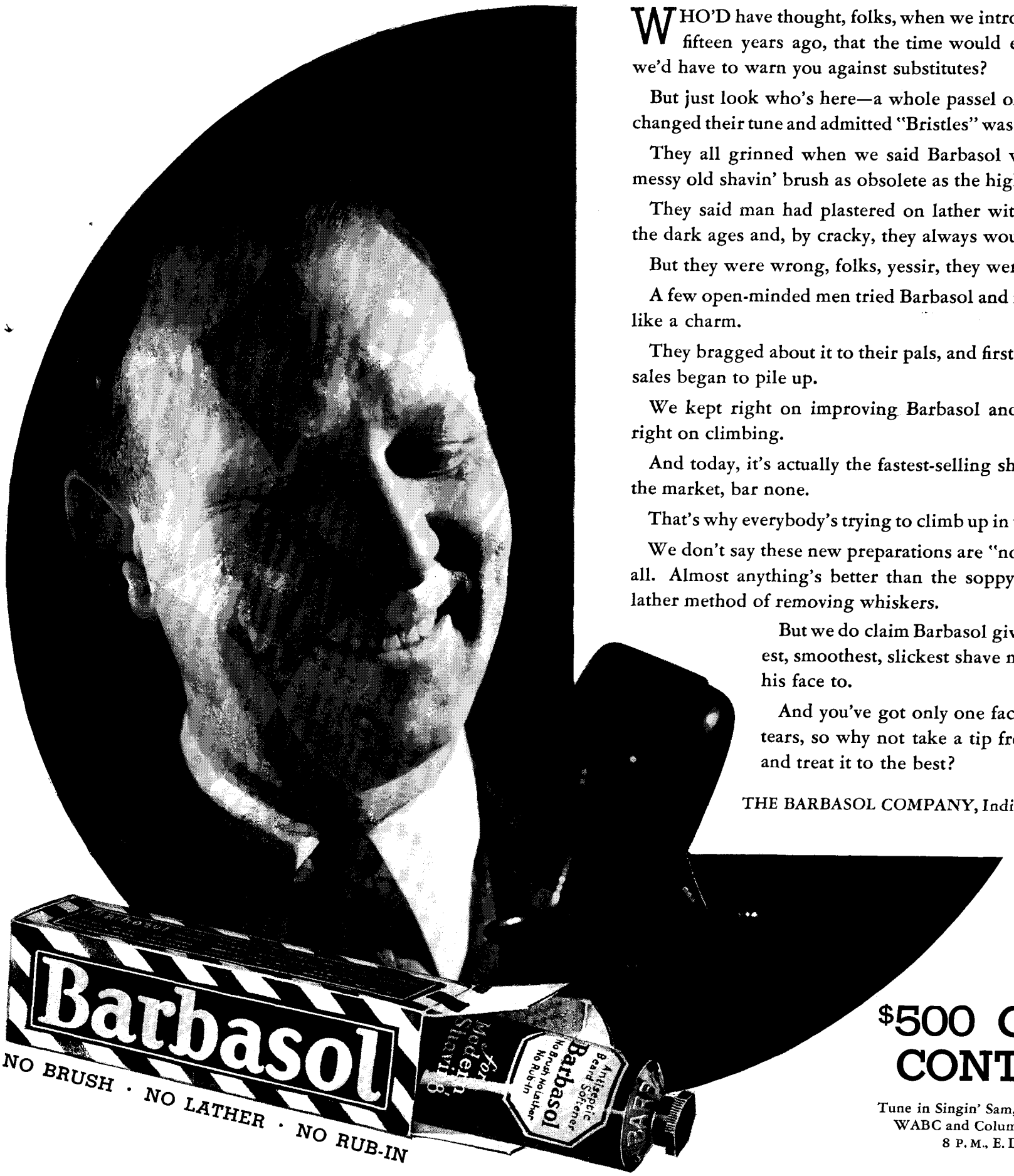
Now everybody's tryin' to climb on our Bandwagon

by "Singin' Sam"



WHO'D have thought, folks, when we introduced Barbasol fifteen years ago, that the time would ever come when we'd have to warn you against substitutes?

But just look who's here—a whole passel of people who've changed their tune and admitted "Bristles" was the wrong hoss!

They all grinned when we said Barbasol would make the messy old shavin' brush as obsolete as the high-wheel bicycle.

They said man had plastered on lather with a brush since the dark ages and, by cracky, they always would!

But they were wrong, folks, yessir, they were wrong!

A few open-minded men tried Barbasol and found it worked like a charm.

They bragged about it to their pals, and first thing we knew, sales began to pile up.

We kept right on improving Barbasol and the sales kept right on climbing.

And today, it's actually the fastest-selling shaving cream on the market, bar none.

That's why everybody's trying to climb up in the driver's seat.

We don't say these new preparations are "no good." Not at all. Almost anything's better than the soppy old brush and lather method of removing whiskers.

But we do claim Barbasol gives you the coolest, smoothest, slickest shave man ever treated his face to.

And you've got only one face in this vale of tears, so why not take a tip from Singin' Sam and treat it to the best?

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana

$500 CASH CONTEST

Tune in Singin' Sam, Every Monday,
WABC and Columbia Network,
8 P.M., E.D.S.T.

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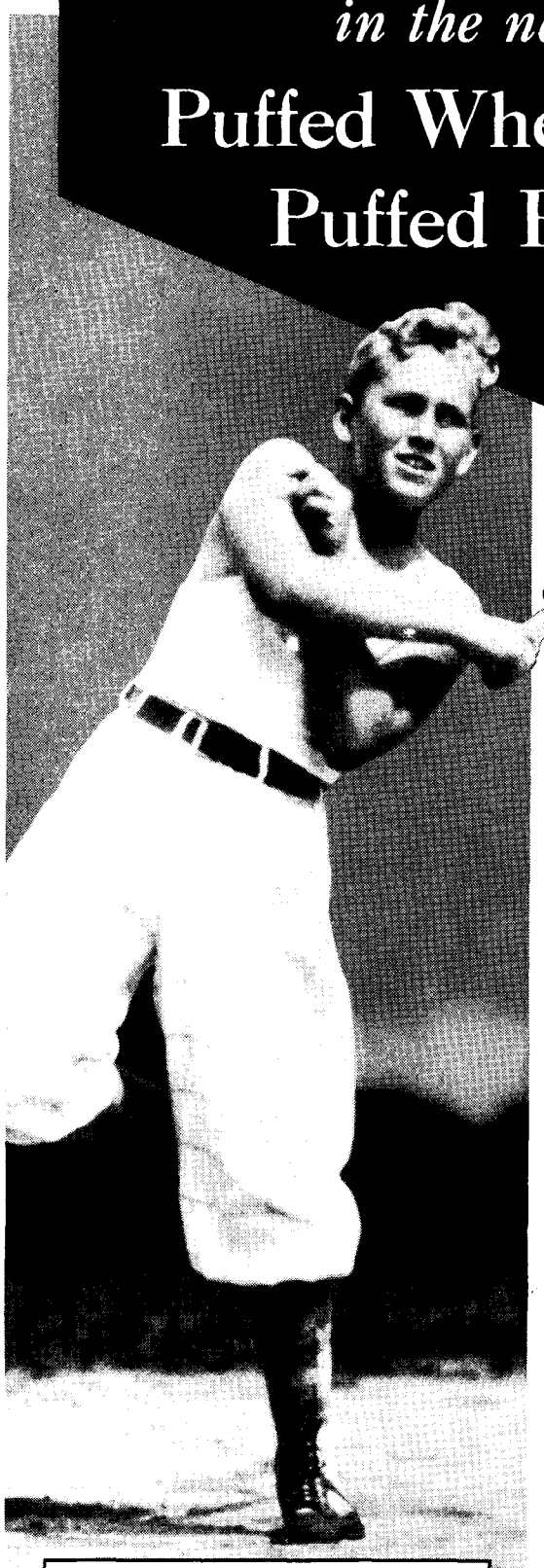
Rich stores of vital

ENERGY!

in the new

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice



How shooting grains from guns gives them amazingly rich energy

THE Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association—after examining dozens of cereals—has accepted Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice as giving (per dish, with milk and sugar) as much energy as 2 eggs, 4 or 5 slices of bacon or a baked potato, *in some cases half again as much more.*

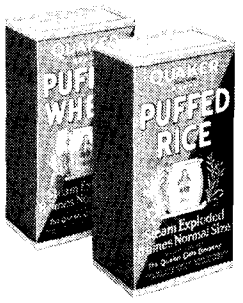
Think of what this means to mothers! The crispest, coolest, daintiest cereal that ever tempted lazy appetites. Yet just *packed* with energy!

The difference between Quaker Puffed Grains and other cereals is this. Puffed Grains are *shot from guns.* This steam-explodes thousands of tightly sealed food cells. Cooks their contents in a flash to wonderful digestibility. Releases the rich food value in every plump rice grain, every nourishing whole wheat grain. That's why Puffed Grains are so energizing.

And now, Puffed Grains are "twice-crisped," by a special process. Just as new baked bread is extra tasty, just as fresh toast is more tempting than stale; so the new Puffed Grains are far more delicious than ordinary cereals. Try these richly energizing cereals tomorrow morning.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Why your entire family needs Puffed Grains



Energy breakfasts—everyone needs them! A single dish of Puffed Grains, with milk and sugar, gives as much energy as a baked potato or a lamb chop. Yet they're extra crisp—cool—dainty.

Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat

Henry P. Davison

Continued from page 38

There were at this time literally dozens, if not scores, of relief organizations soliciting funds and supplies and sending personnel to Europe. Davison was anxious that, to the greatest extent possible, such overlapping and duplication should be avoided. His attitude toward these other organizations may best be illustrated by the following incident: A difference arose between Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. as to certain work at cantonments, and it was proposed to name arbitrators to represent each side, in an effort to adjust the matter. The Y. M. C. A. named as its arbitrator Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation. When Davison was asked to name the arbitrator for the Red Cross, he responded by saying he had such respect for Dr. Vincent's high character and sense of fairness that he would name no one, but would accept any decision which Dr. Vincent reached.

"THE GREATEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD": that was one war poster that everyone remembers. It had a significance especially deep for those unfortunates who received that mother's ministrations on battlefields, in hospitals, throughout devastated areas, in prison camps, from one end of a harried world to the other! During wars, pestilences, earthquakes and all the other catastrophes that man's follies or nature's vagaries have plunged us into, that mother has been present.

In fact, as to the services of the women of the Red Cross, Davison himself was never able to express fully the appreciation which he felt and acted upon. "Without the women, there could be no Red Cross," was a statement that he made again and again. Yet it was not always easy to organize the work of the women volunteers. Under such conditions, patience and tact became the chief virtues in life. But here Davison's task was lightened, because, in the Red Cross, the absence of pride of opinion among the noble women leaders who worked with the chairman gradually smoothed out the difficulties until any lack of harmony became wholly negligible.

Accounting System Installed

From the very start of his work, and as soon as he began to realize the immense sums of money involved in the war-time plans of the Red Cross, a problem which had greatly troubled the chairman's order-loving mind was the setting up of a proper accounting system. The Red Cross was the virtual trustee of great sums of money contributed by millions of people, the individual contributions ranging from a few cents up to $1,000,000. Charles G. DuBois, the highly reputed Comptroller of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, was loaned by that company for the work. He organized an accounting system which has never been questioned.

At the time when Davison was first considering the question of directing the Red Cross, some of his friends pointed out that, in accepting the post, he must expect some misunderstanding of personal motives, and even considerable questioning and criticism. But Davison always welcomed sound suggestion, and he usually found a way of disarming hostile critics.

Soon after the first great drive, and as the fund of over $100,000,000 was in process of collection, the chairman was speaking at a crowded Red Cross rally in Detroit. Just after he had finished his scheduled address, a raucous voice called out from the gallery: "We want to know what the Morgan firm is doing with all these hundreds of millions of dollars it collects for the Red Cross!"

A rather pained hush fell for a moment upon the audience. Davison promptly stepped forward to the edge of the platform.

"Do you think that an entirely fair question?" he asked mildly.

"Yes, I do!" came back the truculent reply.

"Very well," responded Davison; "I will tell you this: that the firm's entire connection with this fund consisted of a subscription from the partners of one million dollars, and a stipulation that not one penny of the entire one hundred millions be ever deposited with the firm."

Whereupon the audience expressed its satisfaction in no uncertain terms.

An Amusing Case of Stage Fright

Davison who at the start had had no training as a public speaker, yet who loved to tell a story on himself, used to recount his experience at the first public Red Cross meeting held during the war, at which he and others were scheduled to speak. Mr. Taft was presiding.

"I was scared to death," said Davison, "and it was as though from another world I heard Mr. Taft say: 'It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you one of our most distinguished citizens, a man who would rather face a German battery than an audience.' I was halfway out of my chair, when Mr. Taft said: 'General Pershing!'"

The chairman's extensive speaking tours carried him from one end of the land to the other, and across the seas. One notable audience of large proportions, containing many distinguished personages, listened to his message in the Coliseum at Rome. Here was the boy who used to let down the pasture bars for Uncle Merrick's cows in the Pennsylvania hills years before—now become the central figure in the ancient oval of the Cæsars.

Directly after the great Red Cross parade, down New York's Fifth Avenue in May, 1918, the parade in which President Wilson himself marched, there was an evening meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House. The building was jammed to the uppermost gallery. President Wilson and Davison sat beside each other on the platform, and each pleaded for the Red Cross in his own way. Yet it is fair to say that, in direct appeal and effective presentation, the chairman's talk suffered in no way by comparison with the President's address, superlative as that was.

Many speaking invitations had to be declined, but there was one which he accepted joyfully. It came from Troy, Pennsylvania. The chairman arrived in the little town at the untimely hour of three o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a tremendous downpour. But on the dark and rain-swept station platform were the members of a committee of his former fellow townsmen, headed by Everett Van Dine.

"Well, Harry, how are you, old man? Kind of wet, isn't it?" A greeting typical of the ones that almost overwhelmed him during the next twelve hours. His cousin, Annie Holcomb, stood in the rain on her own doorstep to greet him, and, even at three o'clock in the morning, there were other neighbors at hand, ready with hearty handshakes.

Back again the next day, around the fire at Twin Oaks, his friends laughed

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at his description of how Van Dine had introduced him in the Troy "opera house," as "the next President of the United States." Harry chuckled at this, as he told the tale, though at the same time half annoyed. President of the United States? Many persons other than Van Dine had made the same suggestion. But Davison had no illusions: in his own mind he knew that it could never be.

By the end of 1917, the machinery of the great organization was fairly on the way to smooth and efficient operation. The great initial drive for funds had succeeded beyond the fondest hopes. With the way thus made clear, the chairman decided rather suddenly that he should visit some of the scenes of foreign Red Cross labor.

Standing Before Kings

The chairman visited all of the important points of American Red Cross activities in France, Belgium, Italy and England, and was warmly received by the leading men in the governments and by the commanding officers of the Allied armies. He had interesting audiences, too, with the King of England and the King of Italy.

The whole trip was not only of absorbing interest, but of great value to the chairman of the War Council in adjusting his perspective of the work that had been done and that remained to be done on a great scale. This was in the late winter and early spring of 1918, months which witnessed the greatest of all the German drives. Davison himself was under fire upon several occasions, in the course of visits to the front.

Speaking later of his visit to the King of England, Davison said that when he reached Buckingham Palace, he found King George very simple and very much alive to the situation in America. The King was particularly interested in the details of the coal strike that was being waged in America just then. He also wanted to know how a Red Cross drive was conducted and how such a large sum of money could be raised.

Suddenly, Harry saw that an hour had passed and recalled that he had another engagement in ten minutes. He said to himself: "Was I to go, or was the King to dismiss me?" He could not remember which it was; so he arose and said to His Majesty that he realized how occupied his time was, and so on.

The King remarked: "You are dining with my son, the Prince of Wales, tomorrow night. I wish you would tell him the things you have told me; he will be profoundly interested."

Not long after Davison's arrival in Rome he was told that King Victor Emmanuel wished to see him. He remarked that once this might have bothered him, but he had learned that kings are men, just like the rest of us when a war is on.

The King's whereabouts was kept secret—no one knew where he was living. Harry was taken in a motor into the country and finally arrived at a delightful, simple country place. He passed into a homelike room, and was struck with the beauty of a picture on the wall. As he was gazing at it, a man came in. Harry told him how much he admired the picture, and this person replied that he, too, liked it very much. He asked Harry to sit down, and they began talking of things in general. Suddenly Harry said to himself: "Why, this is the King!"

The chairman found the simplicity and sincerity of the reception given him all through Italy very touching. In Rome he was asked to go to the Italian Red Cross headquarters, at the Hotel Excelsior. There he was met by a delightful woman of noble birth. After their tour was finished, she opened the door of a room which was filled with little children. The chairman said, afterward, in recalling the scene: "I do not think one more child could have been put in that room. They stood up when I appeared, and each one was holding a tiny American flag. This was too much for me. I could not go in the room. I was very much overcome, and begged to be excused. I was not able to speak to the children. I could not bear it."

It will be recalled that the granting of the special relief fund, handled by Marshal Pétain of the French army, for the relief of families of French soldiers in the trenches, had been urged as a necessary step by General Pershing himself. One day soon after the chairman's arrival in Paris, he was sitting in the Red Cross office there when suddenly he became aware of someone standing in the doorway. It was General Pershing, in full uniform.

"Why, hello, General, when did you come over?" queried Davison, without a smile.

The general came forward, held out his hand, laughed and said: "I have asked ten thousand men in France that question, but you are the first one who has ever asked it of me."

By means of cable messages, exchanged between the chairman and his associates in Washington, it was decided that a second drive for $100,000,000 should be launched in May, so Davison returned to America, bringing with him from his experiences in the war area a new enthusiasm and determination which he immediately threw into the campaign.

This Second Red Cross War Fund Drive took place, again by proclamation of President Wilson, during the week of May 20-27, 1918, and this time was ably headed by William C. Breed, the New York lawyer. It came right in the midst of the startling, early success of the great military operations of the Germans in the spring of 1918, and no doubt the American public was stimulated to its utmost by the ominous news and the thought that its soldiers were in the thick of the struggle. The result of the second drive was a subscription of $167,000,000!

A Far-Flung Organization

Among the many pictures of Harry Davison in the midst of his work at Washington that come back to his old associates, there is one that they recall most frequently. It is that of the chairman each morning reading word by word the dozens of cable dispatches from the various headquarters across the seas. They disclosed not only the urgent needs for supplies and personnel in France, but unfolded a variety of stirring pictures: of refugees, of the Czech soldiers in Vladivostok, our own infantry and commission at Murmansk in the polar seas; Henry Anderson struggling to get supplies through to fevered Rumania; Allen Wardwell laboring for some measure of relief to the sick and starving children in Moscow.

To many urgent inquiries from families, longing for news of some soldier son, had to be given the inevitable answer which stilled forever those anxious hopes. Among the messages came a cable from Davison's partner, Stettinius, in France, warning him to prepare another partner, William Porter, for sad news—news which confirmed the death on the battlefield of his only son, James J. Porter. There was no day but had its threat, for Davison also had a son, Harry, serving as aviator at the battlefront in France.

Davison had gone abroad again in the summer of 1918, and had returned for a brief and crowded space to Washing-

(Continued on page 42)

Take care of the MAN IN THE MIRROR, too

Advantages of Retirement Income and Life Insurance combined in new Equitable policy.

Of course you want to provide for your dependents, in case anything happens to you. But what about providing for yourself in case it doesn't? A considerable cash sum or a retirement income at age 65 (or earlier) would be mighty comforting, wouldn't it?

The Equitable's new **OPTIONAL RETIREMENT POLICY** enables you to take care of everybody concerned, including the man in the mirror. Features of this unusual offer are:

1. Immediate life insurance protection for your family.
2. At the age you have selected for retirement, a life income to be paid to you, or jointly to you and your wife, with two-thirds to the survivor; or
3. At age 65, fully paid up life insurance paying you dividends; also a cash payment to you of $266 for each $1000 of insurance; or
4. At age 65, payment of the full face amount of the policy to you in cash.

Living too long ... dying too soon

From a financial standpoint, there is always the danger of a person's either living too long, or of his dying too soon. The Optional Retirement Policy covers both contingencies. You reach old age with an assured income, which continues month by month even if you pass the century mark; whereas if your life should be cut short, the insurance element provides for your family.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States 47C
Thomas I. Parkinson, *President.* 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

I am interested in what your new **"Optional Retirement Policy"** will do for me. Please send details for a man my age.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... AGE .....

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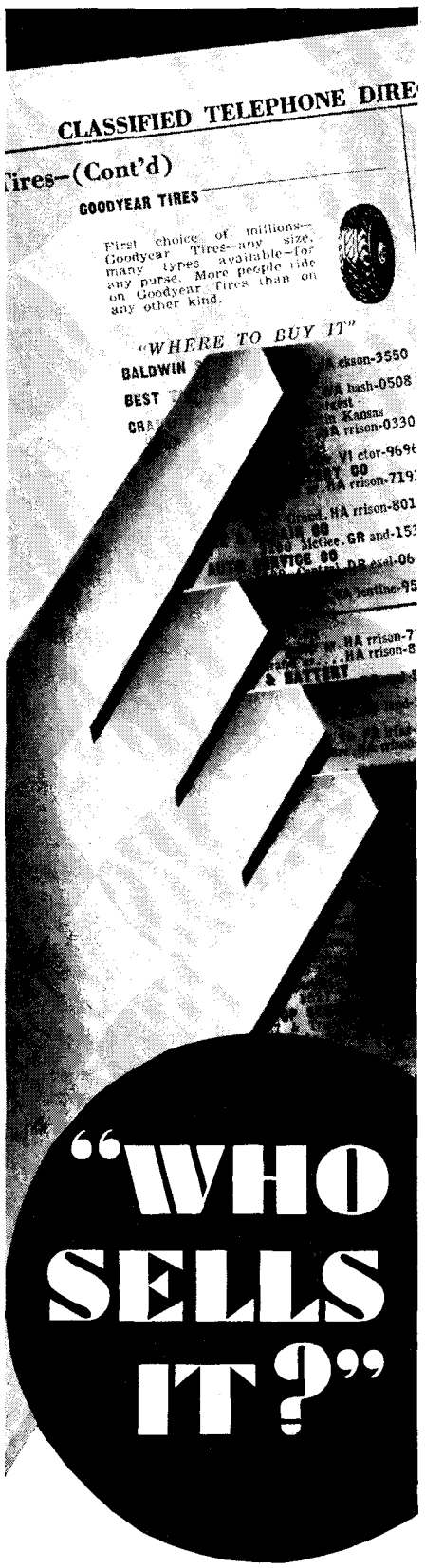
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Tires–(Cont'd)
GOODYEAR TIRES
First choice of millions—Goodyear Tires—any size, many types available—for any purse. More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
"WHO SELLS IT?"

..here's the answer

Save time in buying. Get exactly what you want. Let the *classified* telephone book tell you where to buy advertised products and services.

Look for the trade name of the brand you want — Exide, RCA Victor, Multigraph, for example. Authorized local dealers and agents are listed there for your convenience.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

(Continued from page 41)

ton, but the autumn found him back in the forefront of the work in France. These were the closing weeks of the war. The Germans and their already broken allies were making what they knew to be their last stand. Their tide had been at flood in spring and early summer. Now it was on the ebb and running out swiftly—never to return.

When finally the news of the Armistice was flashed around the world, it found Davison still in France. The great Red Cross organization, running at full speed and growing more and more effective, must promptly readjust its operation to peace-time. All deflations of great organizations are difficult, and there was much to be done that lacked the stimulus of news from the battlefield.

But in the midst of his labors Davison's mind had been working toward the conviction that steps should be taken for the organization of a world-wide league of Red Cross societies. He was a very tired man at that time, and his associates were doubtful, for no other reason than his own health, whether he should undertake to put through this post-war project. He was not to be shaken, however. The way he put it was about like this:

"The good will and sympathy engendered by the Red Cross spirit must not be lost. While the governments are arranging a political peace, let the Red Cross societies of the world come together in a union and add the weight of that spirit to the reconciliations which should succeed this war."

Wilson Backs International Idea

First, in carrying out this new and final program, Davison enlisted the ready sympathy and coöperation of President Wilson. To his mind the idea appealed instantly, and he promptly armed Davison with a letter of strong support.

Simultaneously Colonel House, who from the start had been greatly impressed with the Davison management of the Red Cross, brought the subject to the urgent attention of Mr. David Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister.

After this preliminary, Davison posted off to Europe again and conducted meetings of Red Cross representatives in Paris, Cannes and Geneva.

Finally, with the approval and aid of President Wilson, there was written into Article XXV of the Versailles Treaty an agreement on the part of the members of the League to encourage and promote the establishment and cooperation of National Red Cross organizations.

With this important project accomplished, Harry Davison could well feel —as certainly his associates and the appreciative public felt—that he had fought the good fight, he had kept the faith. Worn down by the constant strain of years of administration, of traveling, of public speaking; oppressed with personal anxieties in the accident to his elder son and the constant peril to which, for months at the front, his second son had been subjected—Davison finally laid down his cares.

This story of Harry Davison in the American Red Cross has, I hope, made clear how it came to pass that for the war period he was the initiator, the director, the bearer of chief responsibility, in showing to his fellow countrymen the way of mercy and effective help. In terms of figures, it took that public some time to realize the extent of ground that had been covered. When the facts finally came to them, they were filled with wonder.

In money and material, there had been given over $400,000,000. Red Cross membership had leaped to over 31,000,000. The organization had enlisted as workers 8,100,000; had produced some 370,000,000 relief articles; aided over 500,000 families of soldiers and sailors; enrolled over 23,000 nurses; shipped overseas and distributed over 100,000 tons of relief supplies; operated in twenty-five foreign countries; ministered to hundreds of thousands of American soldiers and sailors, together with numberless refugees and prisoners.

Davison would be the last to desire or permit undue credit to attach to his personal work in those twenty-two crowded months. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that from the heart and brain of Harry Davison flowed an inspiration and a power of trained intelligence, individual, far-reaching, infectious; that what the American Red Cross became, what it accomplished in the Great War and what it has been doing since are all profoundly impressed with his personality; that it is richer and stronger for what he contributed as its leader during what was the most thrilling and momentous period of modern history, as it was the most absorbing and dramatic period of his own life.

Beginning of the End

Harry Davison's partners were to him not merely partners; they were intimate friends. He never could work day by day in close contact with other men without commanding their love. His own capacity for affection was so great that he was impelled to lavish it not only upon his immediate family, but upon that wide circle of friends of which mention has more than once been made.

From almost the first day that Davison entered the Morgan house he was on terms of comradeship, sometimes almost intimacy, with the Senior. Those princely traits of the elder Mr. Morgan, that magnificent style of his, called up something in Davison that, in his own way, was akin to it. The elder's habit of swift, incisive thought—so amply inherited by his son, who joined to it, perhaps, a more sober judgment—made answering appeal in Davison. That brief glance over people and affairs that swept within its ken so much of man's motive, his feeling and achievement; that ready estimate of all visible factors in a situation, captivated the younger partner. Their minds were in harmony. And J. P. Morgan, who on the death of his father in March, 1913, succeeded him as the head of the house, gave to Davison his own trust and confidence in equal measure.

This intimate relationship between Davison and all his partners was so vital a thing in our lives that our final realization, in 1921, that Harry was a seriously ill man was, to Mr. Morgan and to all the others, as though the bottom had begun to drop out of things.

As the months rolled by Harry grew steadily worse. And in August, 1921, an operation for brain tumor was performed, which gave a relief that both Davison and his family recognized as only temporary.

During most of the weary months from August of 1921 until late the next spring Davison stayed at his beloved Peacock Point, and gathered even more closely about him his family, and a few of his most intimate friends. With these latter, he talked freely of his condition and of what the future might or might not hold in store. In the Antigone we read:

"Nothing in death is dreadful, save the fear
"Lest Death be robbed of his nobility."

In Davison's case there could be no such fear as that, because he confronted the future without misgiving—"In bitter days the soul finds God, God us."

"Death," Davison declared, in a talk with his friend, Martin Egan, "is a part of life. It is the provision of Providence, and we must all die at an unknown time. And then you know, Martin," he added, "it is the great adventure!"

Through the months that intervened between his first and last operation, Davison's mind was considerably occupied with the idea of trying to bring about closer association and understanding between young university men of Great Britain and of America. He had the conviction that stable peace could be attained only through the efforts of these two Anglo-Saxon peoples working shoulder to shoulder. He felt that definite plans should be undertaken to enable British youth to secure an insight into the finer things which they might look for in this country and in its people. Not many years ago, Elihu Root, great American statesman, was asked what measures could be taken to bring the British and American people closer together. "That rests with the young men," Mr. Root replied, "youth to youth, young heart to young heart."

Thoughts like these were strongly in his mind and on his lips, even up to his last conscious moments on earth.

What were the memories flitting through that vexed brain of his in those last ominous days? Was he living over again the Red Cross achievement, those days of high acclaim in his own country and in the capitals of Europe? Was he harking back to the earlier years of the war, the vast financial operations, the great flood of American commerce that he had helped put in motion? Or did his eye still light up at the thought, years before, of that heroic figure of the elder Morgan, something almost stupendous in its stature and dignity and force? Decade by decade the years were dropping away from him. Now he was that eager young man, just arriving in New York in search of his fortune. Back, still further back, among the hills of Troy, tramping the woods of northern Pennsylvania; a young lad at school, full of mischief and gayety . . . finally, dim memories of the gentle woman who had been the mother of a little boy left lonely by her going.

"Whom the Gods Love"

That last night of his on earth, he slept an untroubled sleep, serene in the consciousness that "to a good man no evil can befall, either in life or in death." Death came about noon, on May 6, 1922.

On the plain stone slab that covers Harry Davison's grave at Locust Valley are set simply the dates of his birth and death, and then this line from his favorite hymn, so expressive of his energy, his unselfishness and his work for others: "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"Whom the gods love die young." Surely we were never meant to interpret those words to mean that the gods snatch away from us those who are young in years! No; for us that phrase means that those whom the gods love can never become old; that whenever they are called to the other world they are still young. So in this way the gods loved Harry Davison, just as he loved his fellow men. For us and in our memories he will always remain young, vigorous, buoyant, hopeful, brave. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." For all his fine mind, his upright character, his deeds of nobility and strength, love of man was the passion that ruled the heart and life of Harry Davison.

THE END

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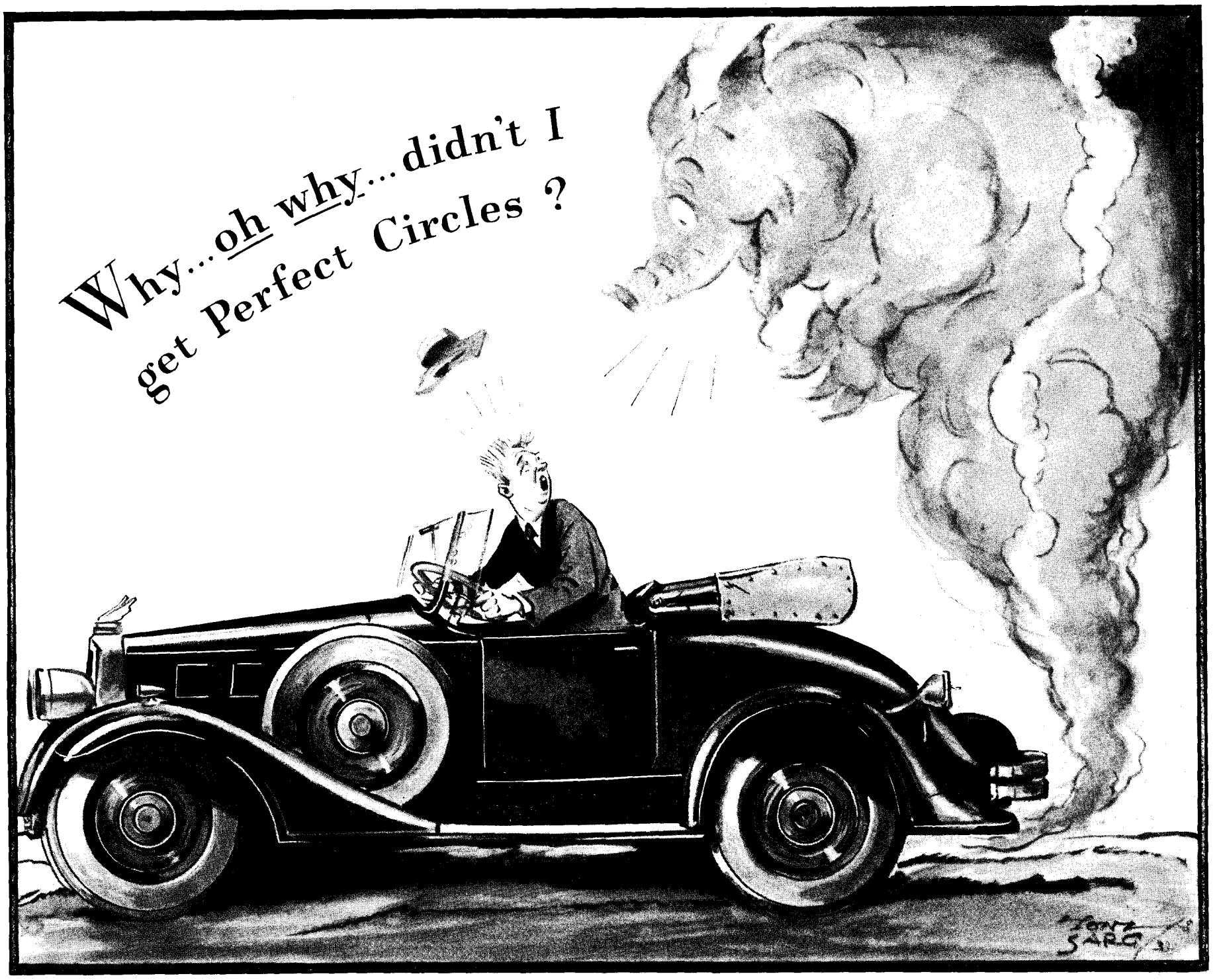

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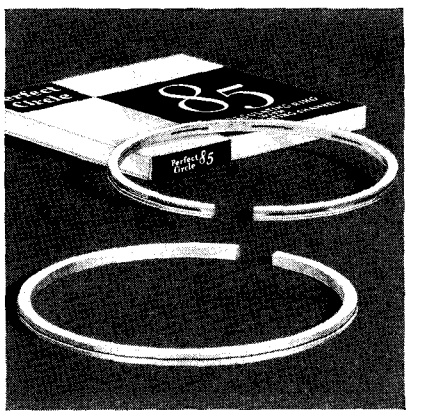

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The Man with a Past

Continued from page 9

"Isn't it dreadful?" she agreed. "Father was furious when he saw that sign over the desk—no checks accepted. Of course I told him it wasn't meant for people like us, but as soon as he dressed he went down to see the manager about it. He never carries more than enough cash for tips and taxi hire and so on. . . . Well—" She lifted her glass.

Pete needed something to pick him up; but he remembered this time that Belden cocktails were to be sipped and savored. Queer that you could sit calmly talking to a girl when you wanted to jump up and grab her; queer that they could talk and laugh like a couple of old friends, when the last time he saw her— Then her father came in, looking considerably more perturbed than you would expect of a Rivermont gentleman. He was still more perturbed when he saw Pete Ripley; but as soon as he learned that Pete wanted his views to print in the paper he began to look authoritative and sententious.

"I THINK it's outrageous!" he said. "When the manager of a hotel like this refuses to accept the check of a responsible person like myself—"

"Well, of course, Mr. Belden," Pete interposed, "you can understand how they feel. When Hoover pretty nearly took us off the gold standard this afternoon, and Roosevelt will probably have to do it tomorrow—"

"What?" said Adrian Belden. "My God, who told you that?"

"A man who knows." For a while, Adrian Belden couldn't speak.

"Unthinkable!" he said at last. "The American financial system is fundamentally sound. At least I know it is in Rivermont—"

"Rivermont isn't all of the United States, Mr. Belden."

"True," said Adrian Belden, in the manner of a man confronting the inevitable at last. "Well! Hrrmph! I don't feel that I care to be quoted at the moment, Mr. Ripley. . . . Will you excuse me? I want to call up Doug Ewing, find out what he knows—"

He vanished into a bedroom. Eunice turned to Pete.

"What does this all mean?" she asked helplessly. He shrugged.

"You know as much as I do—and maybe we both know as much as Hoover and Roosevelt. But there's no use getting excited about it."

"I suppose not. . . . Are you going to the concert tonight?"

"Me? I'm working tonight—all night, for all I know."

"But I'll see you at the inaugural ball tomorrow night, won't I?"

"I'm working then too—not to speak of all day. But I might drop in tomorrow morning on my way to the Capitol. . . . That is—if—if you'd care about seeing me, Eunice."

"Of course I care about seeing you."

She'd meant to say that warmly but impersonally—just the way you'd talk to somebody you'd met and liked in Chicago last summer. But her voice came out in tatters. He took a step toward her—and just then her father emerged from the bedroom.

"Doug Ewing's up in the air too," he announced. "He's been trying to see Roosevelt, but I take it that even important state chairmen aren't being seen tonight. He said he'd meet us at the concert hall. In the meantime, I suppose we'd better go to dinner." He looked at Pete Ripley, suave and unperturbed. "Er—perhaps you'll dine with us?"

"Sorry," said Pete, "but I've got to get back to the office."

At ten o'clock the next morning he walked into the Camperdown once more, and the first person he saw in the crowded lobby was Eunice.

"Oh, hello!" she said briskly. "I'm starving. Father and I ordered breakfast upstairs and waited for it an hour and a half without getting it. And there's no hope of getting into the dining-room. So we were just going out to look for a restaurant that wasn't crowded. He stopped at the desk to tell them what he thought of such service—"

Just then he came up to them, resplendent in silk hat and morning coat.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Ripley. It seems that we must go out for breakfast. Perhaps you— Ah, you've breakfasted? At least you will join us in a cup of coffee. I must stop in at a bank first, however, to cash a check—"

"You can't," Pete told him. "The banks are closed."

"You mean to say that nobody's check is good anywhere? Nobody's credit?" said Adrian Belden. "Why—why, what's to become of us?"

"Maybe Roosevelt knows; let's hope so. . . . Meanwhile, Mr. Belden, if you're embarrassed for currency— If fifty dollars would help—"

"Why—er—it would, to be frank with you. For the moment. . . . But the way our hotel bill is mounting up—"

"That's all right," Pete told him. "I'll speak to the manager; he knows me. You'll find that there'll be no trouble about your check."

"What?" Adrian Belden looked like the shipwrecked sailor sighting land. "I don't know how to thank you. . . . Now about breakfast— What? You must be off? Well, I trust we're going to see more of you—"

"Get a taxi, Father," said Eunice. "I'll join you in a moment." She turned to Pete, laid a hand on his arm. "You can't spare fifty dollars," she said, "when nobody knows what's going to happen."

"My credit's good in my home town, so long as anything's good. . . . It was pure luck that I had it," he told her, grinning. "I was planning to buy some Scotch."

"BUT, Pete! If you speak to the manager about our hotel bill, and he takes a check—then you're responsible if the check isn't good."

"It's good. The Rivermont banks are perfectly sound."

"Well, I know Father thinks so. But—he might be wrong, Pete."

"I was afraid he might be," he confessed. "So I went over to the Treasury last night and asked Mills. He says Rivermont's all right."

"Oh!" said Eunice. (Her father had tried to reach Mills, and Woodin; but they'd been too busy to talk to him.) "Pete! Will you dine with me tonight? I know you can't tell when you can get off, but they must let you eat sometime, don't they? . . . All right; I'll wait for you. I won't go to that ball till I've seen you, no matter when. . . . I—I mean— That is, if you'd like to—"

"You wait," said Pete. "I'll be there."

But he called her up instead, about twenty minutes after eight.

"Eunice, I've got to be over at the White House offices at nine—no time to wait for hotel service; and I haven't eaten anything since morning. You order your dinner and I'll grab a sandwich and a cup of coffee at a lunch

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counter and then come up for a few minutes—"

"Where's your lunch counter?" she broke in. "Fifteen ninety-nine F Street? I'll come right down and grab a sandwich and a cup of coffee with you."

In the lobby, as she was going out, she met Doug Ewing, looking very resplendent and ambassadorial in full dress. But worried.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "It's too early for the ball."

"Dining out. I'll see you later, at the Auditorium."

"Let me drive you to your dinner; I want to talk to you. . . . Where? Fifteen ninety-nine F Street? What sort of place is that?"

"A lunch counter," she said amiably. "I'm dining with a busy man."

HE WAS still trying to figure that out as they got into the taxi.

"What's the matter, Doug? I feel better since I heard the inaugural address. So does everybody, even Father."

"So do I," he admitted, "as far as that goes. But I've got three hundred and seventy-nine members of the Rivermont Roosevelt-Garner Club over at the Stilton, and no cash to pay the bill with. . . . But never mind that; it's all right about the embassy. Illyria, I think."

"I'm so glad," she said. "For you."

He looked at her sharply.

"Only for me, Eunice?"

"Only for you. . . . Sorry, Doug, but I can't go with you."

"Why—" he began; but just then their taxi stopped in front of a lunch counter. A young man—slim, dark, suave—stood at the curb.

"Goodby, Doug. I'll probably see you later, at the ball."

"But— Look here!" He got out with her, glowered at Pete Ripley.

"You know Mr. Ewing, don't you, Pete? Our state chairman?" Pete nodded—and just then came a series of explosions like cannon shots, followed by the long rattle of machine-gun fire. Doug Ewing jumped.

"Rioting already? Eunice, I must get you out of danger—"

But she had clutched Pete's arm; and Pete grinned, reassuringly.

"It's only the fireworks down by the Monument, celebrating the news that happy days are here again. Let's hope they are."

Doug Ewing glowered at them. He might have said, might have done, almost anything, if Eunice hadn't interposed smoothly—

"Pete, I asked Doug to come with me because he has hundreds of Rivermont politicians over at the Stilton without enough money to pay the bill. I thought perhaps if you could speak to the manager—"

"Glad to," said Pete. And three minutes later he and Eunice were looking at each other over an oilcloth-covered table.

"Well!" he said. "Thank God we get this much time together. I'm ashamed to ask you to a place like this, when you look so—so—"

"You didn't, my dear; I asked myself." She was smiling curiously. "You're rather a different person on your home grounds, aren't you?" He flushed. "After all," she said, "Washington's a somewhat larger place than Greenville. Or even Rivermont, if you believe the census figures."

"Oh, well," he said, "in times like these, anybody's about as good as anybody else."

"Except the people who are better—the people who know what and know how. . . . So you're never going to be silly again, are you?"

He looked hard at her—almost scowling—but her eyes met his.

"You see how I have to live, Eunice—my time's never my own when things are popping. . . . And I'm still named Homer." She laughed.

"It was a fairly famous name once—and from what I've read of your work I suspect it may be famous again some day. . . . Not that that's the reason why I'm going to marry you. That is, supposing you ask me."

He asked her—across an oilcloth-covered table, just as a waiter brought their sandwiches and coffee. . . . They finished, lighted cigarettes.

"Quarter to nine," he groaned. "And I'll be busy till midnight."

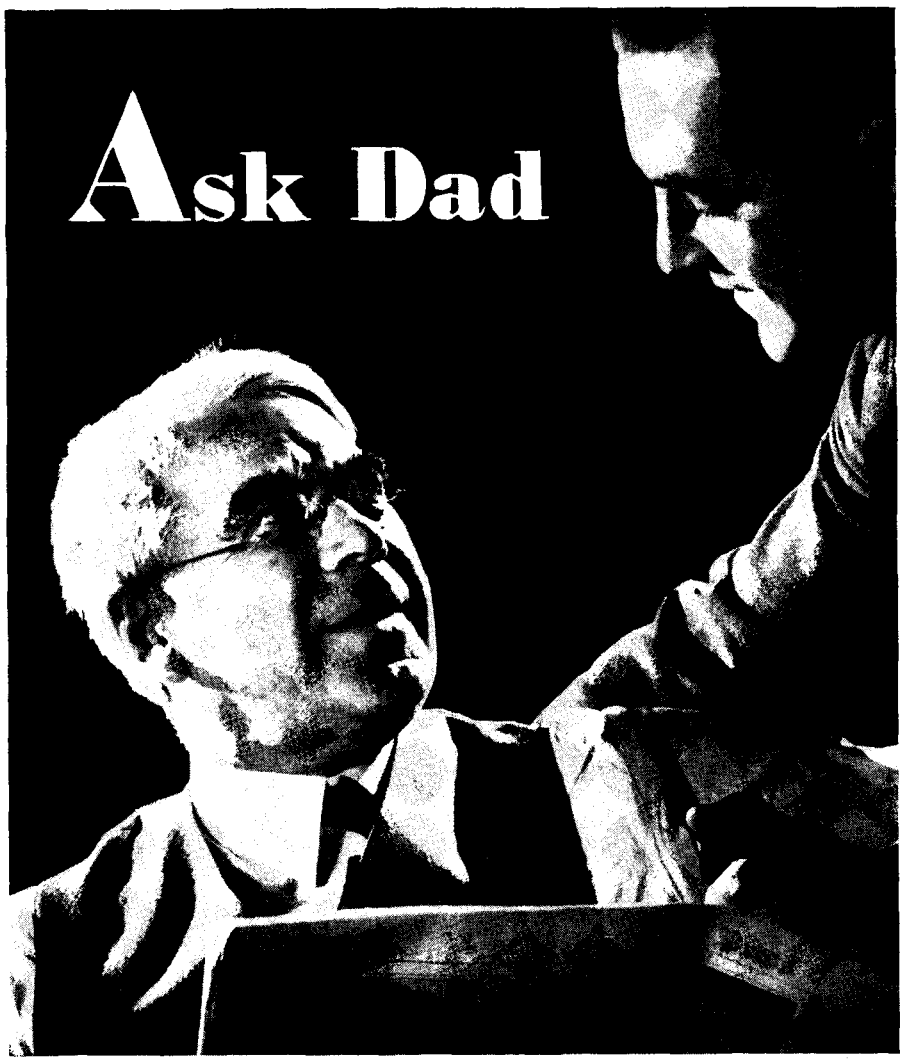
"The ball won't be over then; you might stop in at the Auditorium and take me home. . . . And I'll walk over to the White House with you now."

THEY strolled past the Treasury, around the White House grounds. The southward sky was ablaze with fireworks; the streets were blocked with parked cars, thousands of people were massed in the Oval. A rocket rose, exploded into green stars—then red stars, then blue.

"Once upon a time," said Eunice, "when we saw a shooting star—"

They saw about a thousand, and cashed in on them as well as they could, before they went on to the White House offices.

Frank Owen



. . . he *didn't* know

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Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 13

him, but without avail. My automatic, which I had lent him, lay upon the floor some distance away.

"Good heavens!" I whispered, and stared at the man's flushed features.

Was it . . . the Purple Shadow?

My medical knowledge was not great enough to tell me. The man might have been stunned by a blow or be suffering from the effects of an anesthetic. Certainly I could find no evidence of injury.

It was only reasonable to suppose that whatever the marauders had come to look for, they had found. I decided to raise the metal shutters and open a window. That stifling perfume, for which I was wholly at a loss to account, threatened to overpower me. I wondered if the searchers had upset a jar of some queer preparation of Petrie's.

HOW little I appreciated at that moment the monumental horror which lay behind these opening episodes in a drama destined to divert the whole course of my life!

I came out of the laboratory. Leaving the lights on and the door and window open, I began to make my way up the steep path bordering the kitchen garden towards the villa. As I stepped onto the veranda, from somewhere behind me, near the laboratory which I had just left, came the call, soft but unmistakable, on three minor notes, of a dacoit!

I flung the door open and turned up the light in the small, square lobby. Then I reclosed the door. What to do was the problem. I thought of the man lying down there helpless—at the mercy of unguessed dangers. But he was too heavy to carry, and at all costs I must get to the phone—which was here in the villa.

I threw open the sitting-room door and entered the room in which, that evening, I had quested through works in several languages for a clue to the strange plant discovered by Petrie. I switched on the lamps.

What I saw brought me up sharply with a muttered exclamation.

The room had been turned upside down!

Two cabinets and the drawers of a writing table had been emptied of their contents. The floor was littered with papers. Even the bookshelves had not escaped scrutiny. A glance showed me that every book had been taken from its place. They were not in their right order. Something, I assumed, had disturbed the searchers. . . .

What?

Upon this point there was very little room for doubt. That cry in the garden had given warning of my approach. To whom?

To someone who must actually be in the villa now!

My hand on the butt of an automatic, I stood still, listening. I was unlikely ever to forget the face I had glimpsed at the end of the kitchen garden. It was possible that such a horror was stealthily creeping upon me at the present moment. But I could hear no sound.

I thought of Petrie—and the thought made me icily, and murderously, cool. Petrie—struck down by the dread disease he had risked his life to conquer; a victim, not of fate, but of man—

A man? A fiend, a devil incarnate he must be who had conceived a thing so loathsome!

Dr. Fu Manchu!

Who was this Dr. Fu Manchu of whom even Nayland Smith seemed to stand in awe? A demon—or a myth? Indeed, at the opening stage of my encounter with the most evil and the most wonderful man who, I firmly believe, has ever been incarnated, I sometimes toyed with the idea that the Chinese doctor had no existence outside the imagination of Sir Denis.

All these reflections, more or less as I have recorded them, flashed through my mind as I stood there listening for evidence of another presence in the villa.

And although I heard not the faintest sound, I *knew* now that someone was there—someone who was searching for the formula of "654," and, therefore, not a Burmese bodyguard or other underling, but one cultured enough to recognize the formula if it should be found!

Possibly . . . Dr. Fu Manchu!

I stepped up to the writing desk, upon which the telephone stood—and in doing so noticed that the shutters outside the window had been closed. First and foremost, I must establish contact with Sir Denis.

The automatic in my right hand, I took up the receiver in the left. Because of the position of the instrument—I was compelled to turn half away from the open door.

I could get no reply. I depressed the lever. There was no answering click. . . .

A slight sound, and a change in the illumination of the room, brought me about in a flash.

The door had closed!

And the telephone line was dead—cut. . . .

I leaped to the door, grasped the handle, and turned it fiercely. I remained perfectly cool—which is my way of seeing red. The door was locked.

At which moment the lights went out.

I LISTENED intently, not knowing what to expect. That this was a prelude to an attack on my life, I did not doubt.

The room was now in complete darkness for, as I had already noted, the outside shutters had been closed.

Very cautiously I bent and pressed my ear to the thin paneling of the door. Now I detected movement—and, furthermore, sibilant whispering. I could hear my own heart beating, too.

After a lapse of fully a minute I became certain that *someone else* was standing on the other side of the door, listening as I was listening.

A murderous rage possessed me.

It was unnecessary to recall Sir Denis' instructions: "Don't hesitate to shoot."

Standing upright, I clapped the nose of my automatic against the panel at a point about waist high, and fired through the door. . . .

The report in that tiny, enclosed space was deafening, but the accuracy of my judgment was immediately confirmed. A smothered, choking cry and a groan, followed by the sound of a heavy fall immediately outside, told me that my shot had not gone astray.

Braced tensely, I stood awaiting what should follow. I anticipated an attempt to rush the room, and I meant to give an account of myself.

What actually happened was utterly unexpected.

Someone was opening the outer door of the villa; then I heard a low voice—and it was a woman's voice!

I had stepped aside, anticipating that my own method might be imitated, but now, heedless of risk, I bent and listened again. A faint smell of burning was perceptible where I had fired through the woodwork.

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That low, musical voice was speaking rapidly—but not in English, nor in any language with which I was familiar. It was some tongue containing strange gutturals but even these could not disguise the haunting music of the speaker's tone.

The woman called Fah Lo Suee was outside in the lobby. . . .

Then I heard a man's voice, a snarling, hideous voice, replying to her; and, I thought, a second. But of this I could not be sure. . . .

They were dragging a heavy body out onto the veranda. There came a choking cough. Such was my mood that I could have cheered aloud. One of the skulking rats had had his medicine!

As those movements proceeded in accordance with rapidly spoken orders in that unforgettable voice, I turned to considerations of my own safety. Tiptoeing across the room and endeavoring to avoid those obstacles the position of which I could remember, I mounted onto the writing-table.

Slipping the automatic into my pocket I felt for the catch of the window, found it, and threw the window open; the shutters, I knew, I could burst with a blow, for they were old and the fastener was insecure.

I moved farther forward, resting upon one knee, and raised my hands.

As I did so a ghastly thing happened —a thing unforeseen. I was faced by a weapon against which I had no defense.

Pouring down through the slats of the shutters came a stifling cloud of vapor. I was drenched, saturated, blinded by *mimosa!* A faint hissing sound accompanied the discharge; and as I threw one arm across my face in a vain attempt to shield myself from that deadly vapor this hissing sound was repeated.

I fell onto both knees, rolled sideways, and tried to throw myself back.

But the impalpable abomination seemed to follow me. I was enveloped in a cloud of it. I tried to cry out—I couldn't breathe—I was choking.

A third time I heard the hissing sound, and then, I think, I must have rolled from the table onto the floor. My impression at the time was of falling—falling into dense yellow banks of cloud reeking of mimosa. . . .

"STERLING, Sterling! Wake up, man! You're all right now."

I opened my eyes as directed, and apart from a feeling of pressure on the temples I experienced no discomfort.

I was in my own bed at the Villa Jasmin!

Nayland Smith was standing beside me, and a bespectacled, bearded young man, whom I recognized as one of Dr. Cartier's juniors, was bending down and watching me anxiously.

Without any of that mental chaos which usually follows unconsciousness, I remembered instantly all that had happened, up to the moment that I had rolled from the table.

"They drugged me, Sir Denis," I said, "but I can tell you all that happened."

"The details, Sterling. I have already reconstructed the outline." He turned to the doctor. "You see, this drug apparently has no after effects."

The medical man felt my pulse, then turned in amazement to Sir Denis.

"It is truly astounding," he admitted. "I know of no property in any species of mimosa which could explain this."

"Nevertheless," rapped Sir Denis, "the smell of mimosa is still perceptible in the sitting-room."

The French doctor nodded in grave agreement. Then, as I sat up—for I felt as well as I had ever felt in my life—

"No, please," he insisted, and laid his hand upon my shoulder, "I should prefer that you lie quiet for the present."

"Yes, take it easy, Sterling," said Nayland Smith. "There was another victim here last night."

"The man in the laboratory?"

"Yes; but he's none the worse for it. He dozed off on the couch, he tells me, and they operated in his case, I have discovered, by inserting a tube through the ventilator in the wall above. He sprang up at the first whiff, but never succeeded in getting to his feet."

"Please tell me," I interrupted, excitedly, "is there any blood in the lobby?"

Sir Denis shook his head grimly.

"I take it that *you* are responsible for the bullet-hole through the door?"

"Yes, and I scored a bull!"

"The lobby is tiled. They probably took the trouble to remove any stains. Apart from several objects and documents which they have taken away, they have left everything in perfect order. And now, Sterling—the details."

Sir Denis looked very tired; his manner was unusually grave; and:

"Before I begin," I said rapidly—"Petrie? Is there any change?"

The Frenchman shook his head.

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, Mr. Sterling," he replied, "that Dr. Petrie is sinking rapidly."

"No! Good God! Don't say so!"

"It's true!" snapped Nayland Smith. "But tell me what I want to know—I haven't a minute to waste."

FILLED with a helpless anger, and with such a venomous hatred growing in my heart for the cruel, cunning devil directing these horrors, I outlined very rapidly the events of the night.

"Even now," said Nayland Smith savagely, "we don't know if they have it."

"The formula for '654?'"

He nodded.

"It may have been in Rorke's study or it may not; and it may have been here. In the meantime Petrie's case is getting desperate, and no one knows what treatment to pursue. Fah Lo Suee's kindness towards yourself, following a murderous assault upon one of her servants, suggests success. But it's merely a surmise. I must be off!"

"But where are you going, Sir Denis?" I asked, for he had already started towards the door. "What are *my* orders?"

He turned.

"Your orders," he replied, "are to stay in bed until Dr. Brisson gives you permission to get up. I am going to Berlin."

"To Berlin?"

He nodded impatiently.

"I spent some time with the late Sir Manston Rorke," he went on rapidly, "at the School of Tropical Medicine, as I have already told you. And I formed the impression that Rorke's big reputation was largely based upon his friendship with Professor Emil Krus, of Berlin, the greatest living authority upon Tropical Medicine.

"I suspected that Rorke almost invariably submitted proposed treatments to the celebrated German, and I hope—I *only* hope—that Petrie's formula '654' may have been sent on to the Professor for his comments. I have already been in touch by telephone with Berlin, but Dr. Emil Krus proved to be inaccessible.

"The French authorities have placed a fast plane and an experienced pilot at my service, and I leave in twenty minutes for the Tempelhof airdrome."

I was astounded—I could think of no words; but:

"It is Dr. Petrie's only chance," the Frenchman interrupted. "His condition is growing hourly worse and we have no idea what to do. It is possible that the great Krus—" there was professional as well as national jealousy in his

(Continued on page 48)

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SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from page 47)

pronunciation of the name—"may be able to help us. Otherwise—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You see, Sterling?" said Nayland Smith. "Take care of yourself."

He ran out.

I looked up helplessly into the bespectacled face of Dr. Brisson. Dawn was breaking, and I realized that I must have been insensible for many hours.

"Such friendship is a wonderful thing, Doctor," I said.

"Yes. Sir Denis Nayland Smith is a stanch friend," Brisson replied. "But in this there is more than friendship. The south of France, the whole of France, Europe, perhaps the world, is threatened by a plague for which we know no remedy. The English doctor Petrie has found means to check it. If we knew what treatment should follow the injection of his preparation, '654,' we could save his life yet."

"Is it then desperate?"

"It is desperate. But, as surely you can appreciate, we could also save other lives. If a widespread epidemic should threaten to develop, we could inoculate. I do not understand, but it seems that there is *someone* who opposes science and favors the plague. This is beyond my comprehension, but one thing is clear to me: Only Dr. Petrie, who is dying, and Professor Krus—perhaps—know how to fight this thing. You see? It may be that the fate of the world is at stake."

INDEED I saw, and all too plainly. "Have the police been informed of the outrages here last night?" I asked.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and his bearded face registered despair.

"In this matter I am distracted," he declared, "and I have ceased even to think about it. Sir Denis Nayland Smith, it seems, has powers from Paris which override the authorities of Nice. The department is in his hands."

"You mean that no inquiry will be made?"

"Nothing—as I understand. But as I confessed to you, I do not understand—at all."

I sprang up in bed—my brain was superactive.

"This is awful!" I exclaimed—"I must do something—I must *do* something!"

Dr. Brisson rested his hands upon my shoulders.

"Mr. Sterling," he said, "you are a very strong man, full of vigor, but you have recently recovered from some severe illness. For at least four hours you should sleep."

"How can I sleep?"

"There is nothing you can do to help your friend. All that experience has taught us, we are doing. I offer you my advice. An orderly from the hospital is in the lobby, and will remain there until he is relieved. Your housekeeper, Mme. Dubonnet, will be here at eight o'clock. Please take a small cachet which I have in my bag, and resign yourself to sleep."

I don't know to what extent the doctor's kindly and deliberate purpose influenced me, but as he spoke I recognized how weary I was.

The hiatus induced by that damnable mimosa drug had rested me not at all: my brain was active as from the moment that I had succumbed to it. My body was equally weary.

"I agree with you, Doctor," I said, and grasped his hand. "I don't think I need your cachet. I am dead tired. I can sleep without any assistance."

He nodded, and smiled.

I remember seeing him close the shutters and walk quietly out of the room. I must have been very tired . . . for I remember no more.

I woke late in the afternoon.

Body, brain and nerves had been thoroughly exhausted; but now I realized that my long sleep had restored me.

Mme. Dubonnet was in the kitchen, looking very unhappy. The telephone had been repaired that morning, she told me, but it was all so mysterious. The house had been disturbed, and there were many things missing. And the poor, dear doctor! They had told her, only two hours before, that there was no change in his condition.

I turned on the bath faucets and then went to the telephone.

Dr. Brisson was at the hospital. In answer to my anxious inquiry, he said in a strained, tired voice that there was nothing to report. He could not conceal his anxiety, however.

Something told me that dear old Petrie's hours were numbered. Sir Denis Nayland Smith had not been in touch.

"I trust that he arrived safely," he concluded, "and succeeded in finding Dr. Emil Krus."

"I shall be along in about an hour."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Mr. Sterling, I beg of you. It would only add to our embarrassment. You can do nothing. If you would consent to take my advice again, it would be this: Drive out somewhere to dinner. Try to forget this shadow, which unfortunately you can do nothing to dispel. Tell the housekeeper where you intend to go, so that we can trace you, should there be news—good or bad."

"It's impossible," I replied. "I feel I must stand by."

But the tired, soothing voice at the other end of the line persisted. A man would relieve Mme. Dubonnet at the villa just before dusk; "and," Brisson concluded, "it is far better that you should seek a change of scene, if only for a few hours. Dr. Petrie would wish it. In a sense, you know, you are his patient."

In my bath, I considered his words. Yes, I supposed he was right. Petrie had been insistent that I should not overdo things—mentally or physically. I would dine in Monte Carlo, amid the stimulating gayety of the strangest capital in the world.

I wanted to be at my best in this battle with an invisible army. I owed it to Petrie—and Nayland Smith.

IN SPITE of my determination, it was late before I started out. The orderly from the hospital had arrived. He had nothing to report. Sir Denis was of the opinion, I learned, that there was just a possibility of a further raid upon the Villa Jasmin being attempted, and the man showed me that he was armed.

He seemed to welcome this strange break in his normal duties. I told him that I proposed to dine at Quinto's Restaurant. I was known there, and he could get in touch, or leave a message, at any time.

Then, heavy-hearted, but glad in a way to escape, if only for a few hours, from the spot where Petrie had been stricken down by his remorseless, hidden enemy, I set out for Monaco.

Some new and strange elements had crashed into my life. It was good to get away to a place dissociated from these things and endeavor to see them in their true perspective.

The route was pathetically familiar. It had been Petrie's custom on two or three evenings in the week to drive into Monte Carlo, dine, and spend an hour or so in the Casino. He was no gambler—nor am I—but he was a very keen mathematician and he got quite a kick out of pitting his wits against the invulnerable bank.

I could never follow the principle of his system. But while, admittedly, we

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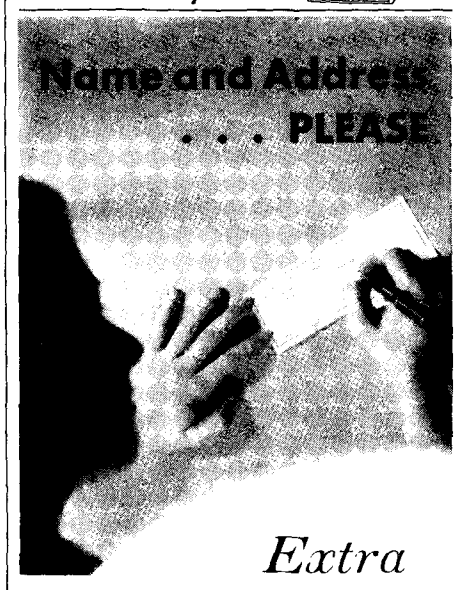

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had never lost anything, on the other hand, we had not gained.

My somewhat morbid reflections seemed to curtail the journey. I observed little of the route until I found myself on the long curve above Monte Carlo. Dusk had fallen and that theatrical illumination which is a feature of the place had sprung into life.

I pulled up for a moment, looking down at the unique spectacle—wonderful, for all its theatricality. The blazing color of the flower beds, floodlighted from palm tops; the emerald-green of terraced lawns, falling away to that ornate frontage of the great Casino.

It is Monte Carlo's one and only "view," but in its garish way it is unforgettable.

I pushed on down the sharp descent to the town, presently halting before the little terrace of an unpretentious restaurant. Tables were laid under the awning, and already there were many diners.

This was Quinto's, where, without running up a ruinous bill, one may enjoy a perfect dinner and the really choice wines of France.

The genial maître d'hotel met me at the top of the steps, extending that cosmopolitan welcome which lends a good meal an additional savor. Your true restaurateur is not only an epicure; he is also a polished man of the world.

Yes, there was a small table in the corner. But I was alone tonight! Was Dr. Petrie busy?

I shook my head.

"I am afraid he is very ill," I replied.

Hitherto the authorities had succeeded in suppressing the truth of this ghastly outbreak so near to two great pleasure resorts. I had to guard my tongue, for an indiscreet word might undo all their plans of secrecy.

"Something serious?" he asked, with what I thought was real concern.

"A serious chill. The doctors are afraid of pneumonia."

Quinto raised his hands in an eloquent southern gesture.

"Oh, these chilly nights!" he exclaimed. "They will ruin us! So many people forget to wrap themselves up—to wrap themselves up warmly in the Riviera evenings. And then—" he shrugged—"they say it is a treacherous climate!"

He conducted me to a table in an angle of the wall, and pointed out, as was his custom, notables present that evening.

These included an ex-crown prince, a famed violinist, and an internationally popular English novelist residing on the Côte d'Azur.

THE question of what I should eat and what I should drink was discussed as between artists, for the hallmark of a great maître d'hotel is the insidious compliment which he conveys to his patron in conceding the latter's opinions to be worthy of the master's consideration.

When the matter was arranged and the wine waiter had brought me a cocktail, I settled down to survey my fellow guests. My survey stopped short at a table in the opposite corner.

A man who evidently distrusted the chill of the southern evenings sat there, his back towards me. He wore a heavy coat, having an astrakhan collar; and, what was more peculiar at dinner, he wore an astrakhan cap. From my present point of view he resembled pictures I had seen of Russian noblemen of the old régime.

Facing him across the small, square table was *Fleurette!*

(To be continued next week)

Your Move

Continued from page 11

such a way as to provide quarters, remarkable for comfort and beauty of decoration, for passengers of moderate income, but also the demand for such accommodations has become so great since their first appearance that some ships have actually been built, both in American and foreign shipyards, in which there is no first-class at all (in the original sense of the term) but merely the new low-priced classes.

On to Chicago

But let us suppose that you have heroically resisted the lure of foreign lands. Are you now free to spread yourself out comfortably in your favorite easy-chair and devote yourself to detective stories?

You are not. Against those who won't go abroad a conspiracy has been hatched fully as efficient as that which has as its object the loosing of thousands of "white-collar thirds" on the nations of Europe.

This year, remember, is the year of the great Chicago Exposition, at which, for five months, beginning June first, American progress will be shown amid all kinds of beauty and glamour and enchantment. Taking the Exposition as their pivotal attraction, the moguls of travel are tempting people with offers of cheap railroad fares from all points in the country to Chicago, in the hope that this special inducement will set travelers to gadding about the land in record multitudes.

"Chicago and the Yellowstone Park"—"Chicago and the Grand Canyon"—"Chicago and California"—or just plain "Chicago"—thus run the refrains of the "See America First" siren songs.

You can walk into practically every railroad ticket office of any importance in the United States and buy a round-trip ticket to Chicago for little more than the regular fare one way. Not only that—at the same time that you buy your train ticket you can pay for an inclusive excursion ticket, entitling you, at a ridiculously low rate, to hotel and meals in Chicago for one or several days, together with sight-seeing trips about the Windy City in motor coaches, admission to the Exposition, and transportation from railroad station to hotel and back.

The goal set for themselves by the creators of this year's Chicago Fair is to have it eclipse the famous Chicago World's Fair of 1893, just as the latter, by its vastness and magnificence, eclipsed all similar expositions held before.

"A Century of Progress" is what they have aimed to express; and, in all its details, especially in its architecture, ultra-modernity will be the keynote. The great buildings forming the nucleus of the exposition are modern to the last degree—gigantic structures of planes and surfaces, almost windowless, striking the beholder as if they were visions of life on some other planet.

The outstanding feature will be the enormous Hall of Science, with its lofty tower, in which visitors can visualize the impressive forward march during the past century of our knowledge of physics, chemistry, mathematics, biology, geology, astronomy and other prov-

(Continued on page 50)

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VICKS VORATONE ANTISEPTIC

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(Continued from page 49)

inces of the scientific domain. Another edifice, vying in interest with the Hall of Science, is the Travel and Transport Exhibit, where the many thousands of travelers who (it is confidently expected by the moguls of the travel business) will be lured to Chicago between June and November of this present year can study a cyclorama picturing the whole history of transportation, and compare what it has become in our day with what it was when post chaises, stagecoaches and covered wagons (accurate reproductions of which are among the exhibits) lumbered over the roads of the American Continent.

Too expensive to visit Chicago?

Before you decide this question, you might ponder a while over the prices which the bosses of America's railroads have fixed for your transportation to the World's Fair of 1933.

To travel from New York to Chicago on a regular day-coach train costs $32.70, and, for the round trip, $65.40. But if a resident of New York buys a special ticket this summer to Chicago, in order to visit the Exposition, it will cost—if he rides on a day-coach both ways—only $36.00 for the round trip, a little over half what he would have to pay for regular fare both ways. If sitting up all night to and from Chicago is too strenuous for him, he can have a berth in a sleeper both ways for a total cost, for the round trip, of $61.60—instead of $83.40, the regular fare.

Prices for special Exposition tickets from other cities to Chicago are also correspondingly cheaper than the regular tickets. Here are a few samples, showing the saving which will be effected by purchasing the special tickets (in each case the fares shown are for the round-trip to Chicago without sleeper):

Boston	$40.30	(reg. fare	$ 73.26)
Philadelphia	32.45	(" "	58.92)
Washington	30.60	(" "	55.56)
Buffalo	20.70	(" "	37.62)
Cleveland	13.50	(" "	24.52)
Detroit	10.80	(" "	19.62)
St. Louis	11.50	(" "	20.82)
Kansas City	18.20	(" "	33.08)
New Orleans	37.15	(" "	67.52)
Portland	77.75	(" "	154.42)
San Francisco or Los Angeles	80.35	(" "	159.68)

The above special fares cover return trips to the point of departure within fifteen days of the date of issue (or sixteen days, in the case of Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles).

The Low Cost of Speed

Then there are the long-distance bus lines now crisscrossing the United States in every direction. Not so many years ago the business of long-distance motor transportation was unknown in this country; and, for a number of years after that, it was insignificant in comparison with the railroads. Nowadays, however, it is coming forward by leaps and bounds. According to the most recent statistics, about 45,000 motor busses are now in operation as common carriers all over the land. They represent a total investment of nearly $340,000,000, and carry over 1,660,000,000 passengers yearly. And the bus companies are in the vanguard of the movement, typical of 1933, of tempting people away from home by dangling before their eyes the bait of extremely low fares.

You can travel on a better-class motor bus all the way across the American Continent, from New York to San Francisco or Los Angeles, for $39.75 (round trip, $71.55). And here are some other fares by bus from New York:

Boston, $3.00 (round trip, $5.40); Philadelphia, $2.00 (round trip, $3.00); Chicago, $14.50 (round trip, $26.10); St. Louis, $16.75 (round trip, $25.00); Cleveland, $9.25 (round trip, $16.65); Detroit, $11.00 (round trip, $19.80); Buffalo, $7.50 (round trip, $13.50); New Orleans, $31.50 (round trip, $47.00).

In contemplating a trip abroad the thoughts of most Americans with slender purses turn wistfully to the fastest ships on the Atlantic. Well, they needn't be so wistful about it! Rates even on these proud blue-ribbon holders have been slashed down to a level calculated to tempt even those accustomed to severe economy. A trip in tourist class on the present holder of the Atlantic speed record costs, during the "off" season, only $106.50 to England, $114.50 to France, and $119.50 to Germany. The charge for the rush season is a few dollars higher in each of these classes. For the round trip from New York to Europe and back, the price, in tourist class, is $189 for England, $192 for France and $200 for Germany, if you go during the off-season.

In the special third-class on these super-greyhounds (where accommodations are scarcely less attractive than in tourist class) you can travel to England for a mere $81, to France for $89, or to Germany for $97.50 (round trip $140, $151 and $160.50 respectively). This, mind you, on the speediest boats in the transatlantic service!

Europe in Your Own Car

If your American patriotism inclines you to cross the ocean under the flag of your country you have excellent steamships from which to choose. On the gigantic American vessel which disputes with a certain British super-liner the distinction of being the biggest ship in the world, a traveler can voyage from America to England in tourist-class for the small sum of $108.50 ($114 during the summer months), and make the round trip for $192 ($202 in summer). To go to France will cost a little more. For third-class on the same ship the price from New York to England is only $77.50, in and out of season—round trip $140.

Two American steamers, one put into service last year and the other scheduled for her maiden trip this summer, have the honor of being the biggest craft ever built in this country for the transatlantic passenger trade. Both, by the way, were *built* as cabin ships—that is, instead of having been made over, like other ships, to meet the big demand for cheaper travel facilities, they were actually constructed with cabin-class as their top class. Yet they are essentially first-class in every way.

Once landed on the other side of the Atlantic, the American tourist on a modest budget can continue his travels at a rate of expenditure comparable, for reasonableness and good quality, with the rates prevalent in "white-collar third" departments of ocean transportation. Whether he wanders by himself or in conducted parties, the conspirators banded together to keep him on the move will enable him to see the high spots of Europe at very low prices.

Without much damage to his cash on hand, he can "do" London and the lovely English countryside, including flying visits to places like Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare; he can cross the Channel to Paris and (with due regard to watching his step!) get a good working knowledge of that gayest of capitals; he can steep himself in the legends clustering around ruined Rhine castles, grow dizzy rushing from church to church in Rome, and mix for himself, on the Riviera, that world-renowned cocktail consisting of sunshine and roulette (nine tenths of the former, let us say, to one of the latter). Or—but it is useless to do more than hint; the field of European travel is so vast, and the tastes of those who engage in it so varied, that it is impossible, in an article limited as to space, to go into detail.

Let it suffice to remark that an average expenditure of $5 a day will be enough—maybe more than enough—to take an American of modest requirements all over Europe this year, from port of entry to port of departure. Of course, he will have to avoid de luxe hotels, eat at moderately priced restaurants and deny himself the more unconfined forms of revelry by night.

It is possible for travelers to get around at much lower cost, but they must "know the ropes."

Let us now take up the case of the American who, having successfully resisted the wiles of steamship, railroad and motor-bus go-getters, gives himself up to contemplation of the joys of home-life.

No use! The said go-getter, after snooping and nosing into his private life, discovers that he has a garage, and that, tucked away inside it, is a nice car.

That is enough for these minions of the great moguls of the travel game! Into their victim's mail they slyly drop pretty booklets, which ask, in dulcet language: "Have you ever thought of touring Europe by automobile?" After eloquent passages, of high literary merit, depicting the excellence of European roads and the glories of the European countryside, and the astonishing extent to which Europe has been bathed in glamour and soaked in history, the conspirators then proceed to disclose the amazingly low rates at which you can have your car ferried across the ocean and back again—rates, they carefully point out, lower than ever before, in the annals of long-distance ferrying. Shorn of poetic verbiage, their siren ditties boil down to this:

"Hey, you would-be stay-at-home, listen! We'll tote your car to Europe and back for as little as $180—or as much as $380, if it's a heavy car and you insist on putting it aboard a swell boat. And—just wait a minute!—you don't know the half of our offer yet! —this charge includes, besides transportation, U. S. customs registration, plates, driving licenses, an international customs pass, and—LISTEN—membership in several select foreign automobile clubs! Now when can we come to fetch your car?"

Keep Traveling

And so it goes! Every time the average American citizen believes he has succeeded in downing his dormant wanderlust, some high-powered propagandist of the travel game jumps out at him from behind a bush and demolishes his arguments in favor of the quiet life with a list of "white-collar third" rates from his home town to Buckingham Palace, sunset on the Bay of Naples, sunrise at Maxim's, apple-blossom time in Normandy and the height of the bock-beer season in Munich! And if he manages to escape, an equally eloquent spellbinder leaps out from behind a hedge and floors him with a full description of a week-end trip to the Chicago Exposition which figures out at nineteen cents a day less than it costs the said average citizen to remain in his bed from Friday afternoon until Monday morning on an empty stomach!

Small wonder, then, that thousands of us eventually throw up our hands, and clap on our hats, and grab our suitcases, and dash madly for the nearest railroad station or steamship pier, exclaiming:

"I can't afford to stay home!"

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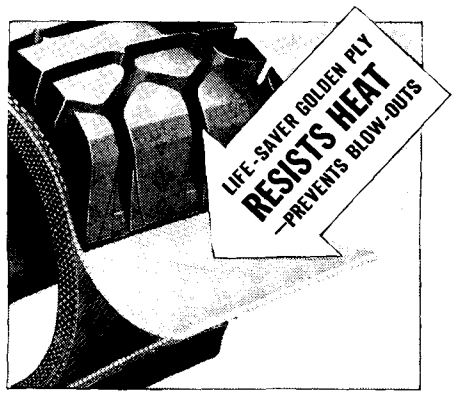
BANISH FEAR OF BLOW-OUTS

With this new, 3-times-safer tire*



BANG! A blow-out! The rim of the wheel hits the road . . . And a terrible drag sets in . . . Like some unseen monster, pulling your car off the highway.

Has this ever happened to you? It *could.* Investigation shows that the chances are better than even you'll have a blow-out *some* day. When, nobody knows.

What causes blow-outs

Traveling 40, 50, 60 and 70—mile after mile . . . the heat inside the tire carcass becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . *inside the tire* where you can't see it . . . and grows . . . bigger and bigger . . . Until BANG! A blow-out! And then . . . smash!

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists terrific heat—rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. Blow-outs are *prevented* by overcoming the *cause* of blow-outs before they start.

*At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track, the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, lasted *three times as long* as first quality tires that did not have this feature. Proved itself three times safer from blow-outs. Other tires blew out at one-third the distance the new Silvertowns were run. These Silvertowns NEVER blew . . . They were run till the tread was gone; but the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give.

This protection is FREE

Don't think that slower driving can save you from blow-outs, either. Sustained speeds as low as 35 or 40 miles per hour can generate terrific heat, too. That blister . . . that blow-out in the making . . . may be in your tire *right now.*

The way to be safe is to make sure you get this Life-Saver Golden Ply Tire. When *you* buy a tire, get a Silvertown . . . a Goodrich Safety SILVERTOWN. It costs no more than any other standard tire.

Safest anti-skid tread

Scientific tests prove that the Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the most skid-resisting tread. Its squeegee drying action gives your car *extra* road-grip and reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

Put a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on *your* car now! Get *real* protection between you and the highway.

Important: The New Goodrich Safety Silvertowns, giving you protection from blow-outs at high speeds, are stock tires and should not be confused with specially-constructed racing tires built to last only a few hundred miles.

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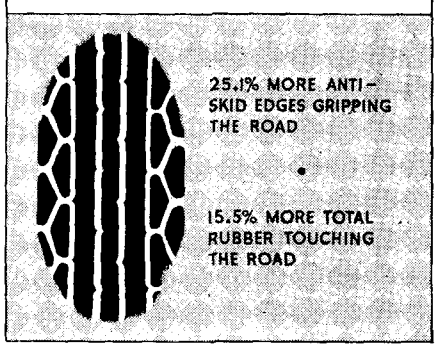

The above figures are from comparative tests made between Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires and other leading tires in seven popular sizes. Tires of the same size were equally inflated and tested under the same load.

FREE! This handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. No obligation. Nothing to buy. Just join the Silvertown Safety League. Endorsed by Traffic Officials. Write today. Dept. 113, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

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WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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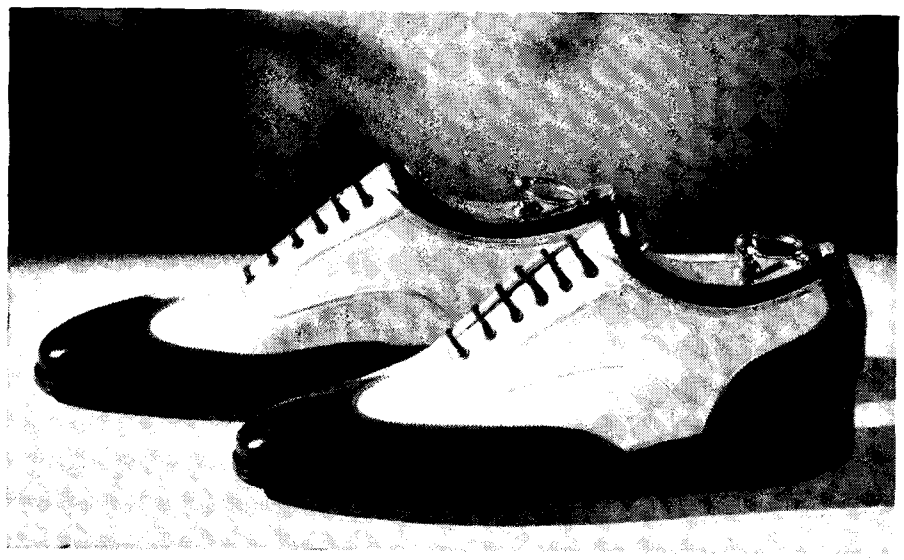

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Plenty of Sparkle

Continued from page 15

his springy walk. He saluted the two men military fashion and looped himself over a chair.

"What's all this monkey business about the Woman's Friend stock?" blurted the senior Merrill, without preamble. "We've heard you got an option on it—and we don't believe it."

"Well, Pop," said Georgie in a matter-of-fact tone, "I have got it." He handed a yellow envelope to Ed Mason. "Here it is—fresh from the telegraph office. Tear the wrapping off that and see what it says."

ED MASON opened the telegram and read aloud as follows:

"FOR VALUE RECEIVED I DO HEREBY GIVE GEORGE MERRILL JUNIOR OPTION TO PURCHASE THIRTY TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND TEN SHARES WOMANS FRIEND COMMON STOCK OF WHICH I AM THE OWNER STOP SAID OPTION TO BE IN EFFECT FOR NINETY DAYS STOP PRICE FOR SAID SHARES TO BE DETERMINED AT LATER DATE STOP CONFIRMATION BY LETTER FOLLOWS STOP HOPE EVERYTHING IS LOLLYPOPS

"ELMER BATES—BIG BOY TO YOU"

"Hope everything is lollypops," repeated the senior Merrill, winding up with a corrosive laugh. "Well, be that as it may, what's the idea of you two little boys playing bean-bag with options?"

"It happened this way," obliged Georgie, lighting a cigarette. "All last winter and spring Big Boy Bates and I played a lot of poker and I carried him on the cuff. By the time school ended he was on the wrong side of twenty-seven hundred bucks. Of course Big Boy did not have twenty-seven hundred bucks, so he gave me two hundred shares of Woman's Friend stock to hold as collateral for his I O U. I felt bad about taking it, because Big Boy is my palliest pal—"

"But you took it?" interrupted the senior Merrill.

"It was pushed on me."

"Pretty high stakes for kids to play for," rebuked Ed Mason. "Go on."

"Well," proceeded Georgie, "last week I heard you talking to Mother about the Woman's Friend merger and it set me thinking. Then I got an idea. I did not want to take Big Boy's dough. So I got him on the phone and canceled his I O U for this option. It was all very simple."

"Of course, Georgie," purred Ed Mason, "you realize now that what you did is very embarrassing to us."

"I am sorry about that," said Georgie coolly. "But I thought that, seeing Sparkle and I were to be married, I ought to declare myself in on the family in a business way as well as socially."

A SUDDEN hush clamped down upon the room—that few seconds of foreboding silence before the detonation.

"Declare yourself in, huh?" roared George Merrill, as expected. "Now I'll tell you one, Georgie—you or no other young squirt can hijack me. We don't need the Bates stock. Get that? We can buy control without it. Get that?"

Young Georgie looked down the ridge of his sunburned and peeling nose.

"You're mistaken there, Pop," he replied. "I have Mrs. Ginsberg's option also."

"Who's Mrs. Ginsberg?" said Ed Mason, jerking up in his chair as if pulled by a string.

"She's the widow," supplied the senior Merrill.

Again young Georgie passed a telegram across the desk to Ed Mason. Again Ed Mason read aloud:

"HAVE JUST TALKED TO ELMER BATES WHO SAYS WOULD BE ADVANTAGEOUS TO ME IF I GIVE YOU OPTION ON MY WOMANS FRIEND STOCK STOP THERE ARE TWENTY THREE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED SIX SHARES STOP IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS WILL SELL SAME IF I GET GOOD PRICE STOP SO I GIVE GEORGE MERRILL JUNIOR OPTION FOR NINETY DAYS BUT PRICE MUST BE RIGHT STOP LETTER FOLLOWS AS PER ELMER BATES SUGGESTION

"DORA M GINSBERG"

"To hell with it!" said Merrill. "I'm going home. As far's I'm concerned the deal's off. I never liked it in the first place. Now I don't like it twice as much. Good night, Ed."

He lumbered out of the room.

"Mind if I use your phone?" Georgie asked.

Ed Mason waved him to the instrument and Georgie quickly gave a number. Through a jangle of conflicting thoughts he listened to young Georgie's buoyant message: "Is that you, Sparkle? Listen, luminous one. This is Georgie—your Georgie with a life-time guarantee. Gather carefully what I have to say, dearest. The stars swing true in the firmament. Let nothing slap you off your orbit, sweetheart. In other words, hold tight. We are the people and I love you. . . . What's that? . . . No, can't tell you now. Keep your surcingle on. . . . Goo'by."

He hung up, and incredulously heard Ed Mason saying: "Sorry you cut off so soon. I'd like for you to come home with me for dinner and I wanted to tell 'em to boil an extra potato."

PSYCHOLOGY is a mysterious and tricky thing. Sitting in the darkness on his own spacious porch did something to Ed Mason.

Young Georgie's impish face was but a dim smudge and talking to Georgie without having to look at him softened Ed Mason's feeling toward the precocious devil. In a wicker chair drawn very close to Georgie lounged Sparkle Mason. The parent knew that the pair were holding hands. He didn't like it, but managed to temporize with the situation. Ed Mason was working fast.

"Georgie," he said, "you think Sparkle's a pretty nice girl?"

"Yes. I love Sparkle more than Solomon loved all his wives put together."

"That's a big contract," said Mason.

"I'm a big contractor," said Georgie.

Ed Mason grabbed at that.

"Well, if you are such a big contractor maybe you'd like to take on another deal. Want me to make you a deal?"

"Sure—I'll look it over."

"Well, I want the Woman's Friend outfit. I can cut the quality a little, murder the price and show the whole industry some real competition with teeth in it. I want a *fighting* line. And we can't do that with the Teplow models. We got to keep those snooty. They got a classy reputation and we can't fool with it. . . . Are you listening or are you thinking of women?"

"Oh, I'm listening," Georgie assured Mason promptly.

Ed Mason opened the throttle another notch. "Your pa thinks he's got you stopped—and me too. He won't go through with the deal unless he can get the Woman's Friend concern, minus the physical property. All he is willing to buy is the trademark, the patterns, the inventory, the patents—if any—and maybe we'll take the machinery. Now, what does that mean you got to do?"

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"I don't know," confessed Georgie.

"I'll tell you. You go to Saunders, Ohio, and sell the land and the plant to somebody. If you can do that I'll take care of your pa. If you can do that you'll be a business man. If you can do that you can marry Sparkle—and I'll be proud of you into the bargain."

There was a creaking now of the wicker chairs. The white, silken figure of Sparkle Mason stood up and faced her father.

"That's not fair," she protested. "You know Georgie can't do it. It's a trick."

Like a spring Georgie uncoiled himself off the chair. His arms went around the girl. He kissed her. Then—

"Saunders, Ohio, here I come."

THE nervous tension generated by the three persons in Ed Mason's office partook of a combination of election night, Christmas Eve and the zero hour. Although the president of the Teplow Washing Machine Company managed to keep himself and his dignity in a chair, underneath the desk his small feet were treading the carpet like a man riding a bicycle.

George Merrill, badly feigning indifference, sauntered around the room—pausing now and then to look out the window.

Miss Sparkle Mason alone represented poise. She was not present by invitation. She had crashed in.

Four days ago Ed Mason had received a letter from Saunders, Ohio:

Dear Mr. Mason:

Thank you for the 200 bucks wired me last week. Did not expect I would have to stay in Saunders for so long but had difficulty in getting a good prospect for Woman's Friend deal. They do not hurry in this town.

After I took one look at the Woman's Friend set-up I saw the only chance we had to sell it was to somebody with a weakness and this was a thin chance, because the citizens of Saunders do not have the kind of weakness we need. Big Boy Bates and self practically took the census all over again before we found the prospect.

Now we have interested party in line but the proposition will cool off fast if we don't get ACTION. As it is Big Boy and self have to go around every day to give prospect sales talks and keep idea warm. Last night we got stewed with mayor. He has joined our team and appraises land at $205,000. I do not know what buildings are worth but guess second-hand bricks are not bringing much now.

To complete deal my terms are as follows:

1—Parental blessings for Sparkle and self.

2—Position as asst. sales manager Teplow Co.

3—Salary 5 grand per annum for the first annum.

If terms are acceptable wire at once and prospect will phone you in person at 3 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving time Friday, July 15th.

Hoping you find this report satisfactory, I remain, Yours truly,

GEORGE MERRILL, JR.

The senior Merrill was still balky. "No, Ed," he insisted, "this holdup of Georgie's is a pig in a poke. The letter doesn't come clean. It doesn't deserve any serious consideration."

"Think a minute," pressed Mason. "Suppose you were on Georgie's end of this situation. How much different would your letter be?"

Merrill coughed and spilled cigar ashes on his trousers.

"And now," declared Mason, "I'm going to give you my last word—and it's the very last word. Every once in a while I've found myself wishing I had a son. And I want to tell you this: if I had one I wouldn't ask anything better than to have him like your Georgie." Ed Mason's hand reached for the push-button. "Shall I get Miss Dill in and send the wire? Or not?"

George Merrill squirmed ponderously.

"Go ahead," he said finally.

The buzzer buzzed. . . .

Now Ed Mason looked at his watch, put it back in his pocket, winked at Sparkle with a playfulness which was entirely fictitious and then gave a little grunt which had no particular point.

Then, as a final punctuation to Mason's pantomime, the phone rang.

With a pseudo-nonchalance Ed Mason lifted the receiver.

"Yes?" he said, softly and casually. "Yes, this is Mr. Mason. . . . Oh, yes, how do you do? . . . Yes. . . . I could be in Saunders day after tomorrow. . . . Yes, I think it is a splendid idea and we are anxious to give you every coöperation in working it out. . . . Yes. . . . Goodby."

"Well," said George Merrill impatiently as Mason hung up and folded his hands over his stomach. "Well, who was it?"

Dreamily Ed Mason's eyes roamed around the room and rested on Sparkle. She was lighting a cigarette.

"Everything O. K.?" she asked.

"O. K.," beamed Mason. "Right on schedule as promised."

"Hey," cut in Merrill again, "who was it? Who was on that phone?"

A smile began to flicker upon the girl's lips. It spread and took voice in a happy gurgle of laughter.

"I'll tell you who it was," trilled Sparkle. "It was Mrs. Ginsberg."

"Her? You don't mean the widow, Mrs. Option Ginsberg?" Merrill's watery, blue eyes bulged with amazement like two huge globules of tapioca. "Why, that's crazy! What would Mrs. Ginsberg ever want of that old crock of a factory, Ed?"

"I'll answer that one, too," said Sparkle, her eyes shining. "She wants it for love."

"Love?" echoed Merrill. His face went blank.

"Love moves mountains," grinned Ed Mason. "And it also moves washing-machine factories off the map—"

"And puts a park where the washing-machine factory was," said Sparkle, taking up the litany. "A park with flowers—a little lake—winding paths—and benches—all for lovers."

MERRILL'S mouth was gaping. Finally he screwed it into alignment to phrase a question: "Say, Sparkle, how do you know all this?"

"I ought to know it. I spent five dollars out of my trousseau savings phoning Georgie the idea. And, believe me, he needed it. That boy was up against it."

Merrill seemed to be tasting a morsel of sarcasm before he uttered it. At last he said: "I s'pose you'll call it the Woman's Friend Park. That would be appropriate."

"No," Sparkle announced, "it will be called the Ginsberg Memorial Park. It will be dedicated to the finest thing in the world—a woman's enduring love for her husband. And you might like to know that in the Ginsberg Park there will be two trees planted side by side—planted by Georgie and myself." Again the girl smiled—softly to match her misty eyes. "But I haven't told Georgie that idea yet."

Merrill waddled slowly toward the girl. One clumsy hand reached forth and shyly patted her cheek.

"Is everything lollypops now?" he asked.

"Swell," answered Sparkle, blinking up at him.

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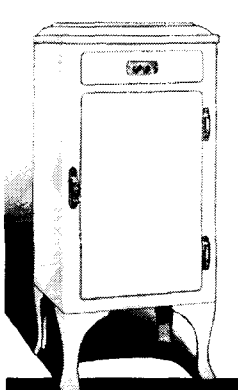

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Only We Can Do It

CONGRESSMEN don't quite understand what has happened to them. You meet one of them on his way to the Capitol and hear him saying that he will put up with this nonsense no longer.

He has been waiting, he confides, to tell the Administration where it got off and today is the day. No President can silence him. He will tell the man in the White House where he stands, and that is that.

Then your congressman enters his office and if the day is like many recent ones he finds huge stacks of letters and telegrams. These are messages from the folks at home.

They are emphatically not appeals for oratory or obstruction. They are demands that this particular representative or senator forget petty bickering and support the President in the Administration's effort to restore the country to normal economic life.

Soon comes the signal announcing the convening of the session. Our representatives and senators don't ignore these summonses as in the old days. Men to whom the opening of a session previously meant nothing now want punctuality and attendance records. And despite waverings, mutterings and incipient outbursts they support the President and the work goes on. Rebellion is deferred to a more convenient occasion.

Not in years have we had such coöperation between a President and Congress. The large majorities given the Democrats admittedly explain some of the active help which Mr. Roosevelt has obtained from Congress. Even more important, however, is the continuing blast of public opinion which deluges senators and representatives. Congress has behaved because an aroused public sentiment has demanded, and keeps on demanding, action.

Effective as has been Mr. Roosevelt's political leadership, and it has been highly skillful, the real force which has driven so much legislation through Congress has been exerted by the people. Public sentiment has been so intense and so outspoken that not even the blatherskites—there are always some in any club, including Congress—have dared give full rein to their tongues.

Still a honeymoon doesn't last forever and Congress can't be expected permanently to continue its good behavior. With a fair measure of luck, however, we haven't much to fear this session.

The Senate is the cave of the winds, but fortunately even in the Senate the Administration majority is so large that not even the Huey Longs are very dangerous. There are 59 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite and 36 Republicans in the Senate. A substantial majority, excluding the Kingfish, as Mr. Long is pleased to describe himself, can be mustered for any measure which public opinion demands.

In the House the working majority is even larger. There the Democrats number 313, the Farmer-Laborites 5, and the Republicans 117. Not since President Harding's election has an Administration approached such large majorities in both houses of Congress and not since the spring of 1917, when Woodrow Wilson led the nation to war, has public opinion played so dominant a rôle in legislation.

In many ways our government is not designed for action. Authority is divided by the Constitution. Congress is jealous of its privileges. Individual representatives are responsible to their districts and often to relatively small political organizations in those districts. The natural instinct of every congressman is to serve his own local interests and to ignore the general welfare, which casts few votes in his constituency.

It is almost a miracle that so complicated and unwieldy an organization can be made to work effectively. It is a great tribute to the sober common sense of the American people that so much has been done so quickly in this emergency. For without the daily driving force of millions of watchful citizens, no President, however right or however gifted, could have secured such coöperation from any Congress.

Most of the important objectives in the Administration's program for economic recovery have already been written into the law. The war against hard times is by no means over, but much of the required authority has been granted.

Other things remain to be done. Most difficult, possibly, will be those readjustments of trade treaties and debt contracts which are expected to follow President Roosevelt's conferences with the visiting spokesmen of foreign nations.

None of these agreements between statesmen is of any value, however, until it is ratified by the legislative bodies of the countries involved. President Roosevelt, with all the authority granted him, still has a most difficult task.

The temptation of Congress to kick over the traces will be irresistible unless the President's program of recovery is powerfully supported by an alert public opinion.

During the days when the economy bill was being written into the law, tens of thousands of letters, telegrams and other communications informed a hesitant Congress of the will of the American people. The impossible was accomplished.

If we want the good work to go on, we must keep up the pressure on Congress. Write your representative and senator. Telegraph when necessary. Let them realize that you are watching them and that you will stand no nonsense. They may squirm and fidget but they will coöperate and we shall have more miracles of accomplishment.

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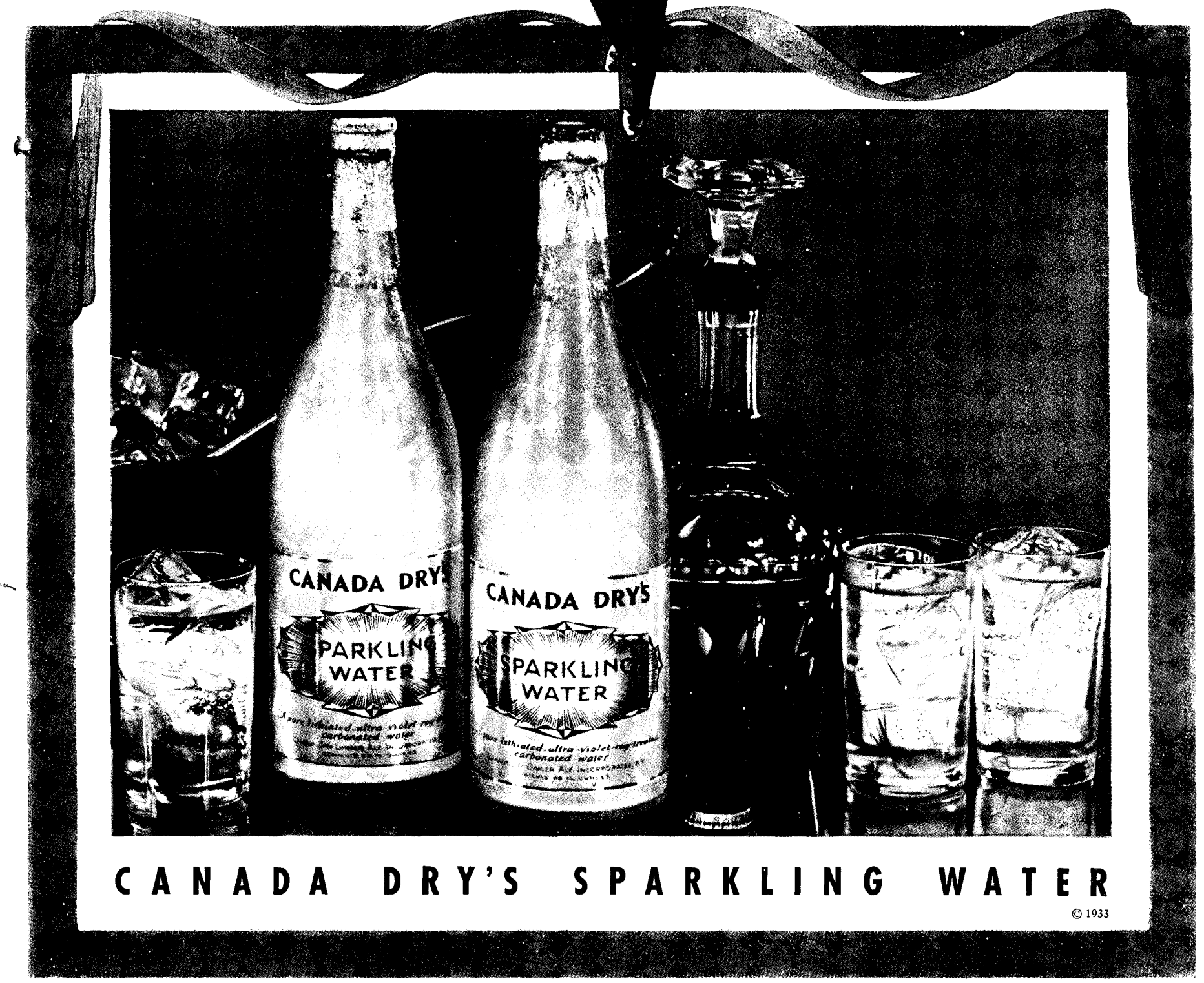
A FULL 28-OUNCE BOTTLE ONLY 20c . . . PLUS 5c BOTTLE DEPOSIT

Slightly higher in a few territories where freight rates do not permit return of bottles; also in some places for icing, delivery or other special services.



CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

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